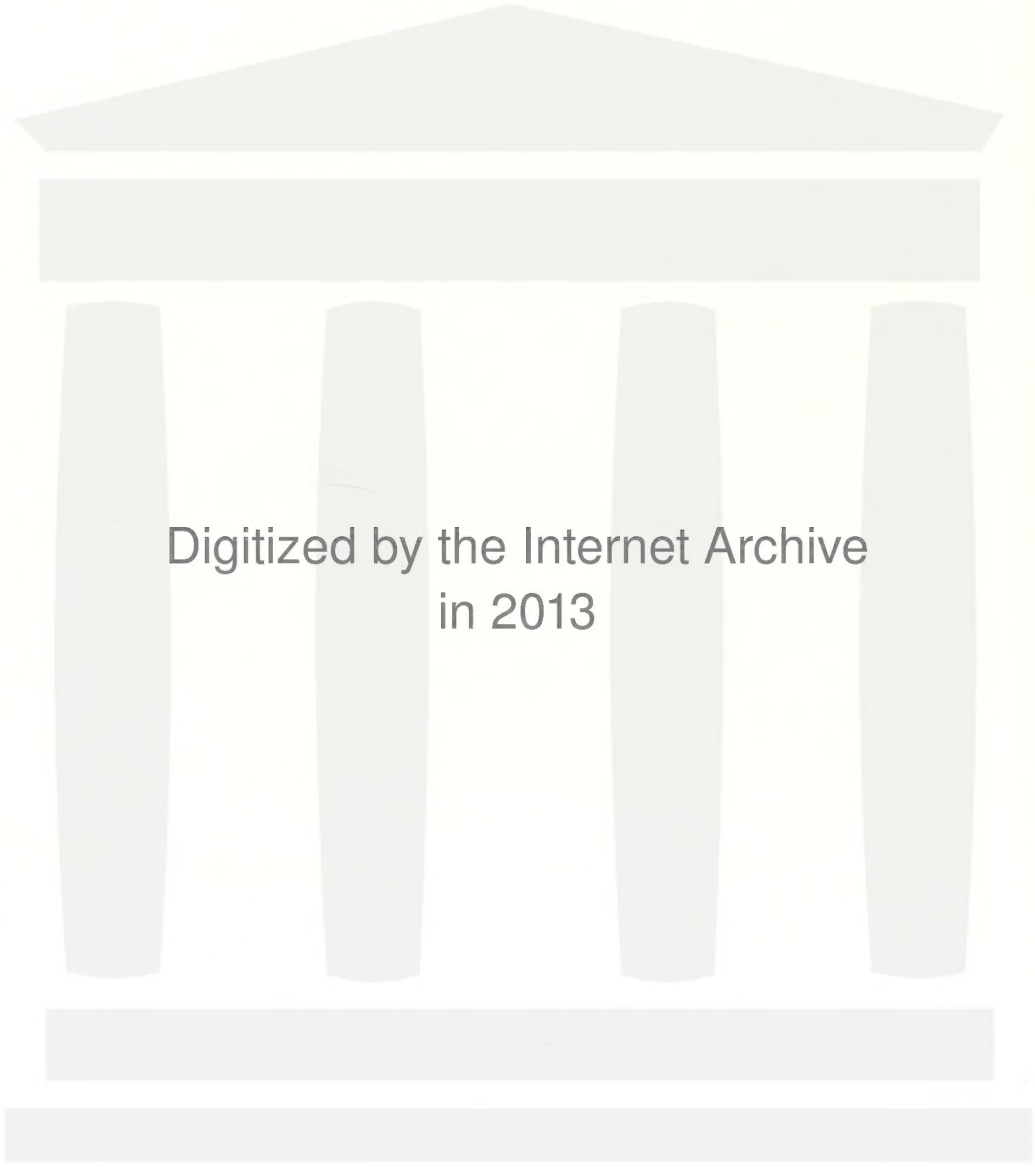

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LETTERS

The Case for Clinton

Although Lewis H. Lapham's scathing indictment of Bill Clinton's presidency [Notebook, April] purports to focus on matters of substance (for example, his choice of Cabinet members who belie the campaign rhetoric of change), its underlying motivation appears to be Lapham's discomfort with the Clinton style, which he characterizes as too much like that of a talk-show host, too revealing of a need for affection and acclaim, and (less comprehensibly) not as "presidential" as that of Thomas Jefferson or Ronald Reagan. Yet the vision implicit in Lapham's critique seems as exclusionary, in its way, as the cult of wealth-and-politics-as-usual upon which he heaps such scorn. His is the vision of a cultural reactionary, one who deplores the mass-marketed electronic chumminess of the Pepsi generation and harks back to a mythical time when statesman-scholars dispensed detached justice in cadences resembling iambic pentameter. One suspects that he would have preferred Wallac Stevens to Maya Angelou at the in auguration ceremonies.

Much as I and other readers of *Harp er's* may sympathize with some of thes prejudices, the vast majority of citizen in this democracy feel differently Whether or not they voted for Bill Clin ton, they were raised on mass culture not elite culture. And they seem to rec ognize that the down-home, just-folk talk of the new administration and it big-money, business-friendly walk ar not really in conflict but embody a para dox in the American character—a epitomized by Ross Perot, whose popu larity stems precisely from the fact tha he seems to have remained a regula guy in the process of accumulating vas amounts of money and power.

Lapham's observations on the char acter, connections, and general teno of the Clinton Cabinet are valid an important, but their weight is dimin ished by his petulant tone. He dis misses Clinton as a product and sym bol of mass-market democracy, but h fails to recognize that democracy is a instrument molded by its time. In a nation as dominated by consumerism as ours, a populist is bound to bear a striking resemblance to a huckster. In a nation as addicted to the media as ours, a successful communicator can

Harper's Magazine welcomes Letters to the Editor. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

lly avoid comparisons with Don-
e. The masses have had their say,
by God, they have chosen a pres-
cy that looks, smells, and tastes like
erica. And if we in the cultural elite
made a little queasy by this state of
rs—well, perhaps we need to re-
mine our assumptions as to what
ocracy is all about.

fer Young-Sadowski
ttle

ewis Lapham laments that the
nge to the Clinton Administra-
is not much more than a change
V programming in the 1992–1996
slot. Well, of course! Reagan was
ır with a long run and, except for
occasional exciting episode, Bush
a disaster. Clinton re-establishes
quality in prime time. The new se-
Bill's Victory Garden, features a
iforting cast of lawyers and suc-
ful production consultants bal-
ed by age, gender, and ethnicity
ppeal to a broad market share. In
current episode, "Growing the
nomy, Stupid," the government
ares old ground a new way, doing
ıoney what a compost pit does to
es. Although the show's outcome
epressingly predictable to profes-
al reviewers, many find some so-
that at least the scenery behind
compost pit is not the Pentagon.

ert O. Stern
lewood, N.J.

ewis Lapham allows no possibility,
e whatsoever, that Bill Clinton is
ıble of a genuine emotion, a sincere
viction, a pure motive. He paints
man and all those around him as
ıcere and devious, and decades of
ling Lapham leave little hope that
one else who might win the presi-
cy would fare any differently. His
ook does not allow for the possi-
y that, weak and flawed though
ıan beings are, some are still will-
to get in the ring and give us their
ere best effort. He makes the Pres-
ıt appear fatuous when he writes
Clinton "roamed across the sound-
e like a starved animal, feeding on
questions from the audience as if
were the stuff of life and breath."
apham nothing is sincere, nothing
is real, nothing is genuine, not the tear shed at an emotional moment, not the interest in other people's ideas, not the concern for this country, nothing. All is deceit.

John T. Carley
Shalimar, Fla.

The Way Doctors Are Trained

In response to David Ewing Duncan's rhetorical question ["Is This Any Way to Train a Doctor?," April]: As a first-year pediatric resident, I am often frustrated by being enmeshed in a system that keeps me and my fellow residents so busy and fatigued that our ability to advocate for meaningful change is severely limited. Competition for vacations and days off often pits resident against resident. The prevailing attitude from supervisory physicians is that residency must be endured, despite the potentially deleterious effects on patient care and resident health.

Residencies are another example of the medical profession's inability to regulate its own abuses, but I doubt the medical community will advocate reform unless it is forced by overwhelming public demand. Restructuring of our health-care "system" must address how to provide care for all—including those providing the care itself.

John Iskander, M.D.
Chicago

David Ewing Duncan's article concerning the education of resident physicians was deadly accurate. The resident-training system seems to resemble a college fraternity's pledge-training program as much as it resembles medical training. Like Duncan's, my wife is also a resident. Although the details differ, the experiences of his wife and mine are similar.

There are four groups in the resident-training system: the hospitals, the attending physicians, the resident physicians, and the patients. My own evaluation is that the two groups with the power to change the system—hospitals and attending physicians—have no incentive to do so, and that the two groups with the incentive to change it—resident physicians and patients—have no power to do so. Hospitals that train resident physicians profit from their services. Residents, who earn subsistence wages for three or more years, represent a cheap source of professional labor. (The fact that many of these same residents can earn substantial sums by moonlighting for a few hours at other hospitals attests to the fact that the market value of their services is much higher than what they are paid as residents.) Clearly, the teaching hospitals have no incentive to change. Neither do the attending physicians. The cheap and abundant resident physicians permit them to leverage their time and cover a far larger patient load than would be the case if they had to perform their own examinations and write their own notes and orders.

And what about the resident physicians and the patients? Can they change the system? It doesn't appear likely: resident physicians typically are even afraid to request as little as a sick day for fear of being reprimanded and labeled "not dedicated enough." They sure aren't going to speak out in favor of restructuring a system that their employers and attending physicians regard as a "rite of passage." Finally, the group with the most to lose, the patients, have little financial incentive to change the system and are too uninformed to demand changes in the name of better patient care.

In short, until something happens to change the balance of power, the hospitals and physicians are likely to continue to reap the rewards and the residents and patients will bear the burden.

Charles T. Carlisle Jr.
Coral Gables, Fla.

It is supremely ironic that the work habits and hours that many people abhor in medical-residency programs are the same work habits and hours they expect from their personal physicians. It is easy to imagine David Ewing Duncan's reaction if, while describing some ailment to his physician, that physician glanced at his watch and said, "Gee, it's pretty late and I've had a long week, so why don't I call someone else to continue this discussion?" No

Continued on page 84

NOTEBOOK

Music man

By Lewis H. Lapham

Kings are for nations in their swaddling clothes.
—Victor Hugo

Anybody glancing at the television talk shows over the last four or five months would have been hard-pressed to escape the grinning presence of H. Ross Perot, the would-be captain of the American soul who promotes himself—to Larry King and Jay Leno and Charlie Rose and the folks at NBC news—as a political masterpiece. The performance is like that of the crow in Aesop's fable who thinks it can sing as sweetly as the nightingale, but it draws a crowd, and the crowd grows larger and more attentive as President Bill Clinton's approval ratings drift lower in the public-opinion polls. When not otherwise promised to a television host, Perot travels to Washington to teach the Congress the lessons of good government that he learned from his long and careful study of the works of Norman Rockwell. Again the spectacle is grotesque, but what is more grotesque is the deference of the politicians who applaud his screeching as if it were the wisdom of Jefferson or the music of Mozart.

Between late February and early May Perot testified before three congressional committees, and he invariably arrived with a claque of true believers who occupied the back rows of the hearing rooms and provided the silent veneration and spontaneous applause. Also invariably, Perot addressed the members of the committees as if they were schoolchildren arraigned on disciplinary charges before a headmaster determined to make them say their prayers and drink their milk. He established the pose in early March, for the benefit of a committee considering the possibility of congressional reform. Instead of addressing the questions at hand, Perot delivered his standard lecture about a corrupt government squandering the nation's treasure on idle luxuries and useless toys. Portraying the servants of that government (among them all the politicians present in the hearing room) as a crowd of spendthrift fools, he recited his familiar list of complaints about the deficit, foreign lobbyists, extravagant expense accounts, private gymnasiums, idiot welfare programs, cut-rate haircuts, and preferred parking spaces at Washington's National Airport. He ended the lecture with a warning and a threat. If the members of Congress continued to misbehave and failed to heed his sound advice, then on election day the great, good American people would drive them from the temple. Perot knew that this was so because the great, good American people had appointed him their champion and surrogate, and they were not in a mood to tolerate any trifling with their affections. Grinning for the cameras, comforted by the murmuring of the true believers in the back row, delighting in the wonder of his own virtue, Perot said, "I urge you, on behalf of millions of ordinary people who are out there earning a living: Stand on principle. Don't compromise. You will have their support. I can guarantee you. I can deliver if I have to."

What was shocking about the remark was the servile acquiescence with which it was received. Nobody laughed in the man's face. Perot had dressed up the nakedness of his ow ambition in the Halloween costu of the public-opinion polls, and h might as well have threatened to sur mon an army of hooded elves, or Ca sar's legions, or the terrible wrath Ramtha, the ancient warrior from th lost continent of Atlantis who spea to Shirley MacLaine, but nobo asked him why he wasn't wearing h Batman mask or his wizard's point hat. The politicians lacked th courage to laugh because, like Pre dent Clinton and the oracles of th Washington news media, they a cepted the existence of what th called "the Perot vote" as if it were real as Mexico and as lucky as a wi ning lottery ticket. If Perot could a tract 19 million votes in last yea presidential election without bothe ing to declare himself a candidat and if, four months later, his approv ratings stood at 51 percent (as o posed to 24 percent in Septemb 1992), then clearly his voice was th voice of God. The polls were the pol and what was the use of objection dissent to people frightened of bo the future and the electorate?

Senator William S. Cohen (R Me.) expressed the presiding sen ment of the committee when he we comed Perot, and Perot's contem with a flatterer's eager smile: "I walk in here from a meeting with the Pr ident, and there were as many peop waiting to get in to see you as the had been waiting to see him. An said, 'Who won the election?' "

The question took the measure the fear and trembling on Capitol H During Perot's guest appearances b fore various committees, most of t politicians offered him easy cues

e manner of Larry or Charlie or Jay. ıe two politicians brave enough to ĸ rude questions—Representative ɔnald M. Payne (D., N.J.) and Sen- ɔr Harry M. Reid (D., Nev.)—no- ed that Perot drew his strength from e general loss of faith in the insti- tions of democratic government. ıe question, Payne said, is not Vhom does he help?" but rather Vhom does he hurt?" Reid said, "I've me to realize that people are afraid Ross Perot."

But afraid of what? Perot is a char- an, and the Perot vote represents no terest and no constituency. Like the rmuda Triangle or the Land of Mor- ɔr, it is a fiction, an anthology of ievance or a reservoir of unspecific ger and resentment. Last November mostly consisted of the disillusion ith the purpose as well as the prac- e of politics, and as President Clin- n continues to disavow his campaign omises (bowing or curtsying to al- ost any corporate lobbyist dressed a loud voice and an expensive suit), manifests itself as an inchoate feel- g of nostalgia for a world of kings and ıeens and fairy tales.

During the last six months, I've lis- ned to as many as forty people de- are their belief in H. Ross Perot, but ide from their aversion to Bill Clin- n and perhaps higher taxes, I can't ıagine their agreeing with one an- ther on any specific political theory, ·ogram, policy, issue, philosophy, an, or initiative. Unlike the people ho comprised the vote for Gover- ɔr George Wallace in 1972, or the ıpporters of Theodore Roosevelt in 912, they stand for nothing except ıeir own unhappiness. Democracy is ɔout consenting to lose an election, ɔout the balancing of particular in- ·rests and the making of always im- erfect compromises between specific ɔnstituencies, but Perot's admirers ıink democracy is a movie by Frank apra.

Among their disparate company ve counted automobile salesmen, en- ironmentalists, English professors, ɔcial engineers, monopolists, remit- ınce men, and friends of Ralph Nad- . What they hold in common is an genda of miscellaneous complaint. veryone knows what he or she detests nost especially media spokespersons

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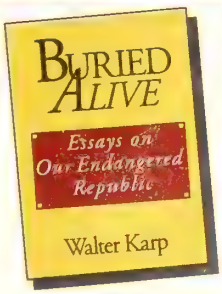
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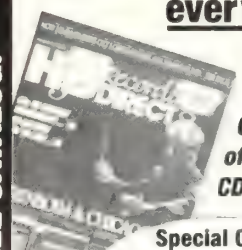
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wearing dark suits and red ties), but hardly anyone knows how a caucus works or who paves the roads. On a Friday afternoon in April, over the course of two hours on a train, I met a young woman who said that she voted for Perot because President Clinton had betrayed Kirtland's warbler as well as the spotted owl, and an older man, retired and living in Naples, Florida, who said that he had reduced his interests to three—the Bible, the Social Register, and his gun. At a wedding reception in New York City in early May, I ran across an angry gentleman in a tweed suit who jammed a forefinger into my chest while making repeated and emphatic points about Perot's strength, Perot's decisiveness, Perot's resolve, Perot's grit. Yes, he said, he had considered all the weak-kneed objections, but he was sick of politics, sick of feeling sorry for people who, when you really thought about it, got what they deserved. He didn't think it necessary to specify the tasks to which Perot's grit might be applied, but I was left with the impression that he wouldn't think it amiss if Perot began the work of reclamation by placing the members of Congress under house arrest or stringing them up by their thumbs. What was wanted was some strong authoritarian medicine to purge the country of its moral relativism (or its limousines, or its liberal media, or its grasping real-estate developers), and Perot clearly was the man to write the prescription.

I suspect that Perot's admirers value him at his true worth. His temperament is apparently that of a vindictive prig, a man who would prefer to conduct the affairs of government as if he were the abbot of a monastery or the warden of a prison. With surprisingly few exceptions, all of his associates—former, current, commercial, and political—testify to his autocratic cast of mind. One is either for him or against him, and anybody who is against him is either a fool or a knave. Certainly he doesn't respond well to even the mildest criticism, and he engages in nominally democratic debate only when he has been assured the privilege of the last word. His pose as the country's candid friend—the honest man speaking truth to power—is so patently false that I'm surprised i doesn't turn rancid in the heat of th television lights. Perot is more accu rately described, in G. K. Chesterton phrase, as the "uncandid candi friend," the smiling and unctuous ma who says, "I'm sorry to say we are ru ined," but is not sorry at all. He doesn love what he chastises. The love c country follows from the love of it freedoms, not from the pride in it armies or its gross domestic produc Perot loves his own picture of Amer ica, and like the latter-day Puritan who take it upon themselves to ex amine the citizenry for flaws in it blood, its urine, and its speech, h makes no secret of his sanctimony an intolerance, of his wish to blame, pur ish, and cast what he trusts will b the first of many stones.

The rising of Perot's image ove the horizon of the news suggests tha the traditional American politica narrative has lost much of its forc and most of its coherence. None the contradictions in Perot's charac ter—the avowed autocrat champi oning the cause of populist revol the humble and plain-spoken servan of the people asking, in effect, to b elected king—dissuades his admire from the belief that he embodies th country's only hope of re generation.

Perot picked up the scent of Clin ton's weakness as early as February when Clinton submitted his budge message to Perot's approval before pre senting it to Congress. In March Lloy Bentsen, the secretary of the treasury made a pilgrimage to Dallas to as Perot's blessing for the President's cru sade against the deficit. Perot ignore the flattery and sharpened the edge o his sarcasm. Within a month of th inauguration he had returned to th talk shows, and to one of the tele vision reporters in attendance h said, "My role is as a grain of sand t the oyster." He canvassed the coun try as the bringer of bad news, speak ing to rapt audiences in California Texas, Colorado, Florida, Maine, te tifying before Congress, presentin two half-hour advertisements fo himself on NBC (at a price o $500,000 each), and in answer t questions about the business of stat

relied on his gift for the caustic rase:

On the North American Free Trade greement—"A worn-out inner be."

Of the Clinton Administration's empt to stimulate the economy—ike a faith healer who knows noth-g about medicine trying to cure ncer with aspirin."

Of the United States Congress—'s time to pick up a shovel and clean t the barn."

Of the White House advisers as-gned to formulate an energy poli-—"Poets, philosophers, and bee-epers."

Of the secrecy protecting Hillary inton's deliberations about health re—"This is not a nuclear bomb ogram."

The witticisms achieved their in-nded effect, and as the winter passed to spring, President Clinton wor-ed as much about the Perot vote—, demography, average age, racial mposition, throw weight, and mys-cal significance—as he worried out his budget proposals and the ar in Bosnia. In early April, speak-g to the American Society of News-per Editors at Annapolis, in a tone voice that was nearly that of a hurt d puzzled child, he was saying that 5 percent of his economic program as "what Ross Perot recommended the campaign." Clinton didn't ow how to placate or appease Pe-t, and his nervousness was unbe-ming in a president. He looked too uch like a toadying courtier, and e impression hastened his descent the public esteem.

By early May Clinton and Perot ere exchanging insults in the news-pers (referring to each other as liars d rumormongers), and it had be-me embarrassingly clear that the ntlemen resembled rival talk-show osts competing for the same audi-nce. To the extent that authority is vested in persons instead of ideas institutions, the politician stands on o platform other than the scaffolding self-dramatization. The rule of love pplants the rule of law, and instead addressing fellow citizens, the com-oner who would be king seeks to re-uit fans.

If the media had wished to do so, they could have discredited Perot and the Perot vote as easily as they did the Branch Davidians or Oliver Stone. The man quite clearly didn't know as much about the practice of democratic government as the average tenth-grade student in a second-rate public school in downtown Waco. The book that he published during the 1992 presidential campaign appeared on the best-seller list only because he bought 200,000 copies, and he changed his economic remedies as often as was necessary to answer the alarms of the newspaper headlines. If he'd not been worth $2.5 billion, he would have been seen as another salesman of economic self-help touring the circuit of the talk shows in order to hustle his theories of financial redemption ($21.95 in hard cover; $9.95 in paperback; $27.50 for the videocassette), and his political views would have been understood for what they were—the commonplace axioms of a pretentious businessman prompted to play the part of statesman and sage. But the news media, like Perot, adopted the pose of the uncandid candid friend, and they preferred the melodrama of the wealthy scoutmaster at odds with the wayward son of the South. Perot as clown didn't sell papers, but Perot as Sir Lancelot sold in the markets of superstition to the same sort of people who read Rush Limbaugh and *Women Who Run with the Wolves*.

The loss of distinction between who is real and what is fictitious sustains the market for movies on the order of Francis Ford Coppola's *The Godfather (Parts I–III)*, and books in the manner of E. L. Doctorow's *Ragtime*, for the art of lip sync and the New Age dreams of a shaman's return from Atlantis. Perot commissions Ken Follett to write a heroic version of his life under the title *On Wings of Eagles*, and Gloria Steinem, always a bellwether of the going trend, aligns the passion for witchcraft with feminist political doctrine: "The healers and wise women of pagan times knew what they were doing when they made covens of thirteen witches—small enough so everyone could talk, large enough for diversity and an uneven number so decisions were not deadlocked."

The transformation of politics into soap opera makes nonsense of the sham distinctions between Democrat and Republican, liberal and conservative. Our political discourse becomes synonymous with advertising—a mob of images notable for the strict separation of cause and effect—and the inferior forms of credulity, on a par with astrology and fortune-telling, comprise the tailor's remnants of what was once a public debate. The less that people understand of what politicians do, the more urgent their desire to appoint politicians to the ranks of the immortals.

The founders of the American republic entertained few illusions about the perfection of human nature, but as an advance over the pagan belief in a pantheon of gods and heroes, they proposed the contervailing ideal of a civil government conducted by mere mortals. The proposition was as courageous as it was optimistic, but it doesn't meet the expectations of an age that worships celebrity and defines itself as the sum of its fears.

As the world comes to be seen as a more dangerous and complicated place than was dreamed of in the philosophy of Walt Disney, people become impatient with rulers in whom they all too easily can recognize weaknesses embarrassingly similar to their own. The news broadcasts swell with proofs of catastrophe—murder in the suburbs and riots in the cities, civil war in Bosnia and bankruptcy in Washington—and an anxious public yearns for the shows of omnipotence, not only on the part of its presidents but also from its scientists, its ball players, its divorce lawyers, and its first-term congressmen. Because omnipotence doesn't exist in the state of nature, it must be manufactured, and the supply increases with the demand. The best-seller lists promise the miracles of rescue and deliverance (in the form of diets, exercise machines, and manuals of spiritual recovery), and on the stage of the national political theater the cast of democratic magistrates gives way to a procession of miraculous mandarins offering prayers and sacrifices to the sun or the moon or the deficit. Some of them sing and dance, and some of them, like H. Ross Perot, draw diagrams and astonish Jay Leno with the great news that they also play drums. ■


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HARPER'S INDEX

Estimated amount of damage caused by vandalism, arson, and bombings at abortion clinics each day last year : $6,500

Number of doctors invited to apply for a staff-physician job at a Georgia women's clinic since February : 3,000

Number who have responded : 1

Health-care spending by U.S. corporations last year, expressed as a percentage of total net corporate profits : 108

Ratio of liver transplants performed per capita in Canada last year to those performed in the U.S. : 1:1

Number of beds at Massachusetts General Hospital, per billing-department employee : 3.5

Number of presidentially appointed federal jobs that Bill Clinton had not filled after 100 days in office : 1,800

Chances that an American who graduated college since 1980 holds a job that does not require a college degree : 1 in 5

Chances that an Ivy League college student cannot name both of his or her U.S. senators : 1 in 2

Portion of Vice President Gore's 1992 income that came from book sales : 2/3

Percentage change in federal spending on natural resources and the environment in the President's 1994 budget : –5

Number of classified and restricted manuals used by the Department of Energy to specify what is to be classified : 850

Hourly wage the Resolution Trust Corporation paid contract workers last year to photocopy documents : $35

Percentage of U.S. day-care workers who earn less than poverty-level wages : 57

Average decrease in the number of minutes women spend on housekeeping for every hour spent at a paying job : 26

Percentage change, since 1983, in the number of listings under "housekeeping" in the New York City yellow pages : +50

Rank of the Dallas yellow pages among directories listing the largest number of tanning salons : 1

Ratio of the value of the marijuana crop destroyed in Kentucky last year to the value of the tobacco harvested : 5:3

Ratio of the number of drug offenders sent to state prisons in 1990 to the number sent in 1980 : 12:1

Number of people arrested in Japan last year for the illegal sale or abuse of paint thinner : 21,203

Ratio of Japanese schools playing the national anthem on the first day of classes in 1992 to those that did in 1985 : 2:1

Percentage change, since 1989, in the number of minutes of foreign news broadcast on U.S. network news programs : –38

Chances that an American adult agrees that "it seems possible" that the Holocaust never occurred : 1 in 5

Percentage of the French who say that the beheading of King Louis XVI in 1793 was "unjust," "inexcusable,"or "revolting" : 42

London bookmakers' odds that the British monarchy will be abolished by the year 2000 : 1 to 5

Percentage of Russians who believe that "only capitalism can save our country" : 19

Number of current and former Russian Army officers enrolled in Moscow's East-West School of Business : 200

Chances that an American adult under the age of 30 has begun saving for retirement : 1 in 2

Number of government-certified master gardeners in the United States : 50,000

Number of five-inch South American grasshoppers found in Florida last year : 5

Chances that a doctor's diagnosis of Lyme disease is erroneous : 4 in 5

Chances that an adult Medicaid patient under the age of 65 has been turned away by a doctor or hospital : 1 in 5

Number of empty beds in U.S. hospitals on any given day : 300,000

Percentage of Americans who say they would be likely to donate a deceased family member's organs without permission : 47

Estimated number of body parts suitable for piercing, according to Gauntlet, a New York City jewelry store : 30

Price of a "Hillary Wig," with detachable hairband, from New York City's Jacquelyn Wigs : $175

Number of women scalped by hay balers in New York State since 1976 : 4

Number of cows killed in drive-by shootings in Clay County, Missouri, last year : 5

Price of a Buffalo Burger "from the herd appearing in *Dances with Wolves*," at Al's Oasis in Oacama, South Dakota : $2.95

Average speed of Heinz ketchup, from the mouth of an upended bottle, in miles per year : 25

Figures cited are the latest available as of May 1993. Sources are listed on page 86.
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READINGS

[Dreams]

OUR LONG NATIONAL NIGHTMARE IS JUST BEGINNING

From Dreams of Bill, *a forthcoming book by Bruce Joshua Miller and Julia Anderson-Miller, two Chicago writers. Shortly after the presidential inauguration, the couple began soliciting accounts of dreams that people have had about Bill Clinton. The writers placed advertisements in twenty newspapers nationwide; they have received over a hundred dreams, which they plan to compile and publish as a book. The project was inspired by a dream of Anderson-Miller's in which the President gave her a neck massage.*

Dream #1: I was going to the Folklife Festival, just like I do every year. When I got to the Seattle Center I picked up the schedule, but instead of listing musical entertainment, like it usually does, it listed members of the Clinton Administration who would be giving talks on various topics all weekend long. The Clinton Administration had taken over the Folklife Festival, but no one seemed to mind.

Lloyd Bentsen gave a very interesting talk about the economy, and William Sessions was talking about CIA surveillance. That Romeo and Juliet duo from the Bush and Clinton campaigns [James Carville and Mary Matalin] gave a dynamic workshop about how to make your relationship work against all odds.

The thing I most remember about this dream is how enthusiastic the crowd was. For a while I was sitting by this large fountain in the middle of the center listening to wisps of conversations of people going by. Things like, "Oh, my God, did you hear what Al Gore said about cleaning up the sound?" and "That Leon Panetta, he really has a grasp of the situation. He feels the same as me."

Dream #2: Shortly after the election, I had a dream that I had sex with Bill Clinton in the backseat of a car. In my dream I knew he was married to Hillary, but I felt this overwhelming attraction for him and couldn't help myself. I asked him not to tell her about it. The strange thing about this dream is that in waking life I don't find myself that attracted to him. Incidentally, in my dream he was *very, very* good.

—*Karen Therese, Seattle*

I was bragging to all my friends that I knew the President. "Oh, come on," they said, "you're full of it." I insisted, but I had a moment of doubt because I couldn't remember just *how* I knew him. Then it came to me: he was my dentist. President Clinton, in his attempt to prove that he is "one of the people," had made a point of continuing to practice dentistry, even in the White House. Of course, he saw only the patients he had been treating before the campaign. Luckily, I was one of them.

When I arrived at the dentist's office, Bill was scurrying around in his white coat, looking at X rays and checking on patients. He was reading an X ray when he spotted me out of the corner of his eye. He seemed extremely happy to see me and dropped everything to escort me to an examining room. I noticed that he was standing just a little bit too close to me, so I took a couple of steps backward, bumping into a wall, and smiled awkwardly.

"So, how's it going?" he said.

"My teeth are fine," I answered, trying to keep the conversation businesslike.

Ignoring my teeth, he pasted on an ear-to-ear smile and said something like, "Teeth, shmeeth." He reached his arms out toward me and bent to place his lips near mine. Although I was very

tempted to respond, I ducked under his arms and squirmed away. He quickly got the message and did not persist in his advances. He didn't say a word, but his expression asked, "Why?"

"I don't want to be like Gennifer Flowers!" I said. "They'll paste my face all over the newspapers and call me a bimbo."

When I got home later, all I could think about was that I had missed the opportunity to have an affair with the President. I was so angry I could have kicked myself. I could have been Marilyn Monroe.

—Alyce Wittenstein, Forest Hills, New York

In my dream Bill Clinton and George Bush were having a debate at Quackenbushes, a coffeehouse here in Austin, Texas, where a lot of students and intellectuals hang out and have discussions and poetry readings. I don't remember exactly what was said in the debate, but I knew in the dream that it was very important, that its outcome would decide the election.

This was kind of crazy because there were no reporters or news crews present, nor was there a big crowd. Just the two candidates, me, and maybe six or seven other people who didn't even seem to be paying attention.

After the debate Bush got into a limousine and was driven away without talking to anyone. Clinton, on the other hand, came to my table and asked if he could buy me an espresso. We sat there together drinking our coffee and he asked me what I thought of the debate.

I was thinking, "This is unreal. I can't believe he's actually talking to me. I'm going to be famous. The media will probably say that we're having an affair or something."

One thing that Bill kept repeating was, "Do you think I'm coming off honest? Do you think I sound sincere?" He asked me that over and over. I kept reassuring him that he did, but he didn't seem to believe it.

Bill had a bag of Hershey's chocolate chips, and we were dropping them a few at a time into our coffee, where they melted into sludge. It made the coffee taste really good.

Suddenly the lady at the table next to us screamed and fell out of her chair, clutching her stomach.

At first I thought she was having a baby or something. She kept screaming, and the sky got really dark and overcast all of a sudden. "I think we should get her to the hospital," I told Bill. But he just smiled and kept on talking, as if he hadn't noticed the woman who was writhing around on the floor a few feet away from our table.

Suddenly the woman's stomach burst open and an alien came out. It skittered across the floor of the café and disappeared beneath a table. Nobody in the room seemed concerned. They were all very nonchalant about it. The lady on the floor was covered with blood and had a big gaping wound in her abdomen, but she just got up, sat back down at her table, and continued her conversation.

I asked Bill, "What are you going to do about that if you get elected? We certainly can't have things like that going on in America." Bill kind of changed the subject and started talking about taxes and the defense budget and other unrelated issues.

Suddenly the alien, which was about the size of a house cat, jumped up onto our table. I screamed, but Bill just laughed.

Then the alien leaped up and attached itself to Bill's face. He just kept talking calmly, although now his voice was kind of muffled. I was petrified, but I had this idea in my head that I had to act normal, that everything would be okay as long as I didn't let on that I was scared.

Finally Bill said that he had to go. He got up and pushed in his chair and started walking away.

"Bill!" I called.

"Yes?" He turned around.

"You've got an alien stuck to your face!"

Everyone in the café laughed, but they were laughing at me, not at him, as if I was ignorant and crass to have mentioned such a thing. "It's okay," Bill said calmly. "It's been spayed." Then he just waved and walked out the door.

—Heather Webb, Austin, Texas

[Essay]

THE BORES ON THE BUS

From "Requiem for the Boys on the Bus," by Maureen Dowd, in the Winter/Spring Media Studies Journal, *a special issue on "The Media and Women Without Apology." The* Journal *is published by the Freedom Forum Media Studies Center at Columbia University. Dowd is a Washington reporter for the* New York Times.

Howie Kurtz is a nutcake.

I mean, listen to what Kurtz, the media reporter for the *Washington Post*, had to say about how women have ruined all the fun of political reporting, compared with the raffish old days celebrated by Timothy Crouse twenty years ago in *The Boys on the Bus*.

"The '92 Zeitgeist has clearly shifted," Kurtz wrote last fall, "because the increasing prominence of women reporters has all but ended the locker-room high jinks chronicled in Crouse's book."

[Architectural Model]

A SKYSCRAPER FOR A POST-PHALLIC AGE



The model above is of Max Reinhardt Haus, a multi-use building complex designed by Peter Eisenman, a New York City architect, and planned for construction in Berlin. In an interview last fall Eisenman explained that his design was based on the Möbius strip. "That strip lacks the hierarchy of 'inside' and 'outside,' of private and public. . . . It can be seen as masculine or feminine, bisexual. It blurs the distinction between male and female. Applied this way, it really does challenge the notion of building as phallic symbol, the tall building with the party hat on it."

That is such a crock. It's enough to make a gal reach for the comfort of a Jack Daniel's and a pack of Viceroys.

Kurtz has it all backward. It's guys who are ruining political journalism. Trust me.

Before the new breed of New Age stiffs came on the campaign bus in the last few years, things were different. I could go out and have a couple of pops at an after-hours joint with my pal Alessandra Stanley of the *New York Times*. I could play blackjack on the campaign plane with Ann McDaniel of *Newsweek*. I could stop by a betting parlor with Ann Devroy of the *Washington Post* and we could pick a good horse in the eighth.

Now the road is filled with a bunch of thirty-something, touchy-feely guys, tying up all the cellular-phone circuits trying to call home to talk baby talk to their wives and kids. "Hi, pumpkin!" coos Tom Friedman, the straight-arrow White House reporter for the *New York Times*. (He addresses his wife and both daughters as "pumpkin," if you can believe it.)

The worst was last Halloween, the weekend before the presidential election. We had been on a train going nowhere with George Bush all day in Wisconsin, meandering around the state seeing cows and a few voters. When we finally got on the bus to our hotel, around 9:00 P.M., a couple of reporters started getting all misty about how they wished they could have been back in D.C. with their kids for Halloween. Michael Wines of the *New York Times* kept trying to call home on his cell phone. He got really upset when he found out his little boy, who was dressing up as an airplane, had broken one of his wings and Daddy wasn't there to fix it.

In the dumps about not being home with his two small daughters, another reporter resorted to taking a sip of beer. "Whew," he said. "This is really going to my head. We don't drink much at home anymore. After I go running, I might have a lite beer or a nonalcoholic beer." Thanks for sharing, pal.

Not only that. These guys look like such trolls in their uniform of navy blazers, khaki trousers, and rep ties. *Ties!* They're well coiffed and they have waistlines—they might as well be television reporters! They show not the slightest shame about droning on about such sissy topics as infant formula, Nautilus machines, jogging trails, and lipoprotein levels.

When there were more of us tough babes

around, we used to have fun. We composed satirical songs, parodied the candidate's stump speech, took the pols out to the nearest Holiday Inn cocktail lounge to drink until 2:00 A.M.

The new guys? They don't care about songs or steak dinners. They're too busy quizzing one another along these lines: "Do you have an internal fax modem?" "If you don't have 9600 baud, why bother?" "Don't you find a Gateway 2000 handbook a godsend on long flights?"

The blue-blazer crowd couldn't care less about the inside baseball of politics or about handicapping the horse race anymore. These Iron John dweebs all want to write their damn fingers off about personality stuff, color stuff.

I mean, you pick up the *New York Times* during the campaign and there's Andrew Rosenthal writing about *fashion*, for chrissake! Rosenthal wrote a whole story about George Bush's windbreaker: "Supplied by the Air Force, this ultimate symbol of Washington status is available to only the most select clientele: Presidents. It is generally worn on Air Force One, the President's aircraft, where the chief executive slips it over his dress shirt and telegenic ties for that relaxed-but-still-in-command look."

Like other high-cholesterol items, meat-and-potatoes leads are a thing of the past. Look at how Michael Kelly of the *New York Times* started his story on the Richmond presidential debate, the one featuring a talk-show format in which Bush, Clinton, and Perot took questions from the studio audience: "It turns out there is a reason Phil Donahue likes to talk to cannibalistic transsexuals in love with their mothers.... Historic, [the debate] was. Also responsible, civic-minded, worthwhile and informative. Also as dull as C-SPAN at midnight."

And here's Jack Farrell, the F. Scott of the *Boston Globe*, describing candidate Bill Clinton as "a man who goes jogging in a *Rolling Stone* sweatshirt and then scarfs down slices of Pizza Hut pizza—the Meat Lover's special, no less—with the tech crews and cameramen in the galley of his airplane. From his acknowledgment of a troubled marriage to his junk-food appetite to the blowsy speeches he gave at the 1988 and 1992 Democratic conventions, Clinton seems to speak of a generation's self-indulgence."

Speaking of self-indulgence, *what about the issues, Jack?*

I know. I sound like a curmudgeon. But these guys get to me. *They're* the ones who don't want to have fun, who just want to stay in their rooms and write cutesy features on their high-tech computers.

Come on, Howie, you bum, you're full of bull, blaming the broads for ending "locker-room high jinks." It's you guys, the Bores on the Bus.

Cripes! I give up. I'm going to the racetrack.

[Speech]

THE WAR ON DRUGS: A JUDGE GOES AWOL

From a speech given in April by Federal Judge Jack B. Weinstein of Brooklyn, New York, at the Cardozo School of Law, in Manhattan. As a protest against federal drug policy and the mandatory minimum sentences for drug offenders enacted by Congress in 1987, Judge Weinstein recently announced that he would no longer preside over trials of defendants charged with drug crimes; Weinstein, as a senior judge, is allowed wide latitude in choosing the cases he hears. Although few judges have made a public pronouncement like Judge Weinstein's, reportedly about 50 of the 680 federal judges no longer accept drug cases.

The sentencing guidelines which Congress requires judges to follow result, in the main, in the cruel imposition of excessive sentences, overfilling our jails and causing unnecessary havoc to families, society, and prisons. Most judges today take it for granted, as I do, that the applicable guideline for the defendant before them will represent an excessive sentence. Drug cases, particularly those involving low-level smugglers or "mules" who are poverty-stricken, present a special problem, because the sentences mandated are so overwhelming.

I am now so depressed by the drug situation that this week I sent a memorandum to all the judges and magistrate judges in my district stating:

> One day last week I had to sentence a peasant woman from West Africa to forty-six months in a drug case. The result for her young children will undoubtedly be, as she suggested, devastating. On the same day I sentenced a man to thirty years as a second drug offender—a heavy sentence mandated by the Guidelines and statute. These two cases confirm my sense of frustration about much of the cruelty I have been party to in connection with the "war on drugs" that is being fought by the military, police, and courts rather than by our medical and social institutions.
>
> I myself am unsure how this drug problem should be handled, but I need a rest from the oppressive sense of futility that these drug cases leave. Accordingly, I have taken my name out of the wheel for drug cases.
>
> This resolution leaves me uncomfortable since it shifts the "dirty work" to other judges. At the moment, however, I simply cannot sentence another impoverished person whose destruction can have no discernible effect on the drug trade. I wish I were in a position to propose some solution but I am not. I'm just a tired old judge who has temporarily filled his quota of remorselessness.

Until we can address and deal with the rotten aspects of our society that lead to drug dependence, we will not deal effectively with the drug problem.

I believe that in the future we will look back on this horrendous period of overpunishment as a temporary American aberration. Apart from everything else, the expense of this foolishness is too great for the taxpayers to bear.

[Advice]

JAILHOUSE RESUME BUILDERS

From "Doing Time for Murder or Robbery? You May Have Just the Skills an Employer Is Looking For!," by Errol Sull, in the March issue of Prison Life, *a new bimonthly magazine published in New York City. The magazine is targeted at inmates, their families, and prison guards. Sull, a former inmate, is president of Aardvark Resumes & Career Counselling, a service for inmates.*

One of the first things you're told when doing time is to "put the past behind you," to "forget about what got you in here and work on turning your life around." While you do, indeed, have some areas in need of serious improvement, *don't* forget your crime—it could be one of the keys to getting hired after your release.

Below is a list of unacceptable activities and the positive traits they typically require. These are skills that you can redirect into the job market.

Hustling (drugs, services, goods, etc.): Good ability to sell; keen marketing sense; not easily disappointed; can talk with people of different ages, backgrounds, and educational levels; know how to close a sale.

Murder/Manslaughter/Assault: Strong confidence level; not afraid to speak up or ask questions; self-motivated; not easily intimidated; not bothered by stress; good sense of time management; excellent physical condition; can be counted on to get the job done.

Prostitution: Work well independently or in a team situation; follow direction; not afraid of hard work; creative; proven sales ability; outgoing personality; skilled in customer service.

Embezzlement: Excellent accounting skills; patient; well-organized; detail-oriented; professional demeanor; hands-on computer experience; goal-setter; resourceful; work well with little supervision.

[Essay]

JAPAN, INC.'S SHAKY FUTURE

From "The End of Japan, Inc.," by Peter F. Drucker, in the Spring issue of Foreign Affairs. *Drucker is Clarke Professor of Social Science and Management at the Claremont Graduate School, in Claremont, California.*

Contrary to recent White House lamentations over the ruthlessness of Japan's centrally planned trade strategy, Japan, Inc., the intimidating economic monolith of the 1980s, is in disarray. Individual Japanese companies compete as aggressively as ever on the world market, but no distinctive Japanese economic policy exists anymore. Instead, short-term fixes and panicky reactions to the unexpected are the norm. As in the West, these are no substitutes for policy, and they are having little, if any, success.

For decades the central pillar of Japan's financial success was its commitment to forgo short-term quick fixes and concentrate on long-term policy. This national strategy was maintained for twenty-five years, from the early 1960s until 1985, when the U.S. Treasury Department's decision to float the overvalued dollar led to a 50 percent drop against the yen in just a few months. The Japanese panicked at this threat to their exports, two-fifths of which went to the United States. To replace the lost sales and profits from exports, the government rushed into a frenzied campaign to stimulate domestic consumption.

Whether Japan's manufacturers really needed such a heavy shot of economic adrenaline is debatable; most were already adjusting to lower export earnings. Needed or not, the program to stimulate domestic consumption could not have come at a worse time for the Japanese economy. It took effect just when purchasing power was shifting rapidly from a consumption-shy older generation, still scarred by wartime and postwar deprivations, to the "yuppies" of the "baby boom." The government's stimulus program helped kick off the biggest spending spree in Japan's economic history. It also ignited a speculative firestorm in real estate and stock prices. Three years ago, at the height of what the Japanese now call the "bubble economy," it was not unusual for a company's shares on the Tokyo Stock Exchange to be quoted at fifty or sixty times the company's pre-tax earnings, an outrageously high ratio. Real estate in Tokyo's better office districts was mortgaged for up to fifty times its annual rental income.



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In 1991, JTA's sister organization, the France Toilet Association, was established; the Hong Kong Urban Council recently consulted with JTA on a project to improve public rest rooms in Hong Kong. In addition, there has been an increasing number of requests by developing countries for assistance on toilet-facility improvement. It is clear that the idea of Toilet Culture has come to be widely recognized throughout the world. At last, the long-neglected issue of the toilet has become the target of worldwide efforts to improve our living environment as we head into the twenty-first century.

Despite these progressive trends, however, a number of barriers still remain, including the lack of an appropriate forum for the discussion of issues concerning the toilet, the inadequate exchange of toilet technology, and, perhaps most important of all, the simple lack of awareness of the present conditions of the toilet and the critical need for change.

On the occasion of this International Toilet Symposium, the international city of Kobe joins the Japan Toilet Association in extending a hearty welcome to all those interested in the condition of the world's toilets.

[Doily]

PURPLE LACE



"Hendrix Doily," by Ann Obrosey. Obrosey made this doily out of neoprene rubber working with an X-Acto knife, a hole puncher, and wood carving tools. It is thirty-five inches in diameter. Obrosey's doily work appeared in "Darkness and Light," a group show on display last winter at the University of Houston's Blaffer Gallery. He lives in New York City.

[Conversation]

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

From "Smothered by 90210," an interview with Dale Warner, a member of the Resisting Defamation Caucus (RDC), in the May 18 issue of the Village Voice. *The RDC, based in San Jose, California, is dedicated to countering negative stereotypes of whites in the media. The interview was conducted by Mim Udovitch, a staff writer for the* Voice; *it appeared as part of "White Like Who?," a series of articles on the experience of being white.*

MIM UDOVITCH: Are there any criticisms of European-American culture that you consider just?

DALE WARNER: Yes. We're much too sheeplike, and we don't resist certain elites within our own ethnicity who are not operating in the interests of the greater community. That would be two criticisms . . . Oooooh! I want to tell you another criticism. Somehow, European-Americans have forgotten that it's *okay* to talk about the diversity of their ethnicity with other people. I am *stunned* at how many people have no idea that the English are different from the Irish. This is a third criticism: we are *not* telling our story! We are *not* letting new Americans of other than European origins know about our diversity. I am frankly *shocked* that we have done that. Latinos have no objection to making it clear that the Hispanic population is remarkably diverse. Asian-Americans have no hesitancy. And we feel that European-Americans should do that too, and we're *not*. We're just one big blob.

UDOVITCH: Look, I'm a product of the American educational system, and I would not exactly say that anyone ever withheld from me the knowledge that European-American heritage was diverse. On the contrary, information of that kind constitutes approximately 95 percent of any liberal arts education.

WARNER: Not out here.

UDOVITCH: I see. So the colleges of San Jose do not teach Shakespeare. Or Yeats.

WARNER: There's a difference between teaching European artifacts and saying: *This* was a product of seventeenth-century *English* culture. This had *Irish* roots.

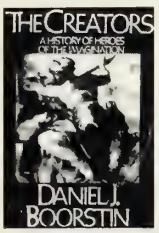
UDOVITCH: So you're saying that when they teach Yeats, they say, here's a poet, he's from some European country, they're all the same, figure it out for yourself?

WARNER: Yes. And also we European-Americans are almost embarrassed to talk about it. We need to talk about it with our friends who are not European-Americans *a lot more*.

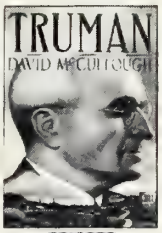
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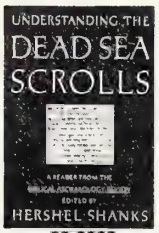
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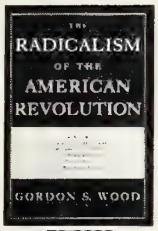
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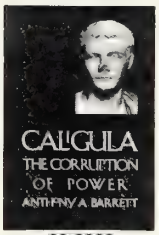
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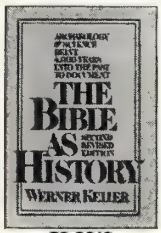
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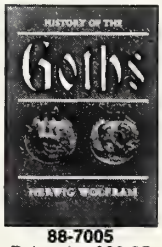
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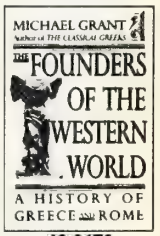
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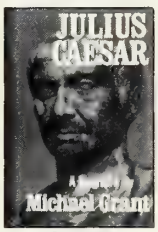
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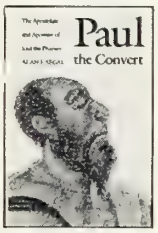
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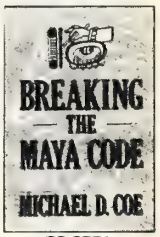
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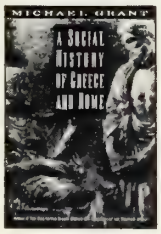
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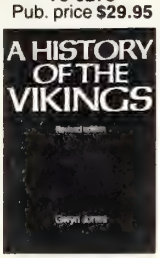
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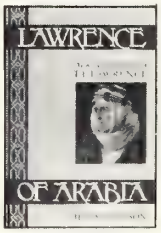
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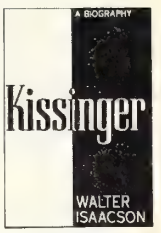
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European-Americans in the media.'

WARNER: We do, as a matter of fact. For example, we object very strongly to TV shows like *All in the Family*, *The Powers That Be*, and *Beverly Hills, 90210*. We feel that those programs deliberately hold European-American characters up for ridicule and stereotyping. On *90210* the European-American characters are pretty mindless, pretty shallow, and they're unaware of their ethnicity.

UDOVITCH: And you wouldn't consider that in the greater context of our culture that's not necessarily the sole, definitive image?

WARNER: I think those shows are a very powerful statement of a stereotype that's widely held.

UDOVITCH: And don't you think that's a little paranoid?

WARNER: Paranoid?

UDOVITCH: Yes.

WARNER: On our part?

UDOVITCH: Yes.

WARNER: Well, let me think about that.

[Essay]

THE BIRTH PANGS OF A NEW L.A.

From "Slouching Towards Los Angeles," by Richard Rodriguez, in the Opinion section of the April 11 Los Angeles Times. *Rodriguez is the author, most recently, of* Days of Obligation: An Argument with My Mexican Father, *a chapter of which was excerpted in the December 1992 issue of* Harper's Magazine. *He lived in Los Angeles in the early 1970s and currently lives in San Francisco.*

In the aftermath of last year's riot and looting, the commonplace about Los Angeles has it that the city is melting, melting under a cloudless sky. On the contrary, it seems to me, a new city—a new Los Angeles—is forming. The place I knew only a few years ago, the L.A. famous as a collection of separate suburbs, the horizontal city of freeway exits and separate lives, is no more. For people in the blond suburbs realize now that they are not so far away from neighborhoods of poverty. Blacks are very much aware of Asians, Latinos are aware of blacks. Los Angeles is not dying; a new metropolitan idea is being born.

I have been traveling recently across America, visiting colleges and making happy-talk appearances on morning television. On airplanes and in classrooms, I have been hearing Americans say what many say in Los Angeles—that America doesn't exist anymore as a unified culture.

So what else is new? Americans have always said that. We Americans have never easily believed in ourselves as a nation. What traditionally we share is the belief that we share nothing in common at all with people on the other side of town. Who is more American, after all, than today's brown and black neo-nationalists in Los Angeles?

America is a Puritan country, Protestant baptized. It was Protestantism that taught Americans to fear the crowd and to believe in individualism. Nineteenth-century nativists feared that Catholics and Jews would undermine the Protestant idea of America. But it was, paradoxically, American Protestantism that allowed for an immigrant nation. Lacking a communal sense, how could Americans resist the coming of strangers? The immigrant country of the nineteenth century became a country of tribes and neighborhoods more truly than a nation of solitary individuals. Then, as today, Americans trusted diversity, not uniformity. Americans trusted the space between us more than we liked any notion of an American melting pot that might turn us into one another.

In the classrooms of America in recent weeks, I heard no term more often than "multiculturalism." (You are not I.) We celebrate "our friends" the Guatemalans. In fact, our friends the Guatemalans are converting to the Mormon faith. And our friends the Guatemalans are working as nannies in Beverly Hills and teaching the children of 90210 how to ask and say thank you in Spanish. In fact, people influence one another, lives change, cultures mix.

Our teachers used to be able to tell us this; the schoolmarm used to be subversive of American individuality. Our teachers used to be able to pose the possibility of a national culture—a line connecting Thomas Jefferson, the slave owner, to Malcolm X. Our teachers used to be able to tell us why all of us speak Black English. Or how the Mexican farmworkers in Delano were related to the Yiddish-speaking grandmothers who worked the sweatshops of the Lower East Side. America may not have wanted to listen. But our teachers used to insist that there was something called an American culture, a common history.

All over America, in identical hotels, there are weekend conferences for business executives on multiculturalism. But any immigrant kid could tell you that America exists. There *is* a culture. There is a shared accent, a shared defiance of authority, a shared skepticism about community. There is a stance, a common impatience at the fast-food counter. Moreover, though executives who attend multicultural seminars do not want to hear it, the deepest separation between us derives not from race or ethnicity but from class. To put matters bluntly, the black executive at Pac

[Computer-altered Photographs]

TRADING PLACES



From "What If . . . ?," a collection of photographs that appeared in the Spring/Summer issue of Colors, *a magazine published by United Colors of Benetton. Computer artists at Site One New York, a design studio, created the images above by combining photographs of Arnold Schwarzenegger, right, and Spike Lee, left, with similarly posed photographs of people of different races.*

Bell or ARCO has more in common culturally with her white colleagues than she does with the gang kids of South-Central.

White middle-class kids in Santa Barbara know this. They are infatuated with lower-class black style. Ghetto talk, gesture, dress. As Americans, the suburban kids are infatuated with the defiance of black toughs, with their swagger. Today's rapper is the new Huck Finn. Of course, the white kids want to imitate these outsiders and challenge authority—a most American thing to do.

Aficionados of multiculturalism, meanwhile, give us metaphors like the mosaic. America is a mosaic, they say. Or America is a rainbow. Separate but equal, blah blah blah. The deeper truth is that people have souls. People meet, they argue, they flirt, they compete, they have children, they divorce, they remarry, they bewilder themselves.

The nineteenth century's school was supposed to Anglicize immigrant children. But assimilation is reciprocal. The immigrant kids ended up changing American English. There are thousands of foreign words on the American tongue—Swedish, German, Italian, Yiddish.

A hundred years later, the descendants of Central American Indians are becoming evangelical Protestants. At the same time, blond animal-rights activists in Orange County are becoming the new pantheists, California's new tribe of Indians—proclaiming the equality of all living things.

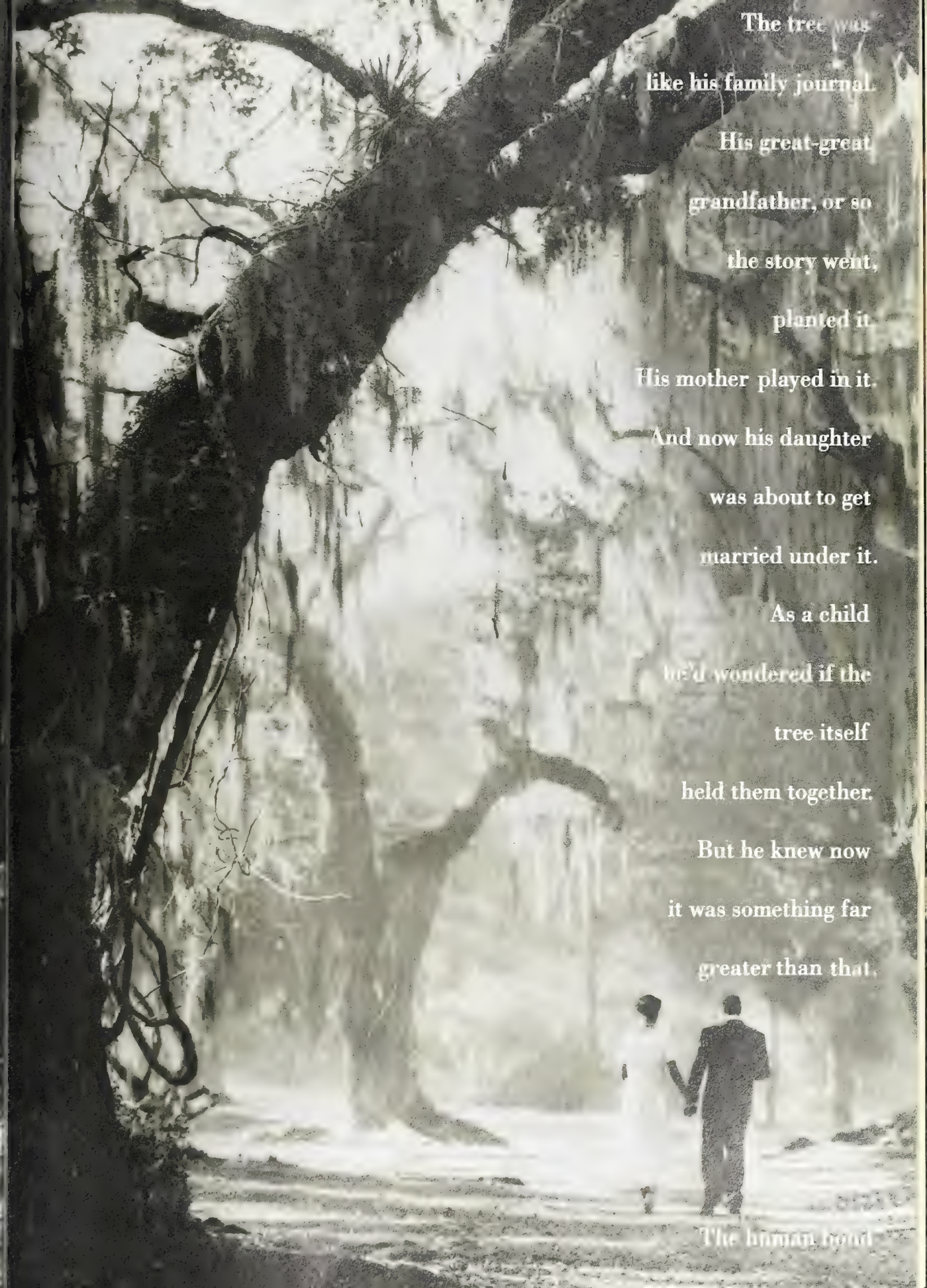
Among prominent Latina leaders, most have Jewish husbands. The Cambodians of California are running the doughnut shops. A Chinese may succeed an African-American as mayor of this Mexican city. Some of the best writers of American English are the great-grandchildren of slaves. I know Mexican Indians from Oaxaca who are trilingual—speak their native Indian tongue, speak Spanish, speak English. They trample borders. They live six months in Fresno, six months in Oaxaca. They deal with two currencies and several centuries. They are truly multicultural, people of many societies.

Every mother tells men—her husband, her sons—what men cannot quite believe: Birth is traumatic. It is messy. It is slimy. It is painful beyond pain. There is blood. Birth begins with a scream.

I tell you, Los Angeles is being born. A city is forming within the terror and suspicion and fear that people have of one another. As an outsider, I can sense the city forming. People in Los Angeles are preoccupied with one another, can no longer forget one another.

You have lost your suburban innocence. It is better this way, I think. Better not to like one another than not to know the stranger exists.





The tree was
like his family journal.
His great-great
grandfather, or so
the story went,
planted it.
His mother played in it.
And now his daughter
was about to get
married under it.
As a child
he'd wondered if the
tree itself
held them together.
But he knew now
it was something far
greater than that.

The human bond



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here
have helped
people live their
dreams for
years,
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our strongest
bond
is human.
NUVEEN

[Essay]

THE CUTE AND THE ANTI-CUTE

From "Cuteness," by Daniel Harris, in the Fall 1992 issue of Salmagundi, *a quarterly published at Skidmore College, in Saratoga Springs, New York. "Cuteness" will also appear in* The Best American Essays 1993, *to be published this fall by Ticknor & Fields. Harris's essay "Blonde Ambitions: The Rise of Madonna Studies" appeared in the August 1992 issue of* Harper's Magazine.

Everywhere we turn we see cuteness, from dolls like So Shy Sherri and So Sorry Sarah to cherubic figures batting their peepers on Charmin toilet paper. For most people, images such as these—or those found on calendars featuring droopy-eyed puppies pleading for attention or greeting cards showing kitty cats in raincoats—are the very embodiment of innocence. Yet despite the fact that they appear to represent the absence of calculation, the aesthetic of cuteness is carefully designed and heavily mannered.

Cuteness is not an aesthetic in the ordinary sense of the word and must not be mistaken for the physically appealing, the attractive. In fact, it is closely linked to the grotesque, the malformed. The grotesque is cute because the grotesque is pitiable, and pity is the primary emotion of this seductive and manipulative aesthetic, which arouses our sympathies by creating anatomical pariahs, like E.T. or the Cabbage Patch Kids. So Shy Sherri, for instance, is an anatomical disaster: her legs are painfully swollen, her fingers are useless pink stumps that seem to have been lopped off at the knuckles, and her rosy cheeks are so bloated that her face is actually wider than it is long. The aesthetic of cuteness creates a class of outcasts and mutants, a ready-made race of lovable inferiors whom both children and adults collect, patronize, and enslave in the protective concubinage of their vast harems of homely dolls and snugglesome misfits.

Because cuteness aestheticizes helplessness and deformity, it almost always involves an act of sadism on the part of its creator, who makes an unconscious attempt to maim, hobble, and embarrass the thing he seeks to idolize. The process of conveying cuteness to the viewer disempowers its objects, forcing them into ridiculous situations and making them appear more vulnerable than they really are (as in William Wegman's hilarious photographs of his dog, the much-put-upon Man Ray, who is the solemn mascot of cuteness at its most highbrow). Adorable things are often most adorable in the middle of a pratfall or a blunder: Winnie the Pooh with his snout stuck in the hive; the 101 dalmatians of Disney's classic collapsing in double splits and sprawling across the ice; Love-a-Lot Bear in *The Care Bears Movie*, who stares disconsolately out at us with a paint bucket overturned on his head; or, the grimmest example of the cruelty of cuteness, the real live fainting goat, which has acquired of late a perverse chic as a pet (bred with myatonia, a genetic disorder, it coyly folds up and faints when you scream at it).

When it comes to our children, the cute behavior that elicits some of our most gloating and unrestrained responses is that which mimics our own: mothering. Our persistence in fawning over children who rock their babies, change the diapers of the many incontinent toys on the market, placate anxious dolls, or thrash disobedient teddy bears teaches these toddlers both the significance of their own cuteness—that is, their vulnerability—and the importance of recognizing cuteness

[Photograph]

DETHPICABLE!



Daffy Swami, *a photograph by Keith Boadwee, from a one-man exhibit last February at Los Angeles's Kim Light Gallery. Boadwee uses himself as a model.*

[Chart]

GREAT LEAPS FORWARD

From a list of unusual national sports records set in the People's Republic of China, published in the December 1992 issue of China Sports, *a Beijing monthly. The chart below, compiled by Jeff Z. Klein, appeared in the May 4 issue of the* Village Voice.

Event	*Record*	*Name*	*Notes*
Arm swings with dumbbells	6,000	Zhang Wei	Two dumbbells, 5.3 kg each
Men's 100 m "train" race	23.4 seconds	Beijing "February 7" Rolling Stock Plant	Teams of ten, each runner holding shoulders of runner in front
Shuttlecock repetitions, alternating feet	12,505	Shi Dongxia	Repeatedly hitting shuttlecock in the air with a racket
Pushing bricks with knees bent, as if riding a horse	18,500	Mei Yufeng	Pressing two standard bricks outward with alternating hands
2x20 m slow bike race	2 minutes, 15 seconds	Zhang Changping	Brakes may not be used
30-person rope jump	26 repetitions	Lanzhou Carbon Works	Long rope
Women's 60 m backward dash	12.62 seconds	Zhang Rongjuan	
Bouncing a pyramid-shaped ball	517 repetitions	Cao Junmin	Ball must bounce at least 30 cm off the ground each time
Treading water with 15 kg weight	2 minutes, 30 seconds	Zhang Zhiping	Mouth must be above water surface
Breaking bricks with one hand	12 bricks	Li Chaolin	13 standard bricks stacked one on top of another
One-minute grenade throwing for accuracy	46 grenades	Fu Jianqiang	To a circular target 1 m in radius and 45 m away

in others. Through such rigorous training in role-playing, our culture actively inculcates in our children the doctrines of cuteness. Cuteness is therefore unique among aesthetics because it lays the foundations for its own survival by building into itself a form of proselytizing.

Cuteness serves an important function for adults. It is every parent's portable utopia, the rose-colored lens that colors and blurs with soft-focused sentimentality the profound drudgery of child-rearing. We use cuteness to numb us to the irritations of the vigilance we must maintain over creatures who are, in many instances, active beings who control our lives rather than passive toddlers whose lives we control. And yet cuteness is in fact ultimately more a source of unhappiness than comfort among parents. It saturates the visual landscape of consumerism with images that cause feelings of inadequacy among parents, who inevitably measure the rowdy and selfish behavior of their own children against the exacting ideals of tractability, cuddliness, and quiescence promoted by an aesthetic at loggerheads with reality.

Although cuteness is still the dominant mode of representing children, the unrealistic expectations it has created in regard to our children's behavior has led to a new aesthetic: the anti-cute. Our belief that our children are vulnerable little cherubs collides with their intransigence and generates in the process so much hostility that we are tempted to view them as corrupt, possessed, even satanic, as in films like *Poltergeist*, *Child's Play*, and *The Brood*. Cuteness thus coexists in a dynamic relation with the perverse. The failure of the hyperboles of one aesthetic gives rise to the hyperboles of the other, of the child as the vehicle of diabolical powers from the Great Beyond.

The movie *Gremlins* can be seen as a kind of allegory of the current civil war in the contemporary aesthetic of the family, a battle in which the image of the child as a vulnerable creature has locked horns with that of the unnatural spawn of Satan. In *Gremlins* the furry, droopy-eared Gizmo is transformed into a scaly lizard with vacant portholes for eyes (the most important facial feature of the cute thing, ensuring its total scrutability), razor-sharp talons, and deadly incisors.

By creating these travesties of cuteness we are attempting to loosen the aesthetic's grip on an imagination hungry for images closer to the harsh realities of the current day, an era of the latch-key kid, the two-career family, the single-parent household, the crack baby, and the less-than-

manipulating running sixth-grader with a beeper in one pocket and a .44 Magnum automatic pistol in the other. With the rise of the anti-cute, our culture may at last be purging itself of its antiquated religion of infantilism.

[Memoir]

DIARY OF A BELFAST JOYRIDER

From "It Was One Damn Good Car," by Johnny McGivern, in the April 4 issue of The Independent on Sunday Review, *published in London. McGivern grew up in Twinbrook, Northern Ireland, a suburb of Belfast. In January 1989, at the age of seventeen, he was "kneecapped"—shot in the knees—by Irish Republican Army soldiers as punishment for joyriding in stolen cars. According to an introduction to McGivern's article by Malachi O'Doherty, "Last year the IRA kneecapped 59 people, more than in any other year for a decade. Most were joyriders. More bullets went into the knees, ankles and elbows of teenage Catholic tearaways in West Belfast than into British soldiers, policemen or loyalists." According to O'Doherty, the IRA claims to be "responding to a demand from the community to come down hard on what they call 'anti-social elements.'" O'Doherty also suggests that, "by doing what they do, joyriders are seen to be making a mockery of [the IRA's] war, fooling about on the battlefield." McGivern wrote the accounts below while he was in the hospital recovering from his kneecapping; eight months later he crashed another stolen car while being chased by the police, and suffered brain damage. He died in December 1989.*

The Opel Manta was metallic black and two-tone gray and it had a sunroof and alloy wheels with bucket seats. In other words, it was one damn good car. It wasn't top of the range, but about £10,000 worth.

I walked up the street, and my heart was beating faster as I thought of being behind the wheel. I scanned for police, but there were none. I went to the driver's door, just to put the screwdriver in the lock, when suddenly I spied a man coming out of the house directly facing me. The stare he gave me would make your blood curdle, but I thought, it's too late now, get in quick and get away fast. I opened the door and pulled the casing off and started the car and left with wheels burning rubber the whole way down the street and round the bend that takes me to the road to Twinbrook.

I hit Twinbrook in about five minutes and right away I started to throw the car about, doing handbrake turns and spinning around corners so fast that there was times I didn't think I would survive. I was sure someone would call the peelers [police] soon, so I decided to get out of there fast, but it was too late. I had seen the patrol.

It was two police jeeps and one army jeep, and as soon as they seen me they gave chase. I seen another jeep going down the library hill, and the way it was going, I thought it was going to hit me, and sure enough it rammed straight into the driver's door and I felt the inner panels almost touching the right-hand side of my body, and the car went out of control, going left and right, up and down curbs, and I fought to control it again. I done a hand-brake turn ready to dodge the other jeeps, but I conked the engine dead and the police officers were all round the car trying to trail me out.

The passenger door was locked and my driver door was squashed in and I was trying to find the screwdriver, which I did find under the seat, and when I started the car up they all ran behind their jeeps and I was on the run once more. I thought they were going to shoot at me, but no, they didn't shoot, and while I was escaping those jeeps I seen another going straight towards me. I tugged right and slammed on the brakes and went down a grass incline, but to my horror I heard an army helicopter overhead, and it came right down and wouldn't go away.

I had lost the jeeps but there was no way I was going to get away from the helicopter, so I got out and ran. But the army stopped and got out, and one took aim at me and shouted, "Stop or I'll shoot." But I wasn't stopping. Later on I heard that if it wasn't for a policeman telling the Brit to stop, he would have shot me.

As I was running I took my coat off, but it was no use. The helicopter was still there. So I ran down to the school, and I was trying to make my way to the forest, but the helicopter knew what I was trying to do, so it directed the jeeps to block me off. They did, two at the front and one behind.

They all got out of the jeeps and came at me, punching and kicking, and dragged me into the back of a jeep. I thought, Johnny, this is going to be hell now. Because they had to chase me for nearly half an hour, wrecked one jeep, and they had to use a helicopter, and if it wasn't for that chopper I'd have been free.

It was a couple months later, a Saturday night at about 6:30. I was sitting bored in the house waiting to go out and get my takeout. I left the house, not thinking, not even suspecting what was going to happen to me later that night. I was walking up Gardenmore Road, as usual, when a car came up behind me. I didn't think much of it until I was walking along by the boxing club and the car stopped, and two men got out of the back. I've seen that car about and the person who drives it does private taxiing, so I thought they were just somebody that got a lift, until one



4th of July, Chicago, 1990, *a photograph by Paul D'Amato. D'Amato's work is part of "Private Moments: Public Places," an exhibition at the Maine Coast Artists Gallery, in Rockport, through July 25.*

of the men asked me if I knew the name of the flats. The name is right plain to see and the two men were starting to walk toward me. Also I noticed the car was staying there, so I thought, Best get out of here and be safe, when the two men grabbed me. We fought in the car park for a couple of minutes before they overpowered me and pulled me over to the car. I tried to get away again, but it was no use.

They kept on asking me my name, so I told them my cousin's name, thinking they wouldn't know because I had never seen them before, but they brought me over to the driver, and he asked me, "What's your name and don't give me no shit or I'll put a bullet in your back." I told him the wrong name again and he said throw him in the back of the car. When they got me in the back they punched and kicked me trying to find out my name, so I told them my real name and I asked why I was being taken away, but they kept saying shut up and keep my head down. I kept on saying I hadn't done anything, but the driver turned round and said, "For fuck's sake, shut up moaning. We're only going to talk to you, so calm down." I knew that wasn't much of an assurance because you couldn't believe a word they said. They'd picked me up once before and told me it was only for questioning, but they ended up beating me and my mates with sticks. So it didn't really calm me down. It made me feel worse.

Then I felt the car moving off and they kept telling me to keep my head down. The car drove for about three minutes, but it felt ages to me.

The car stopped and they opened the door, and they pulled me out keeping my head down, but I could see more men, possibly three, and they were wearing balaclavas. They walked me toward the flats and there was another two men in there and they pulled me over to the corner, pushed me down on my stomach first, and one of them sat on my back, making sure I didn't turn round. I wanted to know what was wrong and to find out what this was for, but they kept punching and kicking me so I gave up and just lay there.

You should have seen the thoughts that went through my mind, and I didn't care about the pain in my legs and the whole of my body. I was lying there for about twenty minutes or half an hour when two men came in, pulled me to my feet, and were walking me outside. I prayed to God in Heaven to make the next couple of minutes a blank for me.

They brought me round to the wall where the bushes were, and one of them said, "Lay face down." My heart sank to my feet. I pleaded with them: "Please, please, leave me alone. I didn't do anything."

But no.

While I was lying there I kept turning round but they kept kicking me. I looked quickly and spotted a man standing there with a handgun, and I knew that I was getting kneecapped, and to tell you the truth I would have cried if it would have helped, but I couldn't bring myself to cry. I done some begging and when I felt the gun on the back of my leg I just froze.

But the gun didn't work and that made it worse, so I started kicking my legs. They tried to hold them but to no avail. I was in such a panic nobody would have been able to hold them. While the gun kept jamming and me kicking, one of the men said, "Just stick one in his back." But another one said, "Look, son, it's only going to make it harder on yourself." So I kept my legs straight and I heard the thud of the gun and a split second later my right leg jerked and I knew it was shot, but it never sank in that "Look, Johnny, you've been shot," and I never really felt pain in that leg. Then I panicked and shouted, "Fuck off, that's enough." And then the thuds sounded again, but the left leg wasn't the same as the right one. I felt it buckle and bend, and I could feel the leg really messed up inside, and the pain and the shock, and all the thoughts that went through my head, and my leg was bending and I couldn't bring myself to cry. I looked up and seen all the men running away and I felt like shouting something after them, but one of the men stayed for a split second and I looked into his eyes and he stared at me for what seemed ages, and then he ran.

A couple of minutes shouting for an ambulance brought some people round, and the look on their faces was like something out of a horror movie. I asked one of them to get me a drink of water or run to the shop for a tin of Coke, and I asked to be moved onto my side but they made me sit upright against the wall and the legs went jelly, especially the left one. It didn't feel right, so I asked to lay down again and somebody asked would I want my parents round, and I said yes, because I wanted all the comfort I could get.

The Coke came and I thanked him and took an endless drink but couldn't get enough. The thirst was like fire in my throat and I couldn't drench the burning going through my whole body.

I seen everybody making way and then I seen my ma. I told her I was all right but she was in shock, and I had to tell her to stop shouting because she was nearly taking it out on the people helping me. Then I heard the squeal of tires and the sound of our car, then the shouts of my da when he came round the corner. Almost immediately I held my hands out and said, "Hold me, Daddy. Hold me, Daddy," and he held my hands and the grip in his hands helped me take my mind off it a bit.

Looking back now, I wish I never shouted as much, but it's all over now, after two operations lying here in my seventh week in the Belfast city hospital and another couple of months to go. And if it wasn't for the support of my family and friends, I would go insane and this fucking TINGLING IN MY FOOT IS DRIVING ME CRAZY. My mother and brother are in Canada now and they are trying to get their troubles over, so good luck—and maybe soon, I know someday, my whole family will be together and happy, someday.

[Story]

READING THE PAPER AT SCHOOL

By Ron Carlson. Carlson read this story at San Francisco State University in April. He is the author of four works of fiction, including Plan B for the Middle Class, *a collection of stories. Carlson's story "The Summer of Vintage Clothing" appeared in the June 1992 issue of* Harper's Magazine.

It's hard to read on a spring day, the classroom windows open, and I love Vicky so much. I wish we had the same homeroom. As is, she's down in Mrs. Towers's algebra class being held by that sophomore with his small-caliber pistol. I've got VICKY all over my notebook—that was a big step, getting over the fear that someone would find out, but now I'll write it anywhere: Vicky Vicky Vicky. I met her during the shooting in the cafeteria, the so-called lunchtime massacre, which it was not. Three dead, fourteen wounded is not a massacre. We ended up under the same table. Talk about destiny. She looked so cute under there.

I write it again right now—VICKY—in the newspaper I'm supposed to be reading for current events. Mr. Robinson's down at the counselor's office trying to negotiate with the two seniors who have held the principal for two days. They've got a Ruger, and knowing this school, it's probably not even a semiautomatic.

When Robinson left he said, Read the paper, but it's tough. We can still hear the moaning from upstairs where that guy has got Home Ec bound and gagged. You can tell by the sounds that

he's used duct tape, which is totally bogus. The groaning comes in waves. Nobody in this room is doing the assignment. I feel the sun on my face and smell the lilacs and cut grass and I know all about it. It's spring. You try to read the paper, but it's hard.

[Fiction]

MINESWEEPING IN THE PARK

From Elect Mr. Robinson for a Better World, *a novel by Donald Antrim, to be published in September by Viking. This is Antrim's first novel.*

It was Saturday night, the night of the big town meeting at Terry Heinemann's Clam Castle, out at the end of Fountain Lane, where Fountain dead-ends into the sea. The Clam Castle was crowded with taxpayers: Abraham de Leon, Tom Thompson, Bill Nixon, Jerry Henderson and his wife, Rita, and, of course, Terry, whose generous all-you-can-eat-for-one-special-low-price deal was the reason we were convened at the Clam Castle in the first place. I had a plate of cherry-stones. Jerry, our chairman, was eating a clam roll. It looked good to me. On the slate for that night's meeting: 1) proposals for consolidation of the dying public-library system and 2) regular-basis, voluntary mine sweeps of Turtle Pond Park and surrounding wooded areas, to locate and physically deactivate, once and for all, the hundreds of claymores placed by Ed Benson during the spirited conflict between the Bensons and the Websters, who lived across the park from each other during the time of buildup and fortification, when almost everybody seemed to have barbed wire scrolled around his or her backyard, as well as maybe a sod- or tarp-covered pit laid deep with danger.

Those pits caught on. They were the rage. Everybody just had to build one.

Abraham de Leon, for instance, dug beneath his bedroom window a very deep hole embedded with croquet wickets positioned upside down and jutting skyward.

Tom Thompson, more ambitious than Abe, covered his much bigger pit in custom-cut Astro Turf that rested like a dream over deeply piled shattered beer bottles, gathered, under cover of night, from the reclamation center.

Ray Conover's reef-theme memorial ditch contained a lot of extremely sharp coral draped in fabrics scissored—a poignant touch—from his dead wife's wardrobe.

And interesting was the Isaacs', over on Lovejoy. Their pit was designed by Betsy Isaac, a local earthwork installation conceptualist interested in our culture's debasement of sex. Her non-linear pit wound serpentine from front to side yards, and was chock-full of anatomically semi-correct Barbie and Ken dolls, shredded and pulped men's magazines, several cases of hideous punch-out dime-store valentines, and about two tons of dead mackerel. All in all, a provocative work, functional yet challenging.

Best of all was Jerry Henderson's moatful of water moccasins. The moat was traversable by a narrow drawbridge cobbled from redwood decking planks. The drawbridge ran on a dining-room dimmer switch extension-corded to a recommissioned garage-door opener secreted in a hedge.

Simple, scary, effective.

Jerry crunched and swallowed a deep-fried clam, then slurped some coffee, rose to his feet, and addressed the meeting. "We have many articles of interest before us. I suggest we skip the formalities and proceed straight to business."

"Second!" cried Tom Thompson, who rose from his seat at the bar and proclaimed: "The Bensons and Websters are waging private war on public land!"

"That's right, that's the issue exactly," observed assenting voices. Tom was well known for his enthusiasm. Crowds excite him. That night at Terry's he gave a memorable performance, stepping into the center of the room and holding aloft his arms and claiming, "I for one am prepared to make a nonviolent gesture of protest and self-sacrifice. Who'll join me on a walking tour of the park to locate and deactivate those mines?"

No hands went up. Jerry said, "Noble gesture,



From The Spectator.

Tom, but I don't think it's that simple." At which point I sneezed. Not once but serially, causing people near me to whisper, "God bless you. God bless you." I blew my nose into an oversized paper napkin, folded the napkin into a pocketable square, pocketed it, and said to the assembled: "Okay. A Turtle Pond Park initiative is desirable. I deem it appropriate to take decisive action in the form of removing obstacles to enjoyment of the park, and suggest an alternative to walking through it thus risking grave injury. What if some of our soon-to-be-redundant large-format library reference editions were simply hurled into park grounds? The *World Book*, *Columbia*, and *Britannica* encyclopedias could possess the heft required to depress the claymores' trigger."

I never actually believed, at that Clam Castle town meeting, that anything like this would ever come to pass. It was one of those ideas designed to lead to a modified version of itself. But sure enough, that following Sunday, plans were made to gather at the park. Somewhat reluctantly, I agreed to attend.

There is, of course, no auto access to the grounds, so I pulled up on the street outside, right behind Abe de Leon's Dodge van and Tom Thompson's Mazda. I shut off the engine, got out, and locked the car door, then walked along the sidewalk, searching for a gap in the bushes, a route into the hammock. Everything was quiet; not even birds called. Things looked wild and dark. Overhead, twisted hardwoods draped leaf-heavy branches over thickets of briar and thorn that clogged the park's walkways and nature trails, strangling smaller botanicals and forming a natural barrier between the roadway and the interior. It was impossible to see more than a few feet into that savage foliage. Finally, I plunged on in, stepping lightly, pausing occasionally to orient myself and to remove thorns snagging my clothes, brittle green points anchoring in the fabric's weave, biting through to draw blood. These bushes growing everywhere, blocking passage, making headway into the park arduous and painful, were like malignant floral impurities, invading and infesting a once pristine family recreation spot. Gone were the sun-dappled company picnics and barbecues, the Frisbee tosses and touch-football matches. Now vigilantes gathered here to detonate explosive charges, using literature.

"Pete!"

It was Abe de Leon, hollering from the deep cover of a mountainous shrub.

"Duck!"

From the skies it came, a gargantuan blue tome, one of those compact editions of the *Oxford English Dictionary*, end-over-end hurtling in projectile descent, pages fluttering and tearing in the wind, a screaming index of printed and bound lexical data, half a language heavy with gravity and gathering velocity. I dove for turf and covered my head, as the *OED* cruised thumping to the earth.

When I opened my eyes I saw that it was the P–Z volume. A–O was lying nearby, loose pages from it papering the ground. The *Supplement* text was nowhere to be seen—either buried in some leaves or waiting, still, to be launched.

Here came the men. First Abe, followed by Bill Nixon and Tom Thompson and, taking up the rear, Jerry. They walked single file, like a ghastly family of four on an outing. They wore identical radiant orange hunting caps and Day-Glo pack vests over camouflage safari shirts. Each sported a hand-tied white armband that appeared to have been ripped from a bedsheet. Sure enough, Tom carried the *OED Supplement*. He also wore a backpack. Bill, true to form, clutched a beer can in one hand, and, in the other—this not at all typical of the man—a *Webster's*.

"Hi, guys," followed by handshakes all around.

"Pete."

"Tom."

"Teach, how're you doing?"

"Okay, Bill. You?"

"Fair enough."

"Hello, Jerry."

"Mr. Scrivener, good to see you."

"You too. How's Rita?"

"Rita's doing fine."

[Court Order]

EVERY DOG HAS ITS VISITATION DAY

From a court order issued last November in a St. Louis divorce case. The petitioner, Carla Julius, had sued her husband, Anthony Julius, for custody of the couple's two dogs, Fisban and Tasseloff.

Petitioner is awarded temporary possession of Fisban. Respondent is awarded temporary possession of Tasseloff.

Petitioner shall have possession of both Fisban and Tasseloff from 4:00 P.M. to 8:00 P.M. each Sunday. Respondent shall have possession of both Fisban and Tasseloff from 1:00 P.M. to 4:00 P.M. each Sunday. The exchange of the dogs shall occur at the northeasternmost entrance to the Schnuck's [grocery store] at the corner of Page and Woodson.

"Say hi for me."

"Will do."

"Hi, Abe."

"Almost clocked you there, Pete." Abe offered me a strip of white sheeting. "Put this around your arm. It identifies you as a neutral party."

I tied on the armband as Jerry explained the procedure: "Okay, first one of us throws his book, and the others try to get theirs close to that one, like in horseshoes. We cover some territory, collect the books, and move on in a straight line. Slow and safe, no one gets hurt. Got it?"

I wasn't sure I did. "Yeah, sure."

Abe, crouching among the scattered A–O pages of the *OED*, shoveling up a thick handful of unglued papers, said to Tom, "Tom, my man, this one's shot."

Tom lowered his pack, reached inside, and brought out a *Crowell's Handbook of Classical Mythology*. He handed it to Abe and reached in again, this time bringing out a *Roget's Thesaurus*, which he offered my way. "Pete?"

"I could use another brew," Bill said.

These, as well, were in the backpack. I took the *Roget's Thesaurus* from Tom, who dispensed a round of semi-cold ones. In unison we pulled back our pop tabs, a chorus of fizzing metallic clicks echoing like strange insects in the birdless forest silence. We raised our cans to our mouths and drank. The beer tasted wonderful to me, numbing my throat and warming my heart. Abe said, "Why don't you give that thesaurus the heave-ho, Pete."

"Me?"

"Show us your arm."

"It's not much of an arm, I'm afraid."

"Send it over there, Pete," suggested Bill, gesturing vaguely with his beer can.

Was this something I could reasonably do? Throw a book at potential oblivion? These books were valuable. Maybe not the *Roget's*. I generally warn my students away from the thesaurus, because I believe they become reliant on it when they should be working to build their own vocabularies through memorization. The *Roget's Thesaurus* could, in all fairness, go.

"Where?" I inquired.

"Wherever," answered Bill, raising and spreading his arms in a grand gesture of encompassment, taking in the world. He was crocked. He crumpled his can in his meaty hand and dropped it to the forest floor as Jerry, ever the diplomat, added, "We were headed south toward the Gazebo. How about over by that big old oak, Pete."

I wasn't sure I could pitch a thesaurus, even an abridged version, which this was, all the way to the oak tree.

"Hold it like this," said Abe. The tall, bearded tax consultant clasped his *Crowell's Handbook* by the boards, fingers spread for good grip, palm over page fronts rather than the spine. "If you grip it by the spine it'll come open and you'll get a lot of drag." Abe feinted back and raised his arm, cocking for the throw like a pro quarterback; he let fly and the volume spun upward without opening or fluttering, the literary equivalent of a perfect spiral. As if on cue, we all hunkered down, backs to the possible blast. But the *Handbook of Classical Mythology* landed without event in a patch of wildflowers twenty yards away.

My turn. Abe's toss would be hard to beat. I faded back, set my feet, and let go with everything I had. The thesaurus flapped open, caught wind, and dropped like a shot bird. Ten yards.

"Nice try, Pete. You'll get the hang of it." Jerry smiled encouragement, pitched his book. The real estate developer threw sidearm, a modified discus-style spin-toss using a full-revolution windup, complete with manly grunt at the instant of release. Next up was Tom, also hurling sidearm, though minus Jerry's grace. It was clear who'd been on the track squad. Still, Tom's *OED Supplement* toss was respectable, particularly compared with Bill's overhand *Birds of Prey Illustrated* "fastball pitch," which rocketed wild and crashed into a clump of aloe plants. "Fuck," Nixon said, as Abe came up and made it look so very easy, lofting another of his beautiful play-action "long ball" heaves into the trees. There were many books in Tom's backpack, and one by one we delivered them all into the dirt and the grass, each time exclaiming things like "Looking good, looking good," or "Too high, too high," before ducking and bracing for the thud of an explosion. Between tosses Jerry filled me in on some of the direct-hit detonations back around the boathouse, the various types of trees and shrubs decimated, radii and depths of crater holes, pages flying like parade confetti.

Now no explosion came. We tiptoed to our torn books, gathered them up, and threw again.

Later, at the Gazebo, we reclined on cast-iron deck chairs and sipped the last of the beers. The chairs were straight and hard as church pews, arranged in a permanent circle, legs bolted into metal plates sunk into the wide gray floorboards. I sat facing Tom, with Jerry to my right and Bill and Abe to my left. An assortment of recently thrown books (the last no-hit salvo at the Gazebo steps), and the backpack, bearing more books and the beers, rested in the center of the circle, near our feet, within easy reach.

"I do enjoy the way *The Riverside Shakespeare* rides the wind on a long toss," sighed Tom.

"*The Riverside Shakespeare* does seem to float," agreed Abe, taking a swig from his can.

Bill said, "For hang time, give me *The Poetry of Robert Frost* any day."

We all drank, as if following a toast, and Jerry explained, "I prefer a cloth-bound book with thin

pages sewn in muslin to a medium-width spine. Anything with a lot of plates is going to be a problem. Art books, for instance. You pitch one of those museum catalogues and you feel like your shoulder's going to come out of the socket."

"It's the varnished pages," Tom said.

I concurred, "They are a bitch."

Such passivity. Was it a weakness, my facile desire to go along with the guys at the expense of the books? Or was it more complex, a sincere inclination to favor present human company, fellowship, and community over the obscure pleasures of printed narratives? Certainly the air was cool at this time of evening. A wail of birdsong ascended from the gray-green trees. The men's voices were deep, the world seemed good, there were plenty of unimpaired books left in Tom's backpack. And in the end, what did it matter *which* books? The essence of a culture is found in all its artifacts.

[Sequel]

ANNA KARENINA: THE SEQUEL

By Garrison Keillor. Keillor read this work in April at the Eightieth Anniversary Celebration of the Authors Guild, in New York City. Several writers were asked to rewrite the ending to Tolstoy's Anna Karenina *as if Anna had not thrown herself under a train. Keillor's new collection of stories,* The Book of Guys, *will be published this fall. His story "That Old 'Picayune-Moon' " appeared in the September 1990 issue of* Harper's Magazine.

Anna was alone in New York, a tall majestic woman with a long black mane and blazing dark eyes who left her little apartment on West 102nd every morning at six, wearing her black jogging pants and a mink coat, went to exercise class, then to a deli for six cups of coffee and the *Times* and ten minutes of weeping. She wept every morning and again in the evening, for emotional health, as a Russian woman should do. She did not weep for her old life; it was gone. The children were grown, moved to California, and Karenin was remarried, to a little Swedish dumpling, in Wisconsin, and Count Vronsky, her great love, owned a chain of tanning salons and lived in Tampa, a nervous little man in yellow plaid pants—preposterous, to think that once, despondent at losing this cold fish, she, Anna, had attempted to throw herself under a train. My God, she thought, *the things a person does when her blood-sugar level is low.* Fortunately, in America trains were always late, and when you had screwed up your courage to dive under the wheels, end the pain, you then had to wait another twenty or forty minutes, and in that time she had changed her mind and decided to take charge of her life. Pacing the station platform, feeling death elude her, she had come face to face with a poster of a healthy young woman wearing Calvin Klein underwear and she thought, *That woman is not despondent. She does not stand waiting for trains that do not come,* and then Anna remembered Count Tolstoy, his vegetarianism, his abstinence from tobacco and alcohol and carnal obsessions, his simple life among the peasants. *Maybe that's my problem,* she thought. The old Russian intelligentsia loved to stay up all night smoking like fiends, slugging down vodka, talking about death, death, death. Being Russian was like a bad hormonal experience. You were crazed with melancholy, despair, morbid grief; you felt wounded, felt that life was unknowable; it was endless adolescence. *Grow up,* she thought. She changed her name from Anna Karenina to Anna Karan, then to Donna Karan, and plunged into fashion design with a line of clothing based on the bathing outfits of Orthodox nuns, and earned millions and lost weight and, thanks to regular exercise and a sensible diet, achieved an emotional balance rare among heroines. Still, it was hard. She needed a man in her life. Tolstoy said that happy families were all alike and unhappy ones were unhappy in their own way, which was true, but unhappy single people were unhappy in exactly the same way: they wanted someone to drink coffee with in the morning, someone to read the arts section while they looked at the op-ed page. But she had never met an American man she cared to sleep with. They were so jumpy, the smart ones at least. They had been panicked by feminists into a desperate search for a sexual cease-fire—to do nothing, say nothing, that might make women angry, to cook, to share, to commit, to converse easily about intimate things, to be vulnerable, whatever women might want. Men had become like those mealy-mouthed Midwesterners who filled the lobbies of theaters at intermission saying supportive things about the garbage they had seen. They were endlessly self-effacing and sanctimonious, like a doctor at the bedside of a dying patient, but how dreadful it must be to have such for a lover. Love is inescapably painful, it isn't a lease you negotiate. Once again she took pen in hand and wrote. *S.R.O.—Single Russian Opera-lover—seeks S.A.T.—Single American Tragedian—for beautiful dangerous times. Must love winter, long talks, tears, birch trees, grief, strong tea, pastry, and the knowledge that despite our devastating losses we must press on and endure. Prefer a military man but could accept a writer. No humorists please.* ■



The Practical Heart

By Allan Gurganus

"At last, the distinguished thing." —*Henry James's final words*

Oh, did I mention that John Singer Sargent painted my great-aunt? No?
—Yes, Muriel.

What led to the portrait? A streetcar accident.

What led to the streetcar? Her Professor father's appetite for cowboy novels written by Karl May.

May (1842–1912) was a German high-school teacher nabbed for petty theft. In prison he taught himself to write. His narrow cell's subject? Galloping Indians of the Great Plains, palominos, buttes. He saw America only after writing sixty books about it. And yet, to this dreamer con man I owe my American citizenship, my lack of a trust fund, and, I suppose, the Sargent portrait.

Allan Gurganus is the author of Oldest Living Confederate Widow Tells All, *a novel, and* White People, *a collection of stories. His story "Nativity, Caucasian" appeared in the November 1990 issue of* Harper's Magazine.

I

THE EXPENSE OF SPIRIT

My great-grandfather, Professor Donald Fraser of the University of Glasgow, was tenured, landed, married, surrounded by four adored if never-quite-beautiful daughters. A gardener pruned his vista. Three intelligent maids re-alphabetized his library. Professor Fraser had inherited the seven-acre compound with its orchard, with the sixteenth-century stone house, big and old enough to warrant a name—"Sunnyside," naturally. (Oh, to have a dollar for every lost homeplace once called "Sunnyside.")

Fraser was forty-five, boasted a lustrous white beard that seemed a dividend on his distinction. He'd published four books, two about Robert Burns and one concerning lotus imagery in world literature. (All this is true, I swear to God.) His most personal work, *The Bagpipe, Some Reminiscences*, chronicled his own collection of ancient nearly museum-worthy pipes.

But local happiness was not enough. No, his venturing spirit led him to those cheap, gallant, faintly autoerotic Westerns by a German jailbird jewel thief. And the Professor believed those tales. Then he learned of a teacher exchange program. And without really consulting his family, Donald Fraser chose to transport them all to the University of Chicago for a year. He thought Chicago was The West. Turns out it was, but not "The West" he'd planned.

History is not just lived; it's also wished, isn't it? Maybe Art is history most livingly wished. Oh, to break in now and shout back to him, ambered in the 1870s, "Great-grandpoppa, stay home. Perfect Sunnyside's rock garden. Marry off your smart daughters to the smug and titled local gentry. Save to buy Mackintosh furniture. Get fat. But don't read trashy books for boys. Great art always offers troubling adult portraiture. Bad art offers easy lies and makes for bad decisions. Stay. Stay there."

But I can't. And he couldn't, and if he hadn't, Singer Sargent wouldn't enter into it, and you might not be interested.

Professor Fraser, his ladies, and their nineteen trunks (packed with one year's art supplies for the daughters) arrived, unheralded, in the mythic Chicago of the 1870s. The town had a cowboy novel's mules and dust. After rain, it became a Venice made of mud. Painted women, revealing entire inches of dead-white ankles, loitered under gas streetlamps in even the best neighborhoods. Civil War veterans, their blue uniforms emptied of legs and arms, begged, aggressive, on street corners. No building looked more than six months old. To the stately Professor's four virgin daughters, workmen muttered personal ghastly things. Stockyards brought the scent of reality into the most elevated thought. Everything seemed omen.

One afternoon, to cheer five womenfolk, Donald Fraser squired them toward high tea at what, one heard, was the best hotel. It featured Chicago's first revolving door. But a crowd stood pressing noses to the portal's fanning glass. One clever brown hen had escaped a passing farm cart. She then dashed toward safety but chose a door like an upright threshing machine made of mirror. Professor Fraser could see the chicken in there, still alive and flapping against tile floor, her head twisted beneath the rotating black rubber flange, her red wattle seeped out from underneath like black rubber's own red rubber blood.

"Don't look, Muriel," the Scotsman told his eldest girl and confidante, who looked. Nobody could push the door without killing the bird. Her free wing beat so, trying to lift the ten-story building nesting on her spine. The crowd of city swells in fur, velvet, and cashmere seemed unconcerned about one chicken's life. But everyone acted embarrassed that a single country fowl could block entry to so fine an establishment, and at teatime. Muriel, having peeked, her face a stark white vertical beneath its tweed bonnet, now tried to hold cupped hands over three younger sisters' eyes. "It's a hurt one," she explained. "If you see it, you'll remember, so, don't . . . please." The youngests peeked; crying resulted. Muriel already understood: this sight had entered her forever; a hen was lodged there in that door and the sight was in her now.

The family soon discovered: that homesickness meant just that—sickness, a stubborn flu of longing. Sometimes the sight of a letter's pink Scottish stamp could send any of them unto nausea itself. The girls did sketches of Sunnyside's apple orchard. Muriel, the astute eldest, Papa's favorite, portrayed Sunnyside's foyer. She showed its William Morris laurel wallpaper backing forty frames of Piranesi's classical ruins. She even added the yellow ceramic umbrella stand, crammed with hawthorne walking sticks and houseguests' orphaned umbrellas. Her drawing made the container seem so avuncular a jumble that, according to Papa, it looked the very por-

trait of Mr. Holmes's squat companionable sidekick, Dr. Watson. "I see that," Muriel nodded, smiling.

The visiting Professor taught classes in an accent his students joked about; they asked for repetitions. Two months before the Frasers' planned return to Glasgow, the whole family began packing. Overpreparing, Fraser brogues thickened to butterscotch density. The day before departure arrived, the Professor's wife—pretty, plump—hurried to Marshall Field's, buying gifts for Scottish relatives, tablecloths and matching napkins. Laden with goods, happy, rushing, she was one block from the store when a streetcar jumped its tracks. It came at her. It was striking her. It had pinned her underneath it. Already, her pelvis had been crushed like some Sevres teacup trod upon by boots. Kind treatment she received on the street was later attributed to eleven scattered bundles in Field's giftwrapping. Those, if not her dreadful screams, had marked her as a lady. Four doctors, overpaid, the best by all accounts, told Donald Fraser, "Scotland? Any travel would be fatal. She would die on the train to New York." The accident had rendered the daughter of Lord Kilkairn an invalid for life. She could not walk, would have to be carried forever moaning from bed to bed.

Now the Professor's employment ended. (The teacher he'd traded places with came home wearing a touristic tartan vest, and amicably evicted the clan.) Fraser's own university was an ocean away, unable to continue his salary or tenure. Donald Fraser was forced to move his brood to ever-more-modest lodgings. Educated by live-in tutors at Sunnyside, the man was skilled in Greek and Latin. To quote all the poetry he had by heart would take him three days. He could draw serviceably, could sing in a decent tenor the popular Italian arias; his bagpipe collection was considered somewhat comprehensive. He'd known Rossetti, had entertained Ruskin. He had shared a childhood mathematics coach with that other gifted charming nomad susceptible to boys' literature: Robert Louis Stevenson. But not one of Fraser's skills/languages/friendships warranted five dollars of ready Chicago cash.

Stranded here, Professor Fraser sought a permanent job at the university, but he'd been a guest, a novelty. He ran a newspaper ad, the cheapest four-word minimum: "Can Tutor, Most Subjects."

With the house exchange over, shelter for a family of six must be paid out of pocket by a man who'd never known the heartache of rent. Now the Frasers' American home stood between a busy firehouse and a busier liquor store. Servants at Sunnyside wrote for their salaries. Fraser began contributing articles to a local sporting paper. As his waggish tragic pen name, he chose "Raffles." *The Racing News* complained he too often mentioned lotuses, Greek gods. Donald Fraser considered taking in a lodger. He tried the public schools, but his Scottish credentials were not respected here. Soon the word "Professor," written before his name, seemed as dubious as the "Doctor" he saw scribbled on calling cards tacked to doors in the dark halls of the latest boardinghouse.

He was forced to telegraph a land agent in Glasgow. He sold Sunnyside via mail, his furniture, his library, everything at a loss. His wife's bills were terrible and he, so eager to get the poor woman home (mistaking this for Cure itself), consulted doctors who made promises they could not keep. Instead, they gave her drugs she

Professor Fraser, his ladies, and their nineteen trunks (packed with one year's art supplies for the daughters) arrived, unheralded, in the mythic Chicago of the 1870s

came to need too much, even as the prices rose.

Four daughters performed their usual Friday musicales on a rental Chickering upright, not the homeplace's signed Bechstein. In a small if overdecorated parlor, maroon hangings flanked the mantel; pennants showed peacocks (male to the right, female left) worked in metal threads, placed there, in part, to hide the plaster's cracks.

The Sisters Fraser attended crowded slumside public schools. A head-lice epidemic made even their curls suspect. Their mama had been the forceful utilitarian, humoring Papa's whims, standing guard over his writing hours. Whenever he acted swaggering or impractical, she had smiled at their daughters, saying as he listened, "Spare wee Donald his illusions, girls. They're our only real capital." But now—without her help—how loud and under-rehearsed poor Papa sounded. The girls soon lied to protect him; school was fun; this flat was "cozy"; America was friendly. Mrs. Fraser needed attending round-the-clock; her bedside table seemed an opium den's as she reverted to baby talk, lived banked in pillows, gained weight, looked pale and round in her daytime nightdress. The girls pampered Mama with chocolates and mustard plasters; they sang to her. If left alone even a minute, she cried. Mabel, the youngest, chanted to herself, "All the king's horses and all the king's men could not put poor Mama back together again." But Mrs. Fraser—second daughter to Lord Kilkairn—would live, a victim of stupefying good health, for another thirty-five years.

One evening while his wife slept her laudanum sleep, the Professor called his daughters from their narrow rooms, walls pasted with photogravures, inspirational poems, and their own accomplished sketches. Into the hands of Muriel, Ethel, Jenny, Mabel, he placed gold coins, $200 apiece. "Hide these," he said. "It's what ye'll have from our selling the dear homeplace. Your mother will never travel again. This must be your dowry. No matter what awaits us on ahead, I will never ask you for it. And if I somehow do, you're never to surrender it, ye hear me?" Then Fraser quoted his correspondent and onetime houseguest John Ruskin, " 'The greatest thing a human soul ever does in this world is to SEE something, and tell what it SAW in a plain way. Hundreds of people can talk for one who can think, but thousands can think for one who can see. To see clearly is poetry, prophecy, and religion—all in one.' Girls, continually SEE yourselves. Know you were born to be more . . . than mere Americans."

As the sisters, arms laced around one another, sat watching, Papa overwound his pocket watch while reciting Bobby Burns in roiling Gaelic. It was a language the daughters had already most cleanly forgot. Weeping, the gentleman feigned a coughing fit, then rushed out for a walk along a great lake he pretended, late at night, to be the surging River Clyde.

The more fuddled Professor Fraser became, the louder did he praise his eldest girl as "the son I never had." To Muriel he ceded household accounts once kept by her mother; to Muriel he confided his daily shame; he told every fact learned belatedly about the imprisoned author of those Westerns that'd tricked him into sacrificing his wife and virgin daughters to some idea of an American future. "One assumes a writer knows whereof he speaks, that he's traveled farther than some atlas copied in a jail cell," Donald Fraser complained about Karl May's deception. But the more gossip he collected concerning the writer's

"Girls," the Professor told his daughters one evening, while his wife slept, "continually see yourselves. Know you were born to be more . . . than mere Americans"

woes (May had been blinded from birth to age five by nothing worse than malnutrition) the more allied he felt with a fellow victim. Untenured, Donald Fraser—alias "Raffles" of *The Racing News*—could only envy May's speed, his caliber of well-paying pulp.

Within three years he had sent all his girls into the world to earn their keep; for him, this tragedy outweighed the accident itself. To fare badly in Scotland was unseemly if melancholic, familiar; but "Perfesser" Fraser, as they called him here, soon understood that in America, there was no curse, no comparison to lowly body parts, no blighting word as wicked as plain "failure." It rendered you and yours prairie Untouchables.

One girl would become an executive secretary, one a private tutor in French, and, saddest, the youngest and fairest found work wearing a starched mobcap and frilled apron selling Belgian chocolates in a lovely little mirrored shop on Michigan Avenue. Muriel, the talented eldest, a child prodigy performer in Glasgow some years back, now taught the children of the rich to play piano presentably.

Before the accident, she had entertained at afternoon parties for Mrs. Armour, who then hired her to train the little Armours. The heiress lectured Muriel that she must always use the mansion's side entrance marked with a bronze plaque, DELIVERIES AND STAFF. Miss Fraser arrived wearing a black dress; the garment itself required costly benzine cleaning, but its detachable white lace cuffs and collar could be laundered daily and at home. Muriel understood from the start that a cheap black dress looks better longer than a cheap blue dress. In her carpet satchel, she always brought: her family's own dependable fruitwood metronome, the difficult Czerny lessons annotated with her decisive script, an apple as her usual lunch, and slip-on gold ballet slippers to make pedal instruction easier.

Mrs. Armour liked her children to take their lessons while she held large teas for small women in distant rooms. She liked the sound of cultural betterment. She once sent Muriel a note, via the butler's gold tray, "*S'il vous plaît?* Fewer scales, more melody *pour mes chères amies?*" When Muriel herself played a little Bach two-part invention, she heard the company ooh-aah. Muriel guessed the heiress must've claimed credit for her child; our heroine could not resist sliding into a passage from Pergolesi, one of great difficulty, and the ooh-aahs soon muted to silence. Mrs. Armour, the famous auburn-tressed beauty, had been Miss Sophy Brophy, a novelty dancer in the Varieties. She now insisted on being called "So-phie´-a." Her pretension was legendary, as was her cruelty to over-educated underlings like Miss Muriel Fraser. "Must you forever drag your scuffed carpet 'clutch' right into our Venetian Room?" Muriel's Roman nose was perhaps too bold, her Norman chin a bit too shy, but her black suit and knowing smile troubled even Mrs. Armour.

Maybe it was above some massive Bosendorfer grand, maybe in just such a lakefront palace, perhaps while listening to an eight-year-old millionaire bed wetter punish the keyboard up and down then down and up, maybe there Muriel saw her first Sargent. She discovered another fine example at the new Art Institute. Miss Muriel Fraser, a chaste girl, nineteen, then, suddenly and unfairly, twenty-seven, now somehow thirty-eight years old, Muriel—in her fitch fur collar and matching muff dyed to seem mink—studied one of Mr. Sargent's early improvements on a local meat-packing heiress. In the picture, Muriel found something autobiographical. Not in the silly woman herself, no, but in the heiress's hastily rendered white satin, her ropes of all-too-real pearls rendered as globules of cream-colored oil paint that, at a distance of six feet, became pearlier than any oyster's best try. It was exactly the upgrading of reality to which Muriel, as pianist, expatriate, and practical dreamer, subscribed. If you could not be a great artist yourself, then you drew near the best one alive. This, perhaps, was as close as any uncourted piano teacher and former prodigy could come if not to love, then, at least, to honor. A close second, surely. And the Master you knew enough to choose? He saved you, and, with you, redeemed your clan's tarnished dignity. For how long? Merely Forever.

Muriel, being the eldest of the daughters, best remembered the stone manse full of bustled servants and amateur theatrics. She recalled the scent of blossom from the apple orchard when Papa claimed the whole seven acres were "under full sail." One entire attic room held costumes, ancestors' greasy periwigs, snuff-stained red-brocade frock coats. Muriel remembered shopkeepers dropping half-curtsies to Professor Fraser's daughters, now reduced to bowed shopkeepers them-

selves. Looking up at the yards of canvas still so lushly painted that they seemed eternally wet, transitive, maybe Muriel first phrased the notion, "Might this not constitute a knowingness to stave off losses? Is this not a baffle against such renters' sadness as we now live in? Could this not be—at last, the distinguished thing?"

Over the mantel of the Frasers' railroad flat there hung a mammoth gilt-framed mirror. Of no value, it was intended to lighten a room too prosaic with its sooty air-shaft view, too sombered by crackled varnishes, too earnestly poetic with its wistful peacock hangings. Imagine the restitution performed by a Sargent of some loved one. Set in the simplest silver frame, it would replace that heavy, ugly, hopeful, empty mirror.

Muriel decided: belonging to Sargent's own moneyed set was not required. No, perhaps distinction rested more precisely in having first recognized the single major portrait artist of your own epoch; and then simply "arranging" (oh, what a sinking void our stalwart spinster felt at that term "arranging") to be portrayed by that very painter. His immortality was assured, and yours with it, your tradition's with it, and his, with Art's own. Securing such an image would mean reinstating your family into that framing proscenial reality where it so plainly belonged, from which it had so cruelly toppled. One artful image would prove to the Sophy Brophy Armours of this world that your loved ones' single mingy tragedy had been if not averted, then transcended. It would reveal the deeper beauties stretched beyond one's incidentally absent Physical Beauty. A Sargent portrait might tell you who you might, most favorably, have been. It would prove that your accustomed entrance remained the marble-arched, unnamed, Palladian front one—not the side alley's green door under its wall-bolted bronze interdiction: DELIVERIES AND STAFF.

Such a quest for portraiture, permanence, might also offer some of the rushing pleasure that accompanied absolute usefulness. Muriel most longed for use; even the indignities of daily piano lessons were eased when she told herself, "I do not teach Armours. I teach Music." All that practice, practice, practice. And then to leave behind no justifying performance! Surely that would be a double death.

And so, unusual for anyone on either side of my family, Muriel, the musical one, the practical one, gradually and then suddenly knew exactly what she wanted.

Past that, she began to understand all that she must sacrifice to get it. Nothing seemed too difficult. No social slight, no skipped meal, no finery forgone could compare with having glimpsed the justifying Eternal at the center of her dignity daily betrayed. Here in exile, in an Elba called Illinois, around the single silent chance, Miss Fraser's life soon organized itself.

Maybe Muriel overheard a covey of local ladies, not quite rich enough to imagine being portrayed by Mr. Sargent, spell out a few facts concerning this well-placed American born abroad. His Boston mother inherited so much money, she forced her doctor husband to give up his patients and decamp forever to Europe's best hotels. Mrs. Sargent, herself a clever watercolorist, took her boy John on picture-making excursions up many a hotel's own alp. Young Singer Sargent, born a prodigy, was soon training in Paris, making teachers jealous and painting the respectable, then the notable, then the brilliant. His vigorous brushwork brought American energy to portraits of the tireder crown heads. His van Dyck technique and marble certainty gave America's newly moneyed the suavity of pedigreed beauty they most craved. And Sargent was not just a civilized man but some new specimen of genius. Now living in England, he'd already painted forty English lords and their ladies, had depicted Mr. Henry James (by subscription). Sargent never even saw the States till he turned seventeen. And Muriel, a loyalist expatriate herself, would later admire the way he turned down a knighthood in order to remain American. After all, "Sir" John Singer Sargent had a certain destined ring to it. She learned that he'd befriended Gabriel Fauré, that he loved the old man's music, as she did. At the Public Library, Muriel perused (for free) the literary reviews in hopes of seeing some tiny oleographic copy of Sargent's latest picture. And she commenced to save.

Even after she paid Papa her board and offered her share of Mama's growing drug expenses, even after she helped rescue her baby sister from working in the chocolate shop to stay home with Mama, Muriel still economized with an inner rigor

Scots are famous for. But her daily concessions were rendered the easier by vulgarities and harshnesses around her in what Papa, ever more embittered, called The Land of the Cuspidor. To make her own apple-a-day luncheon feel a bit more Roman-noble, Muriel befriended the young fruit vendors; she collected their proud spotty lore, becoming an expert on ideal characteristics of today's two-cent pippin, tomorrow's two-cent winesap. If sadness be one's lot, then one became a connoisseur of sadness. Muriel made a cult of walking everywhere (incidentally saving fares). After Mama's mishap, all Frasers hated the grind of streetcars' tracks, their useless bells, but no Fraser could afford the costly horse cabs. Cabs were only for emergencies and—everyone agreed in a show of hands at a family council—only for temperatures of at least fifteen below. Miss Muriel's fine black buttoned shoes were re-re-re-repaired. Soon she no longer needed to wear the ballet slippers to teach pedal work—so sensitive a second skin did her worn soles make.

In Scotland, the spoilt sisters had been invited to complain about this and that. It was a rite of refinement to find trifling fault with some of what Papa provided: a blouse rendered scratchy by zealous over-starching, the birthday cake too overtly chocolate—and Papa liked that, there. He called his girls "my pea-fearing prin-cesses." But now, but here, the girls must praise everything, and Papa complained, he railed—some bearded bourgeois whose fortune would be returned to him one-paycheck-at-a-time by his four day-labor Cordelias. Sisters slipped the landlady rent supplements, begging that she understate the true amount to save poor Papa's feelings. Some nights, in a rare good mood, he made his usual toasts. Candlelight at table softened and enlarged the flat to almost seeming Sunnyside's beamed dining room. In the saving half-light, he requoted mottoes said a thousand times before: "Baby Mabel, please pass the salt dish, my beauty? As Chazal wisely tells us, 'Salt is the policeman of taste; it keeps the various flavors of a dish in order and restrains the stronger from tyrannizing over the weaker.' " His girls smiled, as did Mama, propped nearby. But Fraser's declamations seemed to mean less at this mended rental table, its two shortest legs made steadier by the dominoes Muriel had wedged underneath. Papa's next epigram was now upstaged by a sudden fire alarm next door, or by some strangers' marital dispute out on the landing. "Why is it no one ever listens to me here?" And Fraser slammed his fist upon the tabletop.

Salt leapt so.

Muriel found a way to attend the second halves of Chicago Symphony concerts, slipping, with terrified authority, into an empty orchestra seat just as gaslights died. Sometimes gruff latecomers banished her, in sight of two thousand observers. Once, Sophy Brophy Armour, presiding, bosomy in white, from a similarly bosomy white stage-side box, nearly witnessed such a humiliation. Happily, one elder lady usher had commenced to recognize Miss Fraser, to save her. If, in public places, young mothers half-smilingly acknowledge one another, nodding, then so do the Single sniff out and respect one another's dignified solitude. The visibly unmarried usherette, silent, officious in uniform and pedantic in dispensing programs, soon beckoned Muriel Fraser from the "Will

And so Muriel, the practical one, gradually and then suddenly knew exactly what she wanted. Around the single silent chance, Miss Fraser's life soon organized itself

Wait: Standing Room" line (cheapest of all). The usher then guided Muriel down front to some exquisite aisle seat, the usher creating a silent flourishing fuss that our piano teacher hated enjoying as she did.

It was Miss Fraser's particular genius to see herself exactly as she was. A mixed blessing, surely. Not actively homely, she still had little to endear herself to a stranger's eye. Though a gifted musician, she knew that those pianists taken seriously in Chicago's music circles were all young men with massive profiles, manes of hair. These youths had foreign-sounding names often invented to improve on monikers straw-plain as Sophy Brophy's. These boys all enjoyed society sponsorship, meaning older lady admirers, interested in a pretty fellow's genius, or more. Muriel had received a few excellent notices for her own early concerts: "In the Brahms, we heard an emergent soulfulness that far surpasses her technique, which is already merely perfect." But, as with her prospects for a worthy suitor, Muriel understood precisely what "someone like Miss Muriel Fraser" might, after all, expect. "Miss" came to seem both her noun and verb.

It was this double vision that, oddly, marked her as the least likely person ever to desire a portrait from the world's leading society painter. And yet that very contradiction helped fuel Muriel's resolve. To believe that history—even if merely assigned as, say, one's face is assigned—could be partly saved and sweetened by the wish, some wish, any wish enacted, a wish obeyed.

Sir Osbert Sitwell called Sargent's portraits "guardians of the Edwardian shrine." As a boy Sitwell "sat to" Sargent; the child whined and wandered till the painter was driven to quote distracting limericks. Sitwell wrote, "[Sargent's subjects] loved him, I think, because, with all his merits, he showed them to be rich. Looking at his portraits, they finally understood how rich they really were..." What then had Muriel to anticipate? Might not the Master reveal her essential poverty? Or would he hint, past the fortune lost, at some present interior wealth? Must Miss Fraser hurl herself upon the Master's charity, his professionalism, or his social knowingness? Surely one's sustaining spiritual well-being would prove harder to depict than mere white satin and real pearls. And yet Muriel felt half-ready to entrust herself to Genius's hands as to some surgeon's. Was this not simple common sense? You found the single specialist who might save you, at whatever price. Past that, was there a choice? Art becomes your own history most livingly wished. Seeing clearly can constitute your poetry, prophecy, and religion. How sensible, plain faith in beauty. How practical, Art.

Times Muriel wondered, was her Scottish lineage worth her own stark nunnish loyalty in preserving it? She re-read Papa's four books and knew, despite great hope, their charming limitations. Perhaps she owed her truest allegiance to the line's more illustrious future, some chronicler to come? Her "sort," after all, was no more than the bourgeoisie that keeps its womenfolk engaged with fireside stitchery and punch making, its men collecting volumes of military history, supervising the yew topiaries' progress, refortifying the garden house. Her mother's father, though technically Lord Kilkairn, was famous, if at all, for his precocious gout, his impassioned grouse hunting, and his touching if finally ruinous

It was this double vision of herself that, oddly, marked Muriel as the least likely person ever to desire a portrait from the world's leading society painter

moneylending to a favorite shooting companion, the Prince of Wales, soon to be King Edward VII, a wag who lived far beyond the reach of any bill collection.

Muriel, bundled in scarves, clutching her carpetbag, out here in a wind that cut across a thousand miles of prairie unimpeded, stood at a railroad crosswalk studying another hundred cattle cars bringing animals to slaughter, to use. The lowing beasts, breaths smoking, gaped out at her—as if to ask her help from History, assigned. Their cuds' white spittle still showed chopped greenery from one last home-meadow meal. And as Muriel watched another ten thousand rattle toward their predestined date with the plates of Delmonico's, she felt herself to be the eldest heir and protector of so forthright and distinct, so pleasant and useful a tradition.

Muriel knew—with rank unsentimentality—what she herself could forevermore expect: a further succession of often lazy, always indulged students, facing the open copy of their assigned "Für Elise" and admitting, quite insolently, that they hadn't practiced since last week, all the while daring plain Miss Muriel Fraser to find a punishment strong enough to interest them in art while remaining mild enough to prevent her being fired.

In the Armours' kitchen, the butler paid her from a macaroon tin marked HOUSEHOLD PETTY CASH. In those days, dollars came in coins and, having her weekly salary flipped, she learned, defiant as any apple-peddling street urchin, to snag it midair with one pale expert palm.

Every six weeks Miss Fraser was summoned to Mrs. Armour's boudoir reception room. Redhaired, dressed in a spillsome Empire manner, Sophy Armour reclined upon a chaise almost Pompeian. The chamber was bone color with green piping that reminded our reserved if irreverent Muriel of one word: spearmint. Mrs. Armour made carelessly certain that the strict-looking teacher, pointedly not invited to sit, glimpsed the title of a book she held. Golden script incised "Ruskin—'Sesame and Lilies' " on a leather binding crafted from one fetal calf who'd made the ultimate sacrifice for the stockyard heiress.

Muriel stood being grilled about the junior Armours' gathering musical skills. What were the odds against a possible concert career for one if not two of them? The practical truth ran counter to Miss Fraser's own best interest. And yet her standards would permit no outright lie. As Muriel recounted small if building victories in keyboard competence, she studied Sophy Armour's Ruskin. The great man had been a Fraser family acquaintance, after all; Muriel adjudged this edition thicker than the inscribed copy her papa still refused to sell. A butler summoned Mrs. Armour: some visiting Parisian decorator needed a consultation as to the proper citrus yellow for an impending sorbet of a Yellow Room. The florid lady rose, wedged her book into a little Louis XV glass-fronted case, and, in rustling past Miss Fraser, gave one stern daring glance that piqued the teacher's interest.

Only a person this disciplined at intellectual curiosity, only someone with very good hearing—lest Mrs. Armour return—only someone ruddered by a certain wily nerve, would have risked padding over as Muriel did now. Unfastening the case, she lifted Ruskin. Out of him fell a brown paperbound "novelette."

"The Upstairs Maid's Impractical Heart
or A Cautionary Confession"

Muriel, biting her own lip with nearly sick-making pleasure, felt shamed at how much sly and racing joy she felt. Odd to suddenly picture a dun hen's wing beating, odd to picture cattle staring from a slow train toward the skyline of Chicago, maybe taking that distant form as some mountain suitable for grazing. All while Miss Fraser's right forefinger—tapered, nearly aristocratic from being so long for hire—skimmed a sample page:

> My window-cleaning requiring my mounting the library ladder was now interrupted, as I posed helpless above him. His bedampened lips, then the bristle moustache of the devilishly handsome young master pressed, violent as a bee sting, then melting as bee honey, against my left knee and, no, please, oh, up suddenly beneath the confines of my best white apron. What to do? Just one room away, his mother dictated bread 'n' butter notes. A regretted yet flooding warmth suffused, then seized me with its wanton hypnotism, just where HE did, between me own strong working-girl's legs. "Please, sir, stop, for the sake of my employment, for the sake of all that's . . . oh, ooh, sir . . ."

Miss Fraser replaced the book(s) exactly, then negotiated many hallways; exiting through a hotel-sized kitchen, she snatched today's coin. On

her long walk home she wondered, might she have mentioned once playing two John Field nocturnes for Mr. Ruskin himself? He had been not uncomplimentary. The great man's admonition had been to "see," then to plainly "say." But this edict did not include the gloating irony of having seen happily more than certain others; such comparisons were odious, undignified. The temptation to feel superior toward one's employer was really too demeaning. And yet Muriel, during the three-mile hike toward home, her carpetbag swinging at arm's end like some glad schoolgirl's, felt the lash of pleasure, of overbroad amusement and delight. History had ordained that she herself must hide a genuine association with Ruskin beneath this, her own plain wren-brown wrapper, whereas History lathed Sophy Brophy's pulpy brownish heart in gilt, calf, sesame, and lilies.

If Miss Fraser had ever wavered in her resolve to go ahead, risk everything on having a picture made — her picture made — then those three minutes changed that

Stopping to speak to her usual apple boy, Muriel found herself noticing a nearby doorway's hidden denizen. A prostitute prepared herself for business, for night. The woman already wore a shopgirl suit, but from her purse now pulled a few final properties. This happened at six-thirty or so. The great male working force came pouring onto Chicago's streets; un-numbered black bowler hats made an ant-like carapace of bent advancing heads. Here were featureless husbands and bachelors blindly seeking some profitable use for the little energy not squeezed from them all day spent at office desks, counters, stools—such warrens, a kind of human stockyard. The far end of the street showed the great clear lake; the shadowed buildings made a blue-black trough, and down it, in this direction, poured the mass of ruddy faces, tonsured moustaches, white celluloid collars. In their buoyant voices—joking about beer and sporting wagers—Muriel heard a Closing Hour longing she well knew. But, watchful, one hand idly touching apple stems, Miss Fraser tried imagining which of these men might be lonely or nearsighted enough to hire that woman yonder.

The whore was nearly Muriel's age, though an overbold gift at face-painting made that easier to miss. Miss Fraser, shielded by the pyramid of apples, red-and-green, watched the woman square off with a doorway's full-length mirror. She was a person, plain, uncomplicated-looking, her hair the color of rust. From her black handbag she withdrew two handkerchiefs, folded them into triangular compresses, wedged these into her bodice. The whore posed, rearranging this side, then that. Her head cocked, judging, in a way quite likeable. By finding this mirrored entry to a bankrupt shoe store on a dead-end street, she had secured such public privacy. For Muriel, this lent the scene its odd outlaw allure. The woman, without stealth, with a fatalistic kind of raptness, daubed on rouge. The gesture looked as joyless and factual as medicating some paper cut, some kitchen burn. Then came the comedy of lipstick application: overriding a series of large flexed faces, this grimace comic, falling into a wide-mouthed comi-tragedy mope, and back to neutral-tragic.

But it was the whore's cloth violets Muriel found most amusing, then arresting. Flowers were moved several times about the jacket, now tucked behind one big ear, then withdrawn with a shy laugh. Pressed to left shoulder, right, lower, no, up. False leaves showed a bitter

green—blossoms, the correct velvety purple. Once the posy was safety-pinned to just the right spot, the whore tried fluffing it a bit. At best, this nosegay had been a ten-cent ornament. Now it was stiffened and dirty, doubtless dampened by drizzle under sundry streetlamps. As voices of working men boomed nearby, such fussing with the violets grew more frantic. Hundreds of potential clients were getting past the prostitute. First she squeezed flowers, one hand primping, tickling in a manner most encouraging. Her attempts to communicate beauty to this lifeless sprig of wire and gauze became—for Muriel—first familiar, then spirited, finally endearing. It made Miss Fraser believe that once this woman touched some man's coat sleeve, she could convince him of anything; could even transcend her over-advertising. For what might one say to some hefty office manager who'd paid hard cash for handling larger breasts? Could such artless padding be made to seem but a flirtation, some courtesan's high art? The violets resisted; so now the young lady bent over her own chest. Rough hands cupped around the purple and—with a force of hope that caused the watchful Miss Fraser to emit a low involuntary groan—the girl huffed. She breathed into such shelter as her red hands made, hoping to plump the lifeless flowers. She stood there, craned forward, consulting the mirror, but, no, the things just hung there. So—a realist—the woman struck the mirror one half-hearted blow, then, shaking her head, pushed violets back into her deep black purse. She straightened her hem, and turned toward the street's ninety thousand men in ninety thousand suits as black as hers. She turned just as Muriel rushed off, not daring to be seen, not knowing how to hide the look—whatever it be—now haunting her own stricken face.

Chicago, drawing its countless mules and cows and hogs and chickens, constituted a kind of glamorous death wish. Miss Fraser, walking through the crowds, pleased at all the blank and hatted bustle, wondered: What herding sadness had lured her father here, in quest of what? His own Buffalo Billness, some forty-five-year-old's last chance at being wild? To come clear here from Glasgow. But if Miss Fraser had ever wavered in her resolve to go ahead, risk everything on having a picture made—her picture made—then those three minutes changed that. Her watching the artifice of a plain smart woman seeking to improve herself—that woman, fighting with her every trick and frippery, all her wiles and animal instincts, to appear necessary for some one man tonight—this helped Muriel understand afresh. How impossible the beautiful gesture in a world so commercial, grinding, dimmed. Walking home very fast, she felt yet more determined. Slung between odd emotional half-tones, not laughter yet not quite a scream. These swings seemed to resemble those huge mask-like grimaces that underwrite a little lipstick's practiced application.

And Muriel determined she must see it through.

II

A PORTRAIT OF THE PORTRAIT AS A YOUNG WOMAN

It took Miss Fraser seven years to collect nearly enough. She earned from sixty-five cents to one dollar per house-call lesson of an hour. Muriel had made inquiries through friends in Glasgow who knew people in London who might know the sort of folks who'd know the amount you must cough over for a Sargent oil sketch of just your head, or your head and torso, or a family grouping in some characteristic room of the home, either with or without a dog. The more surface inches of you and yours included, the more you naturally paid.

When Muriel announced at last her plan to sail to England in hopes of securing a meeting with Singer Sargent on the chance that he might do a painting of her that she could, in turn, afford, her father threw a red glass ashtray against the hearth. Bouncing, it did not break. He vowed to disown her. Muriel might have wondered which legacy the old man threatened to withhold, but she did not embarrass him with the mere facts of their assigned lives. Papa announced that this Mr. Sargent was, despite his clientele, just a rich American doctor's son who'd got above his station. "He is, after all, notwithstanding a certain flair and facility, no Lord Leighton. And, to quote my acquaintance George Moore, if you'll forgive my saying so, my dear, 'Cruelty was the vice of the ancients. Vanity is that of the modern world. Vanity is the last disease.' " Muriel, inhaling once, explained that she had long since made arrangements, fares paid in advance. If her papa could endure this seeming vanity, he would, she believed, eventually thank her. The Profes-

sor finally stated his worst fear: "Are you by chance planning to use yer dowrry? Not that, Muriel. You're only thirty-eight. Till now, ye've always been so practical." He took her elongated white hand. She nodded. "This I'm doing is extremely practical, Papa. Great art always is. You told us to *see* something and then *say* in a simple way what we'd seen. I regret your pain, but you swore the dowry was mine. I will write you, every day."

On April 2 of 1888, aboard the SS *Georgia*, Muriel and her taller prettier younger sister Ethel (eventually my grandmother) sailed second-class, toward Southampton. In Muriel's possession, a note to Sargent from a former student, now daughter of the American under-ambassador at the Court of Saint James's. Using a teapot, Muriel steamed open the letter, to Ethel's embarrassment, in plain view of the ship's steward. It said, "You will wish to welcome Miss Fraser, who is quite the musical personality in her area." Of the recommendation, Muriel told her sister, "It is either too kind or not kind enough, but I will take it." And smiled.

The crossing proved stormy. Their first night out, the Fraser girls, for so they called themselves as if to stave off age, sat watching their assigned dinner companions go silent, go green, go running. A silver serving cart on casters slid away from the waiter, and here it came rattling past, overturning gilt chairs, reeling comical as a stage drunk. Ethel's face showed a sleepy unhappiness, and when Muriel saw her sister tasting her own mouth and swallowing too often, she said, "That kind of silliness is no' for the likes of us. Mama has been ill enough long enough for all of us together and for good. We didn't purchase this quite decent food in order to stay below holding on to basins, did we, dearest Ethel?" "No," Ethel smiled, and that was all, they were fine. By the end of their rough eight-day crossing, only the Frasers appeared for meals during first sitting at their end of the second-class dining room. Waiters congratulated them and flirted with Ethel, taking Muriel if not for her mother then for her chaperone. Not getting seasick was what these sisters had in lieu of large tips, viable jewelry, visible social distinction. That, and their mission.

Muriel had allowed herself this single seeming vanity. Though she knew that any of her three younger sisters surpassed her in graceful appearance, she somehow refrained from inviting them to pose. Being depicted was her reward for having imagined depiction itself. Putting aside the fee for Singer Sargent, Muriel had spent nothing beyond it on new clothing to soften the all-too-factual angles of her face and figure. She deduced that Frans Hals must be a favorite of Sargent's; she assumed that her customary clothing—black, with the cuffs and collars of white lace (even if machine-made)—would speak to Sargent's racial memory of the Dutch masters. She knew, relentlessly, yet lightly, how she looked. And that can, at the right moment, constitute a power nigh onto the power of beauty itself. Her bearing, her pride, her self-knowledge almost scientific: these became a form of distinction visible only to those equipped to see it. (And those were all she cared to know.) Muriel had saved her coins for this one purpose, and plainly now: the painting would be, however plainly, not of Ethel, not Jenny, and not pretty baby Mabel. But, yes—of plain pure Muriel herself.

She knew that if she gained her wish and achieved the distinguished thing at last, it might someday permit her family, always known as vaguely "artistic," to perhaps claim one member as an eventual and actual artist. She half-guessed, she of the good but bold nose and shy chin, that this future kinsman might—blessed with the correct sex and the right leonine profile, buttressed by high-born female support, innocent or no—push her own great sacrifice to the Great Plains, where she most wished it, casual, to dwell: the realm of easy assumption, the freedom of his tossing off in passing, and with an air so entitled as to be but half-conscious, "Oh, did I mention that my great-aunt posed for John Singer Sargent? No?" And how easily she could then imagine his bitterly pleasing tonic little fillip, "Yes, Muriel."

On landing, they proceeded to the Cotswold village of Broadway, where Mr. Singer Sargent summered. The buildings were made of a yellow local stone, and, come evening, the sisters held hands, for the town glowed golden as some candy-tin litho-chromium of Jerusalem, but with foxgloves. Having settled at the Lygon Arms and sent, via messenger, their note of introduction and a short let-

ter explaining a desire to meet the artist, the Fraser girls awaited a reply. Muriel and Ethel, paying full price at the village's best hotel (knowing they would need the added respectability its notepaper afforded), waited eleven days. Mr. Sargent would then return from Italy. In her letter, Muriel found herself unwilling to mention wanting to be depicted; it surprised her how she hesitated between saying "I wish to be painted" and "portrayed." They sounded both too formal and too personal, pathetic as the shopgirl with her violets, presumptuous as Sophy Brophy. So instead, Muriel merely asked leave to pay a social call.

What I admire in recalling this now-famous family account of my great-aunt's quest (a sensible and scrupulous woman and, from all reports, the possessor of a surprisingly louche sense of humor), what I admire is precisely her middle-class persistence as she stormed the citadel of international connections, of aesthetical hauteur. She and Ethel concocted ambitious walking tours of local country churches, their red Baedeker guide suspended before the pince-nez they were both forced to wear around small print. On the ship, they'd noticed that better-traveled Americans' Baedekers were worn, sun-faded, or ringed with Burgundy wine stains. So, in the Frasers' tiny stateroom, giggling, they'd taken turns stepping on the cover, wearing it to tatters that suggested, first, experience, then an extreme sophistication that finally verged upon world-weariness.

They began to economize, taking only the provided breakfast scone and tea, then hiking abroad. They returned from one such stroll, April 21, to find a note at the desk. "Tea at four then? Here only briefly, I fear. Courteously, JSS."

Need I say that, wearing fine black hats, they arrived when all the church bells, all the village mantel clocks, were gonging in uneven agreement of the exact hour? The sisters were greeted by a young Italian manservant of distinguished appearance but seemingly no common language. He simply pointed to the proper room. The house was all windows and looked out onto a garden abounding in several dozen potted lilies, lilies they guessed to be props for Sargent's masterwork of the Academy show two years previous. The sisters were left seated alone so long that Muriel explored a bit. The chamber in which they waited had the over-utilized air of a first-class train station waiting room, and, in the corner, she noticed two stray calling cards, one announcing Lord and Lady Rocksavage. But Ethel soon hissed that someone was coming and Muriel dove for a chair.

In strode a man who seemed the hired and presentable fellow who would, in turn, introduce some eccentric disheveled artist. Muriel felt relieved to recognize, via a self-portrait reproduced two inches square, Mr. Sargent himself. Austere, tall, and impeccable as some bank trust officer in a three-piece black suit, he wore the simplest of watch chains. And yet he seemed to have pop-eyes and a beard that claimed too much of his neck; he was not nearly so handsome as her papa. Singer Sargent spoke in a ripened anglicized American accent. His manners were exemplary, if a bit glassy and automatic. Muriel had warned her less experienced sister not to let on that they'd sailed precisely to beseech Maestro for a sitting. And when he perfunctorily asked what had brought them

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abroad, Muriel answered a bit too loudly, "The churches."

"A worthy pursuit. I am expecting, I fear, a German couple to join us. Perhaps they've been delayed. Was your crossing difficult?" And you felt he had asked this of more than a few other, earlier Americans.

Muriel was candid in explaining about the runaway silver serving cart that, in dancing a sickening rondelet from table to table, had sent the few remaining diehards herding to the rail. "We determined not to be sick and, in deciding, seemed to make it so." She wondered if she'd been too explicit when the painter saw fit to quote a limerick he admitted had become a recent "craze" of his, a ditty employed to amuse such fidgety children as sat for him:

> There was a young lady of Spain
> Who often was sick on a train
> Not once and again
> But again and again
> And again and again and again.

There was laughter, relaxation. "I am especially susceptible to your watercolors, sir. And it is, I believe, for that medium, as well as your oil portraits, that posterity will note you. Do you use both mediums in a single studio? Might I be bold enough to see where you manage all you so wondrously manage?"

He nodded and led them down a series of dark halls. "Chicago," he said aloud. "There's a Mrs. Armour whose picture I believe I once did."

"Yes, I see Mrs. Armour now and again. And—come to think on it—again and again and again."

He laughed, half-turning to reconsider his visitor. "I believe she was in the theater, before?" and his tone was so assured and invited such fun.

Muriel, quite primed to use Fauré's celestial "Requiem" as her impending topic, could hardly believe she was gossiping with Singer Sargent about the woman who paid her one dollar per hour. "Not to put too fine a point upon it," Muriel set forth, "but Mrs. Maitlandt Armour was, one hears, Sophy Brophy of Gerhardt Raymond's Variety Beauties. I'm afraid there's a slightly malicious story about her, not that she's fully to blame. You doubtless know about her inviting Paderewski to play after dinner?" If John Sargent had heard, he was gracious in pretending otherwise.

It took Muriel's fullest concentration to rattle out her tale while arriving in the mammoth studio—the three easels, the Steinway concert grand, the upended mahogany and ebony steamer trunk with its heavy bouquet of peonies. The room revealed a wealth of reflecting surfaces wherein it was impossible to know which detail was painted and which actual, and which, actually, both.

Yes, backstage at a Paderewski concert, it seems the pouter-pigeon Mrs. Armour invited the great musician to play at "my mansion," after dinner the following evening. In plain hearing of everyone, she asked what his fee would be. "Fifteen thousand dollars, forty minutes' music, of my choosing." "That in itself," she replied, "will present no difficulty. But I feel I must needs warn you to use the staff entrance and that, after playing, I will not sanction your speaking to, or in any way mingling with, my distinguished guests." "Ahh," he smiled, "in that case, madam, TEN thousand dollars."

The painter, chuckling, asked Muriel to repeat the precise phrasing. Seeing he planned to use it, she felt she'd already been, in some small manner, portrayed by him. To be useful: that

Yet having arrived here in Singer Sargent's studio, having determined a way to accomplish both eternal use and eternal pleasure—

how, now, to ask?

was all Muriel had ever wanted. To practice your lifetime's Czerny exercises but for the sake of a final performance, not more mere practice. To be of such thorough Use made you so richly mortal that your spirit residue remained, luminous, of continual compass-like use to others. Art gave your poor life the ultimate utility. Muriel Fraser did not teach Armours; Music taught itself through her. Yet having arrived here, having determined a way to accomplish both eternal use and eternal pleasure—how, now, to ask?

She did not mention having learned through intermediaries that watercolor portraits, while rarely done, could be had for less than $350, while oils began at upwards of $800 to $1,200. In the wall safe at the Lygon Arms, Muriel had left her best jet-beaded reticule. It now contained but $600, and yet from that sum she and her sister must return to Southampton and then take the long train ride from New York to boomtown Chicago.

"I'd begun a little watercolor, just to get my hand in again," and he gestured down at the broad white page marked with traces of those pink flowers set on the upmost end of the sleek trunk just opposite. Muriel decided against stepping over too suddenly. And, having now achieved his studio—her dowry long since spent to get here, her life savings dwindling fast—Muriel found that the more familiar and relaxed she felt with the great painter, the less likely it became that she might state just why she'd come. "Yes," he said, leaning on the table where the watercolor rested, "I believe Mrs. Armour is the first I painted among a group there known to some, I am told, as 'the meat people,' " and he gave a grin as noncommittal as a grin can be. Muriel recalled the portrait itself, remarking inwardly that he'd at least paid Mrs. Sophy Brophy Armour the compliment of elongation.

The artist mentioned how glad he was to be here in the Cotswolds again, how he regretted having to rush off the very next morning. And Muriel paused in patrolling the studio, felt her sister's eyes upon her. "Is it customary," Ethel herself intended to try something, "for you to accept appointments from those who might wish to 'sit to you' for a portrait?"

"Months and years in advance. 'Doing mugs,' I call it in the slang. I should soon like to get beyond that . . ."

He seemed to dare Muriel to state her history as wished, not assigned. The fabled Seeing would be hers; but perhaps, she now saw, the Telling of the vision was not to be . . .

In order to save a few pence, she had not eaten lunch, believing this might further enhance her pallor. Now Muriel regretted that. She felt dizzied at being so near her hope and yet finding herself too unlike the Sophy Brophys of this world to just come out with it. Ethel, stricken, kept staring at the older sister, bobbing her head in a manner touching if a bit grotesque, as if to say, "Go ahead. Ask now."

"Mrs. Armour," Muriel held fire, "at least has the distinction of having been set down by you. Tomorrow you leave?" He absently nodded, staring at the drooping peonies and the highly polished trunk that reflected the flowers' glowing aura; and, taking up a brush, he dispersed the slightest wash and soon seemed utterly lost to mere conversation. Did the Fraser girls distract him from his work or inspire him to go on with it? He was not much noticing them. He had two thousand visitors a year.

Outside the immense window, Muriel noted one yellowed leaf fall from an elm, spiraling to the lawn, its descent modest, perfect, final. There came the childhood memory of one brown hen's translucent wing beating beneath a door's black rubber blade, murdered by a glazed entrance that seemed welcoming but was, being mirror, only glass disguised as sky. And all at once the impossibility of her mission broke upon her. She saw that precisely what gave her more inward stature than the meat people was just what would prevent her coming out with it, asking him to "do" her, "save" her, even for a fee. Even if she'd somehow assembled the correct secret amount. A wing-whipped lightness set to roaring in her ears. Trembling seized her calves, both knees locked, but instead of her feeling stricken, an unearthly clarity settled. Some flooding white intelligence claimed her. "So," was her thought. Finally—Muriel Fraser had proven to herself (yet only to herself) her possession of it, of the distinguished thing, at last. And this very distinction prevented her naming that which she most wanted, wanted for reasons too urgent to state, for motives far beyond mere personal vanity, from an impulse as steadying and noble as any she'd encountered on a five-

line musical staff or seen occupying any carved gilt frame. It would only come to pass in her imagination. But THERE, it had been seen, then plainly stated, and therefore it was true, forever.

Maestro liked to talk, during. Deft, half-absently, he applied water paint. The Italian activated a phonograph with a bugle like a mammoth celluloid morning glory. Mixing bowls dripping with dried pigment occupied a sleigh-shaped daybed parked in one swagged corner of the glassy room. Behind a door loomed a headless mannequin wearing a dress beaded in a poisonous green, the costume in which Ellen Terry had been painted by the master, setting a crown upon her own head, in her role of Lady Macbeth. Maestro took up the theme of churches. He recommended ones in the neighborhood worth visiting and then ranged farther afield, mentioning hideous over-restorations of otherwise perfect a cappella jewels in his adored Tuscany.

As he spoke with the fluency of his brush technique, he squeezed conversational dots of tubed watercolor paint upon a white glass to his right, blending these easily as he recombined casual spoken topics. The Italian appeared and disappeared, bearing clean white rags and bearing carafes of clear water. These he arranged and dispensed around the man in banker's clothes, the servant performing his sacramental duties with an acolyte's half-bored, half-awed matter-of-factness. By means of frequent re-cranking, he kept the tenor aria endlessly repeating. The late daylight seemed to coat the studio's carved chairs, brass helmets, the Chinese screen backing one mammoth bouquet of disintegrating peonies set atop the handsome trunk. The chamber turned a tint now pink, now gold, soon both at once.

Just as my great-aunt understood she could not ask; just as she understood that seven years' savings, the daily plan, the apples, had been in the service of practice, not performance, of getting here, not getting painted; just as she halted, giddied, alongside the trunk that Sargent idly if intently painted—just as she most wished she'd eaten both lunch and breakfast, as she stood wondering if all the postponed seasickness were about to strike, there came an insistent, indeed heart-stopping pounding on the front door. "That," he sighed, "will be the Germans. Only Germans can knock *comme ça*." And he had set aside his brush when he chanced to look her way.

Feeling light-headed (she really should've eaten, she really should've been born a genius, rich or beautiful, or all three), she had leaned upon the trunk, to prevent a crude stagger forward or perhaps even a fall (the disgrace of that, here!). And the slight pressure of her pianist's hand caused the petals of the lowest peony to drop, with half a humid sigh, around her tensed white forefinger and thumb on which all weight now pivoted. The chin was lifted, accidentally displaying the long pale neck that her crippled mother had mercilessly and often described as, "along with Muriel's hands, her one distinguished feature." The painter saw the face set atop a neck craning back for breath till it ac-

"Miss Fraser, stay, please. Just so. May I impose on you. There is something. And, with watercolor, we shall soon know." And the lifted dampened brush returned to motion!

cidentally craned toward seeming almost swan-like, and something, something in the woman's fortitude at trying to hide her vast disappointment, to hide her vast distinction (which was of the self-same Chartres size), something in the fading light, maybe even something obdurate and half-attractive in the bone structure of her sinewy ridged side-face, something there revealed a respect for art so surrendered, so complete, it could not be ordered on demand. And one felt in the artist's straightening spine, in a bracing almost alarmed, that something had annealed him. It made his habit of social lightness go briefly grave as, reconsidering, he paused, then barked four syllables of Italian at his manservant. One heard the front door open, a low explanation, a grumbled guttural protest, then the door most quietly closing.

And the lifted dampened brush returned to motion!

Miss Fraser, stay, please, as you are. Just so. May I impose on you. There IS something. And, with watercolor, we shall soon know. You are quite well?"

"Quite," said she. "Well," she, superstitious, added.

Muriel stood facing the light, her long fingers supporting her, fingers strengthened into beauty by simple work—the infinite pressings over smaller hands, the countless virtuoso demonstrations with which she ended each lesson. This veteran hand was now bordered by supple ticklish petals that had made their only sound in falling. The servant arrived just as the aria wound, ratcheting, down; knowing the signs, he did not renew its spiraling blare. The paper where Sargent ministered was secured against its board by common mailing tape. The paper was of excellent nappy texture and was the size of, say, the Declaration of Independence. With music stopped, you could hear his brush now rush, now stutter; and Muriel could feel his gaze upon her, warming like the mustard plasters poor Mama liked, and there was something therapeutic, being so *in* the gaze one had just so totally forsworn. Popular journals claimed that Singer Sargent sometimes played his studio piano to cheer and refresh his famous subjects; and Muriel had come to occupy the useful pleasure of posing for fourteen minutes, just long enough to let herself wonder what he would play when and if he played. She was just deciding how to work into impending talk her admiration for his admiration of Fauré when "There," he said.

"Beg pardon?" Muriel offered. And instantly regretted this common little phrase, wishing she'd merely turned and lifted one eyebrow, but there it was.

"I've taken the liberty," Singer Sargent said, "of enlarging the hat brim. No criticism of the hat itself implied, you understand, Miss. But only for compositional purposes."

Muriel stretched slightly (her neck would be stiff during most of the return crossing, so concentrated a pose had she so briefly taken). Ethel meekly rose, then sat again, then stood like a concerned relation called in out of the doctor's antechamber to hear the verdict on a loved one's life.

"It's the merest suggestion of you, naturally. However . . . ," and he squinted, stroking the right side of his moustache with the thumb of a hand still holding its brush's long maroon handle. It was Ethel, clutching her handbag as if still braving the wooden sidewalks of some dangerous prairie metropolis, who first took her place beside the somber man in black. "Oh, Muriel . . . ," the sister cried. And the painter smiled, as with a belief that if the first witness of a portrait exclaimed not to the artist but to its subject—it must be a fair likeness indeed.

"But Maestro," Muriel herself ventured, stopping behind him. "However shall I . . . ? You see it is 'I' as I feel, as well as 'I' as God, alas, saw fit to somewhat carelessly make me." She'd not planned the statement. And it, Muriel admitted later, helped make up for that dreadful tartish Middle West "Beg pardon." Though not completely.

"Shall we finish our tea here," he asked and told them. And soon they all sat in the carved chairs they would later see in portraits of prime ministers, royal couples, august artistic eminences, and milk-white moonflower ingenues.

They did not speak further of the picture until Muriel stood to leave. Maestro offered, "Shall we have it shipped to you, then?"

"What a bother that must cause you. If the paint is quite dry and if it might be rolled, perhaps I could venture to do something so simple as take it . . . with me? That, don't you

find, remains one of watercolors' many merits—their portability, so to speak."

Again in insurmountable yet, one felt, idiomatic Italian, he ordered that a pasteboard tube be brought, and, before becoming hidden, the picture was studied again. "Are you averse, Maestro, to signing your works? Or does it interfere with the overall design, or whatever?" The "whatever" she would later rue, but at least it was less bad than that beef-jerky American "Beg pardon" earlier.

"No." He took up the brush and bowed forward, left a trace of name not unprominently placed.

"About my homage, your remuneration, or what have you . . . ," she began, dogged, Scottish, stifled but determined. And really, now, for the first time in the seven years since she first labored toward this, Miss Muriel Fraser felt embarrassed at her half-coarse daring; it was like some pastor's pious eldest daughter unaccountably choosing the traveling career of a juggling comic actress. She was briefly confused as to her motives in all she had attempted. But now Muriel could not imagine returning home without having achieved this one distinguished thing via fate's own patronage. The prospect became such a sadness, it belatedly weakened her.

There was a louder knocking at the front door, and somehow this made them all laugh. This time he seemed to order his servant to refrain from even answering. So, the signature blown until quite dry, Maestro rolled the picture with a wrenching matter-of-factness and popped it—no other word would do—into its tube.

And then, jovial as a mayor, he was walking them to the door. "This has been quite refreshing, spending time with two of my countrywomen who've remained so utterly unstudied. You would not believe the pretension of certain Americans who seek one out here."

"It can be a little frightful," Muriel offered, and then Ethel, the door now opened, saw fit to risk, "Though they doubtless mean well and are merely nervous in your presence. It is clumsiness is all, perhaps." And smiled.

He seemed pleased enough, but as the door was nearly closed, they heard him cough some orders to his servant, or indicate social relief, going on to the next thing. And they felt no doubt as they strode, arm in arm, back to the hotel that Maestro had, for all his courtesy, already largely forgotten them. Maybe the Germans must now be dealt with? Maybe he needed dinner? Surely he had moved on to persons more significant and more lovely and with actual money. But the Fraser girls, their hen-brown mailing tube held before and against them, they did not mind.

Her dowry and savings gone, she would—without regret—take on years of additional night pupils to help justify the single great expense of her life

The two drifted past the front desk, failing to acknowledge the greeting of the bellman. Only when alone together did they embrace. Then unexpectedly they sobbed. They could not stop weeping. "Poor Mama," Muriel said, as if explaining everything. The sisters seemed to cry for injustices endured. And not only by their loved ones. No, by everybody. The whore's belief that her own breath might resurrect cloth violets. To be paid, in flipped coins, from a macaroon tin. The difficulty of quite literally every day on earth. How very odd that achieving some small token of justice should release in you not license toward a pure lit joy but descent into such careening blackened rage. The Fraser girls were both so wracked by heaves and bleats, they soon commenced laughing. They

pointed to each other's tear-painted face. It was only after ordering a full cream-tea, served in their rooms (an additional expense), only then did they dare turn up the gas lamp, and take out the picture, and look at it.

Still holding on to each other, the sisters agreed it had the grandeur of his massive oil portraits but the intimacy, the atmospheric jeweled flash, of his best watercolors. It resembled Muriel but made her look if no prettier, thank God—for flattery per se was her worst fear—then better. Just "better"—not overly elongated but more distinguished because, quite simply, more visibly herself than ever before.

Come morning, Muriel would send, by messenger, the jet-worked black purse containing American bills in the amount of $400. Along with it, a three-sentence note: "I know the Caravaggios and have been painted by Sargent. I can now say I have experienced the ultimate. My thanks, and my sister's, for your hospitality. Muriel Fraser."

(Her original note contained the postscript: "Have the Germans re-stormed the citadel?" But, after consulting her sister—an executive secretary, after all, who had used three years' future vacations to come along—Muriel reconsidered and—wisely, I believe—copied the lines afresh, without that over-familiar aside.)

By return, the messenger brought the artist's simple vellum notepaper, "The pleasure was all on my side, I assure you. JSS," and the reticule. When Muriel glimpsed the money still folded inside, she had a sinking spell. It was only after her sensible and better-looking sister got her seated and got a blanket round the subject's legs that Ethel thought to actually count the money. Maestro had seen fit to keep back $200 but had returned the rest and, of course, the handsome little beadwork bag itself.

The boat fare, the cost of boarding for three weeks, the travel within England, and the return trip to Chicago—added to the price of the portrait—cost my great-aunt Muriel nearly $900. Her dowry and savings gone, she would—without regret—take on years of additional night pupils to help justify and offset the single great expense of her life. But, she was later told, those with four times that amount to spend, those with pedigrees and ambassadorial letters of a magnitude far beyond even those wangled by Wrigleys, Armours, Palmers, and Fields, even those persons failed to achieve an audience with the great man, much less a picture.

Framed in the thinnest of stark silver frames (Muriel believed that gold smacked of stockyard owners' carnivorous pride), a glass-fronted watercolor replaced the mantel's heavy mirror. The crowded little parlor benefited so from the picture's style, force, and lightly distinguished presence. Younger sisters sometimes said they missed consulting the central looking glass, but Muriel's mother asked to be carried in and propped before the painting, hours at a time. It soothed her as nothing else did.

They decided to take down the peacock hangings that flanked the fireplace. True, the crackled plaster showed, but now it seemed more eccentric, less pitiful. Though Papa was terribly critical of the boys brave enough to court his girls (such swains all proved to be mere Americans!), two sisters did bring home nice young men to see "the family Sargent." Three boys' genteel mothers came to pay respects. Muriel was asked to lend the picture to an exhibition in New York. She consented. Two Chicago papers reproduced Sargent's portrait of her. One caption referred to her as "the distinguished local pianist and sometime coach to the finest of our youthful Lakeside keyboard talent."

III
REWARD

The painting now hangs in the Art Institute of Chicago, the gift of its subject. The woman shown looks if not beautiful, then doggedly high-minded and, far better, a bit mischievous. Her expression contains, in fact, qualities associated with the Scottish national character. Like the bagpipe's wailing tone, her smile combines pagan playfulness with a mournful Nordic solemnity. (Golf, the major export of Scotland, with its elaborate strategy for a dubious end, might offer another example.)

Arranged in profile against a pearl-gray suggestion of windowpanes and drapery, one hand's tripod of tensed fingers rests among the scattered petals as she stands confronting daylight; she seems between appointments, lost in some personal rewarding reverie.

She is pale but fixed, and the one depicted corner of her mouth shows something gleeful, as if the subject is plotting or, indeed, achieving, at the very moment of depiction, a goal, a come-

uppance, a sweet payback fervently sought. Is the joke that an unwed, unrich, quite smart, forward-looking piano enthusiast from the Middle West has just attained something so long wished for? It is an expression that might be termed "intellectual happiness"—that joy some feel to be a contradiction in terms but which, made flesh here, quite plainly is not. Here use and pleasure, practice and performance, are joined at last and for all time. The distinguished thing, intact and, via clarion water-clear understatement, preserved, preserved.

The wide dark hat and a hastily rendered lace collar on a black black dress, all this could have only been done very fast, in speedy watercolor, by a genius of some sort, between other appointments, all at once, by accident. His accident, her plan.

At the Art Institute, this is the single watercolor in a room of six massive vertical oils. The others limn department-store heiresses and meat ladies. The oil portraits can seem more intent on flattering the costly Worth dresses than ladies' dashingly rendered local faces, their supplemental chins hastily euphemized but nonetheless suggested. One lady confronts us from alongside a Great Dane dog, obviously borrowed, and she holds a riding crop. But there's an unfortunate assumption that she is about to hop sidesaddle onto the beast and whip it into service as an unwilling form of transportation. Just this April, I myself loitered in the echoing chamber of white marble. For forty minutes, I listened with feigned detachment as talkative gallery visitors discussed the museum's cluster of its choicest Sargents. I swear that a hundred-odd years after the picture was done and forty-some years after its subject's death, the picture's freshness still seems to grow.

After being overawed (even somewhat enjoyably snubbed) by the nine-foot oils, the more diligent lookers often come to rest before this, the smallest painting of the seven. I love to see viewers, after first assessing the insistent oils, linger here longest. We find a woman vertical beyond an upturned steamer trunk, as if some household is in transit, and yet a still life has been improvised atop the trunk where one outstretched and elegant white hand pivots. A wash of cobalt blue fills that hand with quick implied blood. What best distinguishes this picture from its mannequin companions is the way it presents a person plainly meditating on something, some fact or idea visibly satisfying. Simply put, it is a watercolor of a woman not handsome, not hideous, but shown, under her overhanging eave of a black hat, *thinking* something.

I can imagine Muriel, just before she surrendered her small masterwork to the Institute. I see her just prior to achieving her clan's (and her own) permanent detour past that squat alley entrance marked DELIVERIES AND STAFF, just before yielding to History as she somewhat wished it. I picture Muriel seated at the parlor's rent-to-own Chickering upright, long since rented unto ownership. A slow sweet snoring from one room away means Mama, resting well. Outside, a roving street vendor cries, "Nice and sharp, let me put the edge back on those knives and scissors. Cut into anything. Get 'em nice and sharp for you today?"

Over that and alongside it, I hear Muriel, retired, playing a favorite Field nocturne, at noon. Notes accumulate under and around her like brush strokes, like paychecks; like all the pinfeathers required to make one airworthy wing, angel white or hen brown. She touches keys while studying the mantel's picture that, through the saving mystery of Art, is notable precisely because it is not merely herself, and yet somewhat is, herself. Muriel plays today, for free, for joy, for no one but herself.

The museum affixed a gilt label to Muriel's own simple silver frame and dove-gray silk mat. The museum adjudged her choices unimprovable. It reads: " 'Portrait of a Lady, in Black'—watercolor. Subject: Miss Muriel Fraser (American)—by John Singer Sargent (American, 1856–1925). Executed, April 21, 1888. —A Gift of the Sitter."

So all this, you see, underwrites her permission, her blessing on my artful offhandedness in finally remarking to you, with a carelessness oh so hard-won, as if to almost make light of it—the distinguished thing, our one distinguished thing, at last:

Oh, did I mention that my great-aunt was painted by John Singer Sargent. No?

—Yes, our practical one, Muriel. ■

BEHOLD NOW BEHEMOTH

The Holocaust Memorial Museum: One more American theme park

By Philip Gourevitch

I am a first-generation American, born, like the nation, in Philadelphia, the child of refugees from European barbarism. Both my parents, in their separate youths, escaped the Nazi effort to murder all Jews; many in my family were not so lucky. I knew this fact, in some form, from as early in my life as I remember knowing anything significant. To a degree, I derived pride and a sense of romance from the distinctiveness of this awful yet dramatic heritage: I was glad to have a story that gave shape and meaning to my origins, and thereby provided me with a consciousness of destiny. I understood that my life belonged not only to me but to the course of history.



Yet the story, the details of which I knew only sketchily until I was nearly twenty, worried me too. I had a dream around the age of seven or eight, a dream I may have dreamed more than once, of a vast, darkened plain across which masses of people fled in chaotic haste, pursued and at times surrounded by other equally chaotic masses. Fire at the margins of the scene illuminated the action, the only possible outcome of which seemed to be isolation and annihilation.

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I survived, of course, because I woke up; the slaughter ended before I did.

The phrase that became attached to this hateful vision was, "The Nazis are coming." I don't know if I thought the words in my sleep, or if I added them afterward. The experience seemed at once absolutely true and absolutely useless. Nothing could be learned from it, nothing taken away; there was nothing in it for life.

I was reminded of this dream of terror last April, when I visited the newly opened United States Holocaust Memorial Museum, the latest addition to the federal museum system—a $168 million facility built by federal decree on a plot of priceless federal land just off the National Mall in Washington, D.C. There I spoke with Michael Berenbaum, who was the museum's project director throughout its planning and construction. A rabbi and professor of theology at Georgetown University, he explained to me that the museum's mission is twofold: to memorialize the victims of Nazism by providing an exhaustive historical narrative of the Holocaust; and, at the same time, to present visitors with an object lesson in the ethical ideals of American political culture by presenting the negation of those ideals. Berenbaum has coined a phrase to describe the latter part of this mission. He calls it "The

hotographs by James Hamilton

Americanization of the Holocaust."

"In America," he said, "we recast the story of the Holocaust to teach fundamental American values. What are the fundamental values? For example—when America is at its best—pluralism, democracy, restraint on government, the inalienable rights of individuals, the inability of government to enter into freedom of the press, freedom of assembly, freedom of religion, and so forth."

The museum, then, is meant to serve as an ideological vaccine for the American body politic. A proper dose of Holocaust, the thinking goes, will build up the needed antibodies against totalitarianism, racism, and state-sponsored mass murder. "The Holocaust," Berenbaum has written, "can become a symbolic orienting event in human history that can prevent recurrence." He and his colleagues have designed the national



Holocaust museum so that as much of the American public as possible—particularly the school groups that are expected to make up a large percentage of visitors—will, in a sense, walk through my childhood nightmare. This experience, they believe, will teach Americans both to celebrate and to think critically about their political culture.

"When America is at its best," Berenbaum told me, "the Holocaust is impossible in the United States."

The fact remains, however, that the Holocaust was a European event, and that even at its utter worst, America has been a place where

the Holocaust—a program of genocidal exte
mination mandated and implemented by ever
organ of a nation-state—has never entered th
realm of possibility. America's problems an
America's faults, however extreme, have bee
and remain different from those of fascist Ge
many. To suggest that there are meaningful com
parisons can only distort our already feebl
understanding of European history and—wors
—obscure our perception of currer
American reality.

The museum's dedication ceremony on Apr
22 was an exercise in official pageantry an
speechifying, attended by virtually unanimou
celebration in the nation's press. President Clin
ton addressed the gathered thousands—survivor
foreign heads of state, American dignitaries, an
assorted citizens—describing the museum as "a
investment in a secure futu
against whatever insanit
lurks ahead." He went on t
say that "if this museum ca
mobilize morality, then thos
who have perished will ther
by gain a measure of immo
tality."

The President's "if" had
particularly sinister resonanc
on that day; as he spoke, Se
bian forces in the former Yu
goslavia were pressing forwa
with the slaughter of the
Bosnian Muslim neighbor
There, in the heart of Europ
the Serbian program of mu
dering innocents, and th
sickening euphemism "ethn
cleansing" (with which eve
the American press maske
the bloodiness), was glarin
ly reminiscent of—though n
equivalent to—the Hol
caust. As of that moment, th
international response to th
atrocity had amounted to e
pressions of outrage and the decision to sta
by. Indeed, many of the world's leaders stood
Washington with the National Mall as the
backdrop, the Washington Monument and th
Jefferson Memorial looming in the near distanc
and applauded President Clinton's suggesti
that the Holocaust museum could redeem th
deaths of Nazism's victims by serving as "a co
stant reminder of our duty to build and nurtu
the institutions of public tranquility and h
manity."

In Yiddish, the language Hitler sought to eli
inate along with the Jews of Europe, such talk
called *chutzpah*. There is something dangerou

acile about opposing evil fifty years after the . Yet that is the price one pays for Ameri- izing the Holocaust; as soon as the Holocaust et up as a metaphor for national ideology, it nes back to haunt us, making its utterance a stant potential embarrassment and tainting otherwise irreproachable impulse to com- morate the dead. As an American, and as a , I am deeply discomforted to have to point these things. I do not, for a moment, want to gest that the Holocaust should be forgotten, nembered in silence, or ignored. I want only serve a reminder, as this museum becomes a jor new touchstone in America's narrative of national identity, that denouncing evil is a far cry from doing good.

Not surprisingly, the museum has been high- politicized from its inception. Jimmy Carter ini- ted the project, in large part as a means to nd his poor relations with the American Jew- community. The idea of a memorial had been ked around by Carter's Jewish advisers for ne time, but the president only latched on to n 1978, in the wake of Jewish outrage at his cision to sell a fleet of F-15 fighter planes to udi Arabia. Carter appointed Elie Wiesel to air a commission on the Holocaust, and in e fall of 1979 Wiesel presented Carter with e report that became the museum's founding cument. In 1980 a unanimous Congress ap- oved the plan, providing the federal land near e Mall. The rest of the museum's $168 mil- n cost was raised privately, mostly within the wish community.

Debates about how Jewish and how universally nerican the museum should be have shadowed e project since its prehistory. Wiesel finessed e point by arguing that "the universality of e Holocaust lies in its uniqueness: the Event is sentially Jewish, yet its interpretation is uni- rsal." In his report to the president, he de- ribed the Holocaust as ripe with lessons that inforce democratic American principles of plu- lism and tolerance. And although he made ear that Jews were the primary victims of the olocaust, the only group singled out by the azis for total elimination, the council oversee- g the development of the project decided that e museum should also represent the victim- ation of such non-Jewish groups as Gypsies, omosexuals, Jehovah's Witnesses, and politi- l prisoners.

Wiesel has since appeared to vacillate on the erits of universalizing the Holocaust. When, ortly after receiving his Nobel Peace Prize in 986, he quit his post as council chairman, he ive as his chief reason his fear that the muse- n was losing its Jewish focus. Nevertheless, he ayed a central role in the museum's dedica- tion ceremonies, even scolding Clinton for his in- action on Bosnia, and shortly afterward he ap- peared to want the chairmanship back. Evidently Wiesel has come to accept what Berenbaum has been arguing all along: that the Americaniza- tion of the Holocaust is inevitable.

In his essay "The Nativization of the Holo- caust," Berenbaum has written that "the place from which an event is re- called inevitably shapes memory" and that therefore "only a part of memory in- volves the past." In this un- derstanding, memory be- comes a fundamentally an- tihistorical phenomenon. Berenbaum, however, does not seek to correct this ten- dency; rather, he embraces it, declaring, in effect, that because memory will be relative, it is okay to relativize it. Now that the museum is a *fait accompli*, it is as much a memorial to this notion as to the Holocaust sto- ry it tells. For decades and presumably centuries to come, visitors to the National Mall will be able to puzzle at the fact that some American Jews sought to establish a sense of security in America by presenting the Holocaust to the na- tion as a therapeutic mass-cultural experience.

THE HOLOCAUST AS A THERAPEUTIC MASS-CULTURAL EXPERIENCE: IS THIS HOW JEWS ARE TO ESTABLISH A SENSE OF SECURITY IN AMERICA?

To draw people into this strange new Amer- ican civics lesson, exhibition designers have devised a gimmick for audience participation in the Holocaust narrative. Upon admission, vis- itors are issued an identity card—matched to their age and gender—imprinted with the name and vital statistics of an actual Holocaust vic- tim or survivor. As they pass through the three floors of the museum's permanent exhibition, museumgoers will be periodically able to plug these bar-coded cards into computerized sta- tions and measure their progress against the fate of their phantom surrogates, most of whom were murdered.

The sample I.D. card included in the promo- tional materials that the museum sent me is stamped with the name and photograph of Haskel Kernweis, who was born in 1920 and lived in the rural village of Kolbushova, Poland. "His family is very religious," the card explains, al- though it does not name their religion. For the years 1933–1939, we read that "Haskel now calls himself 'Charley,' for his passion is no longer re- ligion but English. . . . He writes to Eleanor Roo- sevelt telling her that he loves English and wants to speak it in America one day. She responds enthusiastically. The German police order Charley to work for them." Between 1940 and 1944, Charley fled to the woods with a group of

Jews after learning that the Germans meant to kill him. Returning to town one day to buy bread, he was caught by Polish peasants and, the card announces, "his friends found him—dead, a pitchfork stuck into his chest." The card's final entry is: "1945– . Charley's entire family was gassed at Belzec. Only one of the Jewish fighters who went to the woods with him survived the war."

There are some five hundred visitor I.D. cards, but it is no accident that the one selected for publicity purposes should tell the story of a man who is described as having converted from Judaism to Americanism before his death at the hands of Nazi collaborators. The card's narrative even implies that the animosity of the Nazis was a consequence of Haskel/Charley's Americanism. When I asked Berenbaum about this, he said, "Clearly, when they're sending out fund-raising things they want to attract American people—to attract and interest the Americans without falsifying events."

Entering the Holocaust museum from southwest Fifteenth Street (now renamed Raoul Wallenberg Place, after the Swedish diplomat who saved thousands of Hungarian Jews from Nazi extermination), one is confronted by a black marble wall engraved with the passage from the Declaration of Independence celebrating "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Opposite this, chiseled in gray limestone, are words from George Washington: "The government of the United States ... gives to bigotry no sanction, to persecution no assistance."

WHICH AMERICANS KNEW WHAT ABOUT THE DEATH CAMPS BEFORE THEIR LIBERATION IS AN ISSUE BLURRED BY THE EXHIBITION

From the I.D.-card dispensary one is ushered directly into an elevator, where a video monitor plays footage of an armored vehicle rumbling over bleak European terrain while the voice of an American soldier describes coming upon a Nazi death camp without knowing what it was. After less than a minute, the elevator doors open on the fourth floor and the permanent exhibition begins with a wall-sized photograph of some twenty American G.I.'s looking down on a massive heap of charred logs and charred corpses. These are the calcined remains of concentration camp inmates at Ohrdruf, Germany, in April 1945—twisted limbs, broken torsos, blackened skin crumbling from skull bones. Along the same wall, video monitors play ghastly color footage of the liberation of Dachau, and a giant color photo presents a starved Buchenwald inmate sipping a post-liberation meal from a tin bowl. This man is the picture of cosmic woe; cadaverous in his striped pajamas, he sits in dazzling sunshine, squinting up at his photographer with a face so harrowed by unhappiness that it calls into permanent question just what it means to say that he has survived.

Before visitors even reach the first exhibit on the rise of Nazism, they have been dealt a visceral emotional wallop with the graphic evidence of the end result: Jewish corpses. The effect is, at the least, shocking. A wincing, uncomfortable silence hangs over the crowded gallery, punctuated only by clucked tongues and staccato gasps of outrage—sounds that become less frequent as the museum tour continues and visitors recoup their defenses or become accustomed to images of horror.

The museum's designers explain the decision to begin the exhibition with the American liberation of the camps as a means of orienting visitors who may have no knowledge whatever of history. The idea is to ease the passage from the festive present of a visit to the Mall to the alien hell of Nazi Europe by discovering that hell through American eyes. Of course, opening the show from this vantage point will also comfort Americans by identifying them immediately as heroes. An odd spin, this: clutching their I.D. cards, museumgoers are asked to identify simultaneously with the victims and the saviors. Placing the American liberation of the camps in the foreground of the exhibition also nudges to the background the third role visitors are being asked to consider: that of the bystanders who participate in history by an acquiescent failure to act. The decision further blurs the understanding of the role of bystanders by creating the impression that Americans knew nothing of Hitler's "Final Solution of the Jewish Problem" until the end of the war. That was true of many American G.I.'s, but the American government, some members of the press, and some of the public, especially the American Jewish community, had known of the death camps for years. This is a matter examined at several points later in the exhibition. By then, however, the issue is likely to be confused for anyone who does not already have a firm grasp of the events under examination.

Shortly before he committed suicide, Primo Levi, the most lucid and probing of survivor-authors, wrote about receiving a lecture from a fifth-grader on how he should and could have escaped Auschwitz, a detailed plan of action that the child concluded with the words "If it should happen to you again, do as I told you. You'll see that you'll be able to do it." To Levi, the boy's remarks illustrated "the gap that exists and grows wider every year between things as they were 'down there' and things as they are represented by the current imagination fed by approxima-

e books, films, and myths." Every aspect of e Holocaust museum's exhibition that promotes Americanization drives the museum deeper into that gap.

n either side of a darkened hallway, the story of Germany from 1933 to 1939 looms hind glass—a montage of photographs, artits, text and video displays. The section headgs tell the story: "Nazi Takeover of Power," he Terror Begins," "The Boycott," "The Burng of Books," "Nazi opaganda," "The uremberg Laws." ere is an exhibit deted to Nazi race sciice: photo charts of man heads describg various "racial pes," images of scitists taking cranial easurements from man specimens, a ir of metal calipers, a mpler of different pes and colors of huan hair hanging from e wall. Here is a gint color photograph a Nazi rally, radiant ond children frozen they give the stiffmed "Heil Hitler" lute. Here is a school esk from the period, d over it a photoaph of a little German girl cheerfully ading *The Poisoned Mushroom*, a popular anti-Semitic children's ook that took its title from Hitler's description Jews in *Mein Kampf*. Here is a section on laws gainst interracial relations, with images of Jewh-Aryan couples forced to wear signs confessng their crimes before mocking crowds in the ublic streets.



In the section titled "Expansion Without War," ne Anschluss is seen on video: the Nazis' triumphal arrival in Vienna, the joyous Austrians warming to welcome them. Next to the monior hang the famous images of Vienna's Jews, rced on all fours to scrub the city's streets with and-held brushes while passersby stop to enoy the show. Europe's indifference to such goingsn is conveyed by a large color photograph of leville Chamberlain, beaming and doffing his owler hat in an open car beneath snapping vastika banners in Munich, 1938.

In an alcove dedicated to the "Mosaic of Vicms," an authentic Gypsy caravan stands beneath images of Gypsies and Jehovah's Witnesses and mug shots of German men arrested on charges of homosexuality. Desecrated Torah scrolls spill over the floor beneath a defaced ark from a German synagogue in the exhibition's treatment of *Kristallnacht*. Four video monitors play footage from that night showing stores being smashed, synagogues burning. Festive martial tunes drift across the gallery from a nearby display on Nazi high society. Further along, a wall of photographs tells of the torture and murder of the Polish intelligentsia in the winter of 1939: mass executions, mass graves, blindfolded people stumbling through the woods to their deaths. Around the corner is a display on the murder of the handicapped: a metal hospital cot with restraint bands stands before a 1941 photo of the Hadamar Euthanasia center in Hadamar, Germany—a large, factory-like building at the edge of a quiet-looking town. Smoke jetting from its chimney comes from a crematorium. Another photo shows a naked girl held upright on a bed by a strong-armed attendant. The caption informs that she is mentally disabled and about to be murdered.

After this, there is a long gallery on American reactions to the events in Europe, a chronicle of journalistic alarm and official isolationism that provides a short breather before one descends to the third floor and the story of the Final Solution. Here, the exhibition halls narrow and lift onto a bridge over a pavement of cobble-

stones imported from the Warsaw Ghetto. The process of herding Jews into ghettos, moving them about in railroad transports, and finally deporting them to death camps is carefully chronicled. Ghetto life is evoked in all its grim and hopeless detail.

By the time I reached the exhibit on the *Einsatzgruppen*, or mobile killing squads, I felt I'd had enough. In just a few hours I had already seen images of hundreds of dead bodies, many of them naked, and hundreds more people starving, beaten, and otherwise brutalized. Now a photograph hung before me of a man squatting at the edge of a mass grave, corpses beneath him, Nazis behind him, a pistol at his head about to be fired. Below this picture, the crowd—which was impossibly dense throughout the gallery—was even thicker than usual. I waited to draw closer and found, behind a low "privacy wall" designed to keep young children from particularly graphic material, two video monitors playing footage of the killing squads at work.



This is what I wrote in my notebook: "Peepshow format. Snuff films. Naked women led to execution. People are being shot. Into the ditch, shot, spasms, collapse, dirt thrown in over. Crowds of naked people. Naked people standing about to be killed, naked people lying down dead. Close-up of a woman's face and throat as a knife is plunged into her breast—blood all over. Someone holds a severed head in his hand. Mass graves of thousands. Naked. Naked corpses. Naked corpses. Street beatings. The gun, the smoke, a figure crumbles. Naked corpses. Nake women dragged to death. Shooting. Screamin Blackout. The film begins again."

It was not exactly depression or fear or revu sion that overcame me as I stood before this e hibit, though I experienced all those reactions one moment or another in the museum. N was it that I had seen it all before. The proble was simply that I could not make out the valu in going through this. The Holocaust ha pened—it should be remembered and it shou be found repellent. But I felt the way I did whe I was a child waking from my nightmare: I kno that this is hell and I know that it is true, but th ethical dilemmas and th political choices that face in my life are n those of the Holocaus nor are the crises of Ame ica those shown in th museum. If that shoul change, and I should fir myself in the shoes of ar of these brutalized peop whose stories surrounde me, nothing I could lea from having studied the plight would help me. would try not to wind u at the edge of a pit lool ing down at the corps whose number I was abo to join, but I might wir up there. Along the wa I hope I would try to he others, but I might n have the wherewithal ar I might not succeed.

Shortly before I can to the murder videos, had passed through a si ting area off the main gallery and encountered elderly gentleman dressed in a dark suit and embroidered black velvet yarmulke. He was wea ing a museum tag around his neck with the nam Jacob printed on it. From a conversation he w having as I approached, I learned that he was Holocaust survivor who had volunteered to be hand to talk to visitors. When we were left alo together, we stood a few feet apart without word. He looked tired and sad, and avoided ma ing eye contact, and I could not think what to s to him. Now, as I stood scribbling in front of th video monitor, I overheard a mother and h daughter discussing this man.

"I couldn't get much out of him," the moth said. "He didn't seem to want to tell his story.

"So why would he be here?" the daughter sai

"He didn't want to talk. It just must be t painful."

'Of course," the daughter said. "I understand
ıt. But if that's the case, why on earth would
want to be here?"
The daughter was asking a very good ques-
n. Jacob was no Ancient Mariner; his burden
s unspeakable. Perhaps that was the lesson *he*
ɔk home from the museum—a far cry from
:, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. But
ɐn, I thought: What about the rest of us here?
hy would anyone want to be here?
I hurried on, up a platform, past images of de-
rtation, and into a railroad freight car, an ac-
al railroad car on actual iron railroad
cks—one of the gifts to the museum from the
lish government. During the war, cars just like
is one hauled Jews to Treblinka to be mur-
red. It was small and dark inside. I felt like a
spasser, someone engaged in an unwholesome
perience, the way I might feel if I were asked
lie in someone else's coffin.
On the exit ramp, I stood behind another fam-
group, a stout older man with his wife and two
ughters. They were examining a wall of mug
ɔts of Auschwitz inductees, and after a minute
e man said, "Nope, these are all 1942."
"You were there the next year?" his wife said.
"Yup." He turned to his kids. "Let's move it,
?" He glanced ahead to see where he was go-
g and found that he was about to pass under
:ast of the metal gate that hangs over the en-
y to Auschwitz with the message ARBEIT
ACHT FREI ("Work makes one free"). For a mo-
ɐnt the man appeared to hesitate. Then he
grinned and said, "Oh, yeah, I want to
be free."

I was not surprised to see people crying at dif-
:ent points during my visit to the museum.
'hat astonished me was to see visitors with
meras photographing the displays: the room full
thousands of shoes of concentration camp vic-
ns, the twisted metal truck chassis used as a grill
burn bodies at Mauthausen before the cre-
atoria were perfected, the table where victims
ıd their gold fillings extracted from their teeth
:fore they were murdered. People even pho-
graphed photographs—of ghetto dwellers and
ıve laborers, of the dead and their remains, the
ıir shorn from the heads of Auschwitz inmates.
I cannot imagine what anyone would want
ith such photographs, most of which are avail-
ɔle in books, but as I watched these tourists
ith their cameras I became more alert to the aes-
:etic sensibility with which the museum's arti-
cts and graphics have been selected and
splayed. In these galleries, the relics of Nazi
:nocide become if not glamorous then distinctly
egant, even—as with the torn Torah scrolls or
photo mural of seventy-two forearms reaching
the left displaying concentration camp tat-
toos—eerily beautiful. Museums, after all, are places of entertainment. However serious their subject, they are obliged to win and reward the attention of their audience. Traditionally, museums are places of celebration, presenting cultural achievement or the wonders of nature and science. The horrifying quality of Holocaust material does not transform such a context; rather, it is transformed *by* the context.

Violence and the grotesque are central to the American aesthetic, and the Holocaust museum provides both amply. It is impossible to take in the exhibition without becoming somewhat inured to the sheer graphic horror on display; indeed, it would be unbearable to be defenseless in such a place. A flat response, however, is less unsettling than is the potential for *excitement*, for titillation, and even for seduction by the overwhelmingly powerful imagery. The museum courts the viewer's fascination, encouraging familiarity with the incomprehensible and the unacceptable; one is repeatedly forced into the role of a voyeur of the prurient. (By contrast, Claude Lanzman's wrenching film *Shoah* holds one mesmerized for nine hours without a single violent image.)

During the American Civil War, people used to go out to the battlefield to watch the fighting, an activity that was known as "going to see the elephant." They were out for the show, something enormous and exotic and terrifying. The spectacle was its own reward. There is already an elephant on the National Mall, a trumpeting bull elephant stuffed in the lobby of the National Museum of Natural History; there are already train cars in the National Museum of American History; there are even airplanes, rocket ships, blimps, and fabulous films that make you feel that you are flying in the National Air and Space Museum. But the new show in town is more wondrous strange yet. Never mind the elephant; as the Lord said to Job: "Behold now behemoth."

VIOLENCE AND THE GROTESQUE ARE CENTRAL TO THE AMERICAN AESTHETIC, AND THE MUSEUM PROVIDES BOTH AMPLY

When General Dwight Eisenhower toured the mass graves at the Ohrdruf concentration camp, he said, "We are told that the American soldier does not know what he was fighting for. Now at least he will know what he is fighting against." Ike's remark could serve as the Holocaust museum's motto. Americans, it seems, are no longer confident asserting their principles and ideals affirmatively. The new museum has been compared with Maya Lin's Vietnam Veterans Memorial as providing a critique of the iconog-

raphy of progress and state power that abounds on the Mall. But the Holocaust museum seems less to repudiate traditional American boosterism than to invert the rhetoric in which its claims are made. Here we are told not what we stand for but what we stand against.

When I asked various museum officials why America should set aside one of the last remaining plots of land on the Mall to commemorate the Holocaust, they responded by pointing out that national museums of Native-American and African-American history are also planned. The comparison explains nothing. Those museums will present American history, not European history, and they will cover hundreds of years of each people's history, their accomplishments as well as their tragedies. Nobody talks about a Trail of Tears museum or a museum of slavery.

The Holocaust museum, on the other hand, installs Jews on the Mall as a people identified by their experience of mass murder. If Jews had not had that experience, Jews would not have this museum. This fact points to the centrality of victimology in contemporary American identity politics. At a time when Americans seem to lack the confidence to build national monuments to their ideas of good, the Holocaust has been seized as an opportunity to build instead a monument against absolute evil. The absolute, however, is a treacherous place to seek lessons. By definition, it does not yield. Like the God of Exodus, it is what it is and it shall be what it shall be. For that reason, the absolute is useless as metaphor. It is incomparable. While it is common to hear something referred to as "like the Holocaust," references to the Holocaust as like something else—except, of course, that other absolute, hell—are unheard.

Among the forces that the Holocaust museum is explicitly designed to combat are the "historical revisionists," those crank historians who deny that there ever was a Holocaust. This objective is in keeping with the one certain lesson I am willing to draw from the Holocaust—that it happened. That is reason enough to study it, to remember it. Beyond the fact that it happened, however, all claims made in the name of the Holocaust are suspect.

When I say that there is nothing in my childhood dream of Nazism for life, I mean that political and ethical madness, however methodical, teaches nothing about political and ethical sanity. Sanity cannot be asserted by its negative. Racism, hatred, the dehumanization of one's fellow human beings are bad not because they can lead to Auschwitz, not even because they can lead to murder. These things are bad because they are not good. They are unethical and unjust. Justice requires that all be treated with equal humanity. If there is a lesson that needs to be taught in the world today, it is this difficult firmative lesson in the most fundamental

American values—what true justic and why it is good.

After I left the museum, I bought a soda strolled along the Mall. When I finished drink, I found a trash can and was about to in my bottle when I noticed a familiar-look gray card sitting atop the garbage already th I reached in and pulled it out: Holocaust mu um identity card No. 1221, Maria Sava Mo born June 1, 1925, in Iasi, Romania. Mari Gypsy, had survived the war, only to wind u part of the litter of a Washington tourist's af noon. As I continued my walk, I kept my eye the trash cans. Along the way, I picked up No. 1151, Berta Rivkina, born April 23, 1929 Minsk, Belorussia, a Jew who also survived; 2411, Esther Morgensztern, born ca. 1927 Kaluszyn, Poland, a Jew murdered at Treblink age fifteen; and No. 2557, Käthe Ert Reichst born June 7, 1882, in Hanover, Germany, kil at the Belzec extermination camp in Pola September 1942.

The front of each identity card is stamp with the Holocaust museum's logo, an Ameri eagle clutching an E PLURIBUS UNUM banne its beak, haloed with the motto "For the dead the living we must bear witness." During my it to Washington, I had spoken to a numbe the museum's top brass, and all of them had cited to me some version of Santayana's tired, congratulatory maxim that those who do learn from history are doomed to repeat it. history's lessons are not at all self-evident. Th is every reason to believe that exposure to b barism is *not* an antidote against it. After barbarians learn from history, too: the first-e plan for a Holocaust museum was drawn up by Nazis; it was to stand in Prague, a collection artifacts and images of European Jews, as a umphant memorial to their annihilation.

One way history is doomed to repetition the Holocaust museum is that day in and out, year after year, the videos of the *Einsa gruppen* murders will play over and over. The just off the National Mall in Washington, victims of Nazism will be on view for the Am ican public, stripped, herded into ditches, sh buried, and then the tape will repeat and th will be herded into the ditches again, shot aga buried again. I cannot comprehend how any can enthusiastically present this constant cycling of slaughter, either as a memorial those whose deaths are exposed or as an edi ing spectacle for the millions of visitors a y who will be exposed to them. Didn't these p ple suffer enough the first time their lives w taken from them?

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BRINGING THE TRUTH

Raymond Bonner and the news fro

On April 22, A. M. Rosenthal's distinctive prose showed up in the *Wall Street Journal:* his reputation was on his mind. For more than ten years, Rosenthal—the former executive editor of the *New York Times* and now a columnist for the paper—has been dogged by charges that at the height of U.S. involvement in El Salvador he withdrew the paper's correspondent there, Raymond Bonner, for political reasons. The episode had a profound effect on press coverage of Central America in the 1980s. Until Bonner's recall, in August 1982, correspondents reported extensively on the dismal human-rights situation in El Salvador. This greatly complicated the Reagan Administration's efforts to prop up the Salvadoran military and "draw the line" against leftist forces in the region. Bonner's sudden recall to New York, however, cast a deep chill over correspondents in Central America. It also raised a number of troubling questions that have yet to be answered: Did the *Times* bow to pressure from the government? When does official criticism of a reporter amount to a threat? What happens to a reporter when his or her interpretation of events contradicts that of the powers that be?

The *Journal*'s editorial page, with its strong rightward slant, would have seemed the last place in which to find Rosenthal accused of recalling Bonner. For years, in fact, the Right took gleeful credit for having persuaded the *Times* to pull the correspondent. In an editorial published on March 19 of this year, however, the *Journal* joined in the finger-pointing. "*Et tu?*" seems to be Rosenthal's startled response.

The El Mozote massacre was perhaps the single most controversial story of the entire Salvadoran saga. On January 27, 1982, Ray Bonner, in a front-page story for the *Times*, reported that "it is clear that a massacre of major proportions" took place in El Mozote, a village located in rebel-held territory. Bonner, who had been led to the site by guerrillas, cited estimates that between 733 and 926 unarmed men, women, and children had been killed. Based on interviews with people living in the area, including one survivor, Bonner concluded that Salvadoran soldiers had probably been responsible. A similar story, by Alma Guillermoprieto, appeared on the same day in the *Washington Post*. The articles caused a firestorm of protest against administration policy in El Salvador. Bonner came under withering attack from the State Department and from commentators on the Right, with the *Journal* leading the way. In a blistering editorial covering two full columns, the paper called Bonner "overly credulous" and dismissed his story as a "propaganda exercise." The *Journal* suggested that Bonner and the *Times* would bear some of the blame if El Salvador went the way of Cuba. Seven months later, Bonner received a call from the *Times* foreign desk ordering him back to New York. He was replaced by a young reporter from the business section who had virtually no overseas experience.

Letters to the Edito

Let's Set the

In your March 19 editorial "On C
lity," you state that you did not
Raymond Bonner, the former Times c
spondent in El Salvador—"The New
Times did." You amend that slightl
saying that as the then-managing ed
"pulled Mr. Bonner off the beat" anc
then he left.

You add if the Times thinks tha
recent confirmation of Mr. Bonner's
ries about the massacre by El Salva
government troops vindicates him
The Times should "rehire him."

Thus The Wall Street Journal, i
criticism of Mr. Bonner, picks up
repeats two lies. One is that Mr. Bo
was fired or pushed out of The Time
other that such a step was taken in co
tion with Mr. Bonner's reporting o
massacre.

You wrote that editorial withou
attempt to ask me if the parts pertaini
me were true. Your violation of eleme
journalistic ethics does astonish me.

But I believe that the failure to g
touch with me was an aberration o
part of a newspaper I respect. Theref
am writing this letter, one of very
have written to any newspaper. I th
you and your readers would be inter
in knowing the truth about the journa
and political falsehoods you he
spread.

It will also set the record straigh
journalists who have seen your editor
will come across it in the future—or
seen one of the variations of these
hoods in other, less admirable, jou
over the past decade.

In 1983 the Columbia Journalism
view richly fulfilled its reputation c
time for politicized amateurism by
ing a piece hinting and implying b

MMISSION BACK HOME

ıdor that didn't fit, *by Michael Massing*

Straight

e never presenting the slightest proof
Mr. Bonner was withdrawn by the
s because the U.S. government put
ıre on me and the New York Times.
e Review's fairy tale was picked up
her sloppy or politically motivated
alists and sometimes embellished un-
t about everybody even forgot where
ginated. But until you came along
g the same thing I never replied
se I did not see it in any newspaper
ıich I had any respect.
now I want to say that that story
the Times, or any variant, that Mr.
er was taken out of El Salvador
se of pressure from the U.S. govern-
or pressure of any kind whatsoever,
cause of his reporting on the massa-
a lie.
hat clear enough?
ıs kind of conspiratorial myth mak-
another way of saying lie—fascinates
he reason is that the myths and the
ss of inventing them so often reflect
ıaracter of those who create or spread
These people are really holding up a
r to themselves and do not even
e it.
ey know that if they had been put
r any pressure by a government
y or anybody with power, why they
l just crumble. So they assume the
r of the Times would crumble too.
is one of the many excellent reasons
eople like that do not become editors
Times. They do not have the guts for

For more than a decade the truth about the massacre remained a matter of dispute. Then, in the fall of 1992, with the Salvadoran conflict at an end, a team of forensic anthropologists began digging in El Mozote. They unearthed scores of skeletons, most of which belonged to children who clearly had been murdered. On October 22, 1992, the *Times*—now under the stewardship of Rosenthal's successor, Max Frankel—reported in a front-page article that "nearly 11 years after American-trained soldiers were said to have torn through El Mozote and surrounding hamlets on a rampage in which at least 794 people were killed, the bones have emerged as stark evidence that the claims of peasant survivors and the reports of a couple of American journalists were true." Further corroboration came in mid-March 1993, when a United Nations–sponsored "Truth Commission," concluding an investigation into human-rights abuses in El Salvador, stated that "it was fully proven" that a massacre took place at El Mozote, and that U.S.-trained infantry battalions were responsible.

With Bonner vindicated, the *Journal* came under attack. CBS's *60 Minutes*, National Public Radio, and the *Times* itself, in an editorial, all chided the *Journal* for having smeared Bonner. Thus the paper's March 19 editorial, in which it attempted to shift the blame to Rosenthal. The *Times* editor, it stated, had "pulled Mr. Bonner off the beat and back to New York, where he left the paper. If the Times thinks Mr. Bonner has been vindicated, it should stop carping at us and rehire him forthwith."

A decade earlier, when the *Journal* attacked Bonner, Rosenthal wrote not a single word in his defense. Now, with his own reputation at stake, he weighs in with more than 1,200.

For years, Rosenthal has attempted to discredit this article, seeing it as the source of all his woes. Titled "About-face on El Salvador," the piece—which I wrote—was based on interviews with more than a dozen correspondents, plus several *Times* editors (including Rosenthal). The article described the government's attacks on Bonner and the widespread impression among his colleagues that he was recalled because of them. Reviewing a year's worth of articles appearing in the *Times* and other papers, I concluded in my *CJR* piece—and believe no less today—that the press's coverage of death squads, land reform, and the Salvadoran military notably softened after Bonner's departure.

Michael Massing has written for The New York Review of Books *and other publications. He was named a MacArthur Fellow in 1992, and is at work on a book about the drug war.*

A red herring. No account of the incident has ever attributed any role to the CIA. In mentioning the agency, Rosenthal is apparently attempting to impute Oliver Stone–like tendencies to his critics.

In spring 1982, Rosenthal traveled to El Salvador, where he had lunch with the U.S. ambassador, Deane Hinton. According to a U.S. Embassy official I interviewed in 1983, Hinton made clear to Rosenthal his displeasure over Bonner's reporting. Certainly Hinton's views were no secret. At a breakfast with reporters in Washington in June 1982, for instance, he called Bonner an "advocate journalist"—i.e., a guerrilla sympathizer. In addition, Thomas Enders, the assistant secretary of state for inter-American affairs, had attacked the Mozote-massacre stories in testimony before Congress. Stating that the U.S. Embassy had sent two officials to the village to investigate the incident, Enders asserted that "there is no evidence at all to confirm that government forces systematically massacred civilians in the operations zone."

Last March the State Department acknowledged that, based on newly available evidence, the reporting by Bonner and Guillermoprieto was accurate. As recent news reports have made clear, the two embassy officials sent to investigate the massacre never actually reached El Mozote; rather, they had to rely on interviews with refugees from the area. Even then, one of the officials had concluded that large numbers of civilians had probably been killed. This information was conveyed to Deane Hinton. Rather than investigate further, though, the ambassador focused his fury on the messenger—i.e., Bonner.

It's nice to learn that the notoriously thin-skinned Rosenthal was so open to people's complaints, and that he paid them all equal attention. No doubt a letter from Joe Citizen would have received as much of his attention as a phone call from an ambassador or assistant secretary of state. Rosenthal's notion of threats is interesting as well. Certainly few officials would be so crass as to make them. In those politically charged times, a member of the Reagan Administration had only to "complain" about a story to cast doubts about its author's patriotism—and about a newspaper's continued access to government officials for quotes, "background" interviews, and the like.

If the CIA or any other agen official had tried to pressure the Tim removing Mr. Bonner, as far as concerned he would have been ther or at least as long as it took to tel agency and government what the Ti all about.

But it never happened. As a mat fact, I do not recall any U.S. officia Salvador or in the U.S., making any plaint to me about him. The U.S. g ment did make public its unhappines Mr. Bonner and we took note of that news columns.

Now the government has gotten to confirming one of Mr. Bonner's stories that it once called false—the cre of villagers by the military. indicates Mr. Bonner's coverage story, which it does, it also vindica Times for printing it.

If the U.S. officials had complai me, I would have listened as I tried to to everybody with a complaint. Com are perfectly legitimate as long accompanied by threats, a point th spiracy-minded myth makers are i ble of grasping. No pressure was ev on me by any government agen remove or punish Mr. Bonner or any correspondent, never during my lon torship at the Times. This fact will many of the conspiracy theorists an ernment haters inside and outside o nalism and doubtless they will i it—but there it is.

Now, as for your own participat myth making, Mr. Bonner was not p out or fired out or "pulled out," and time was his transfer to New York involved with the massacre story.

He was asked to return to New after he had been in El Salvador a su tial amount of time. The reason is s having to do with training and staff opment, prosaic things, not plots and sures.

What went through Rosenthal's mind when he ordered Bonner out of El Salvador is, of course, anybody's guess. Given Rosenthal's well-known political views, he may not have needed much prodding from the government. He has freely admitted that when he was executive editor he believed the *Times* had gotten too liberal. Not long after Bonner's recall from El Salvador, the paper ran several articles by conservative journalist Claire Sterling asserting that the Soviet bloc was behind the assassination attempt on the pope. And, in 1985, Rosenthal hired Shirley Christian, a *Miami Herald* correspondent known for her vehemently anti-Sandinista views. To many, the shift from Bonner to Christian summed up the *Times*'s ideological journey under Rosenthal.

Ir. Bonner was not an experienced
ıalist at all when he began working for
Times.
ut Mr. Bonner was on the spot, be-
e our stringer and performed bravely
fruitfully. As a matter of fact, he was
ıoted to staff, a step taken rarely with
gers.
ut after some time the feeling began to
among some editors who handled his
daily that in a sense we were exploit-
Mr. Bonner, demanding a great deal
out giving him the journalistic train-
most other Times reporters had ac-
ɔd on or off the Times before they went
a foreign assignment for us.
t the Times, reporters are almost
ɛr sent abroad without experience at
home office. And reporters hired
ad are almost always asked to work in
York for a while, the length depending
xperience. The idea is to make the
ɔrter familiar with the ways of the
ɛr and its staff, part of the Times
nalistic family, not an outsider on the
oll.
o we asked Mr. Bonner to return—not
ınish him but to equip him further for
ssignment anyplace. Apparently, he
not like working in New York or
erred to be abroad, because after a
he resigned. At no time did Mr.
ner indicate to me any belief that he
been pulled, pushed or fired out.
ut when he left, the conspiracy-
ded went to work concocting the myth
ıe Times crumbling under government
sure. That is the way their minds work
what their mirrors show them about
ıselves.
hat is no great matter. Myth making
ıt the Times is a journalistic industry.
ıetimes they are just gossip-myths.
ıetimes, like this one, they are largely
ically inspired.
heir only significance comes when
are repeated and spread so often that
become accepted as reality by jour-
sts who allow themselves to be duped
ail to check through ordinary journalis-
echniques. I am sorry that in this case,
one of my favorite newspapers, both
s fit. But I know you have many much
ɛr pairs. Wear them well.

A. M. ROSENTHAL

York

Bonner did have an unusual résumé for a reporter. A lawyer by training, he had spent three years in the Marine Corps, including a year in Vietnam. He had also worked as a litigator for Ralph Nader in Washington and as a lawyer in the district attorney's office in San Francisco. Tiring of law, Bonner went to South America in 1979 and began "stringing" for news organizations. By December 1980 he had made his way to El Salvador, where he began a trial with the *Times*. With the violence there escalating, the paper soon made him a full-time correspondent.

Bonner's reporting was not without flaws. In January 1982, for instance, he wrote an article maintaining that a group of U.S. Army advisers had sat in on two torture sessions conducted by Salvadoran soldiers. Based on the statements of a single self-proclaimed defector, the story turned out to be false.

In fact, Bonner had already been back to New York for such training. He had returned in January 1981, soon after being hired, and had spent most of the next ten months on the metro desk. By the time he was sent back to El Salvador, in the fall of 1981, Bonner was thoroughly familiar with *Times* procedures.

Hardly the whole story. On his return to New York, Bonner was assigned to the *Times*'s business desk. When the Anne Burford scandal erupted at the Environmental Protection Agency, he was sent to Washington, where he scored several scoops on the issue. He also broke stories about secret Pentagon spying operations in Central America and on Reagan Administration plans to build a military base in Honduras. The Washington bureau wanted to keep Bonner in the capital to cover U.S. policy in Central America. The deal was all but done when New York made clear its opposition. Discouraged, Bonner took some time off in the summer of 1983 to write a book about El Salvador. Rejoining the paper in the fall, he was reassigned to the business section but was told he would eventually end up on metro—clearly a demotion. With his days at the *Times* numbered, Bonner in July 1984 reluctantly left the paper. He went on to write a book about U.S. policy in the Philippines, then accepted a position as a writer with *The New Yorker*, where he remained until late last year.

In a way, the whole episode comes down to who duped whom. In its March 19 editorial, the *Journal* claimed that its editorial of eleven years earlier had "never denied that there was a massacre at El Mozote." In fact, the paper had unquestioningly accepted Enders's denials about the massacre. The whole point of its attack on Bonner was to discredit his El Mozote report and pave the way for U.S. aid to El Salvador. As the Truth Commission report now makes clear, it was the *Wall Street Journal*, and not Ray Bonner, that was duped. As for Rosenthal, he, too, seems to have been taken in.

THE CRASH OF BLUE SKY CALIFORNIA

The aerospace industry is dying, and with it a way of life

By David Beers



Sputnik was my lucky star, its appearance in the sky a glimmering, beeping announcement that my family would not know want. As my mother and father have so often told it, on chilly nights in the fall of 1957 they would stand on the back porch of a rented house in Springdale, Ohio, watching that first satellite arc across the evening sky while I, the firstborn son but a few weeks old, lay in my crib. Soon afterward, my father got the phone call that set our lives in harmonious motion. The Lockheed Corporation's missiles and space division invited him to come help build America's answer to Sputnik in a place that was said to be the balmiest, most fertile in all of California (and therefore the world), a place people called the Valley of Heart's Delight.

This past spring Lockheed persuaded my father to retire early, his career having matched nearly exactly the trajectory of the aerospace industry during the Cold War. No longer is he needed to do whatever it was that he did but could never talk about. We, my mother and her four children, never knew more than that he was working on some aerospace "project," never knew whom he met on all those trips east, never saw his desk. Not knowing the secret rites, however, didn't prevent us from being imbued with this culture that made a faith of fashioning the fastest, farthest, highest technology. A culture that taught that the more momentous a machine is, the less likely you are ever to touch it, perhaps even to see it, certainly ever to use it, because it's built to go *way out there*. A culture whose fertile crescents were sunny suburbs like our own. A relentlessly optimistic, blue-sky culture whose people, like things in general, were always looking up.

Lately I note that along with my father, hundreds of his fellow engineers have accepted Lockheed's generous incentives to quit ahead of schedule. Less fortunate tens of thousands more have been laid off by aerospace companies all over the count Everyone now seems to agr that the fate of the nati rests on how efficiently compete at the global level producing new kinds of co sumer goods.

That distant, sudden pull Sputnik (studies have show caused large bodies of t money to ebb from most sta and flow, more than anywh else, into California, filling basins with jobs and peop and tract-home societies li the one where I grew up. E a generation later it is cl that all the indicators f blue-sky culture are head downward. Once a proud and don nant tribe, my people are about to b come the most irrelevant thing y can be in California: rece history.

Aerospace and California we made not just for but *by* each oth World War I–era airplane mak came west for the test-flight weath and also because East Coast mon was dubious that there would be mu of an aviation industry. *Los Ange Times* publisher Harry Chandler a other Southern California emp builders were not. They invested aero-entrepreneurs like Donald Dou las, Glenn Martin, and the Loug heed brothers; and they wrangl millions to make the California I stitute of Technology in Pasaden

David Beers, a former senior editor at Mother Jones, *is a writer living in Vancouver, British Columbia.*

Illustration by Lou Be

ional science and aviation center ime for World War II. By 1940 of all U.S. airframe factories were outhern California. By the end of rld War II the state was a mesh of itary bases, university labs, and onautical R&D and production s—a Pentagon-dependent econo- facing defense cuts far more dev- ting than today's.

What California needed at that pre- ous moment was a space age, prefer- y one that was militarized. Those o wish we hadn't got one, who are ry that since World War II trillions ollars have been siphoned from the ional treasury ough the Pen- on and (much of nto the bank ac- nts of families e mine, often ak of the Cold r as a "hysteria." ey portray a ntry victimized sleazy salesmen o whipped up r of the "Com- es," then promised, literally, the on. They remind those of us who efited directly that Wernher von un, who oversaw America's ballis- missile and moon-shot programs, used slave labor to build rockets for ler. They make him my family's fig- tive father, "the father of America's ce program," and ask whether we children haven't inherited his vio- t techno-fetishism.

Von Braun was barely into puberty en he fell under the thrall of the tings of Hermann Oberth, a physi- t who suggested, among other ngs, that one might use huge or- ing mirrors to focus the sun's rays to an enemy's crops and cities, rching them away like ants under agnifying glass. Soon the boy was ting off simple rockets outside of rlin. At age twenty he was recruit- by General Walter Dornberger, o, in his plan to rearm Germany, ged for a manned "boost-glide mber" that could slip in and out of ce, raining hellfire at will.

The V-2 rocket Dornberger and von un built for Hitler killed too few late to win his war, and the far re ambitious space bomber, need- less to say, never left the drawing board. When, along with dozens of other Nazi scientists, Dornberger and von Braun gladly became America's victory spoils, they produced for their new paymasters at the Pentagon up- dated images of orbiting missile plat- forms, battling satellites, an atomic space armada. "I didn't come to this country to lose the Third World War. I lost two," Dornberger liked to say once he'd become a vice president at Bell Aviation and had returned to his labors on the Dyna-Soar, his beloved but never-to-fly space bomber.

Admittedly, the Germans readily found weirdly dark peers here, more sick- os in the family tree. Physicist Robert Mil- likan, whose early leadership of Cal Tech laid the base for Southern California's aerospace primacy, was a thumping Ary- an supremacist. Rocket pioneer John Parsons, one of the founders of the Jet Propulsion Labora- tory in Pasadena, practiced hedonistic black magic. Yet I can't agree, as some would have it, that such minds suc- ceeded in selling their agenda to Amer- ica by homing in on the Dr. Strangelove in all of us. Von Braun, for one, hooked our imaginations not with destruction fantasies but with Iacocca-like smarm— with an immigrant's ode to his new country's can-do spirit. In a best-selling book, he anticipated John Kennedy by making a mission to Mars seem the col- lective vacation adventure trip we had earned and could finally afford. Writing in *Collier's* magazine at the beginning of the nervously conformist 1950s, he of- fered something to watch over us, a crime-preventing manned space sta- tion from which "nothing will go un- observed." We would assert our Amer- ican exceptionalism with each planet we visited, while freezing democratic neighborliness in place back at home. An idiotically hopeful appeal, to be sure. But not kinky and certainly not apocalyptic.

> THE IMAGES THAT INFORMED MY MIND AS A CHILD WERE AIRFOILS AND ANGEL WINGS, BLASTOFFS AND HOLY ASCENSIONS

Which I think explains, or helps to, my father's eager answer to the call. By his own description, he was a teenage "airhead" who loved his motor scooter, a happy-go-lucky high-school pitcher good enough to merit a look by the ma- jors. ROTC paid for his Purdue aero- nautical-engineering degree (a classmate was Neil Armstrong), and then he flew fighter jets off an aircraft carrier be- tween the Korean and Vietnam wars. Target practice, he says, was never more than a game. He never saw any real ac- tion, never yearned to get a kill. He was Right Stuff without much macho swag- ger. But in 1956 you couldn't be sitting, as was my father, just fore of a thrusting 7,600-pound jet engine in the cockpit of one of the Navy's new Grumman F- 9F8s without feeling America's tech- nological capability building force behind you. We'd launched our first space-reaching rocket three years be- fore. There was talk that intercon- tinental ballistic missiles would do away with the need for jets like the ones my father flew. Aviation was becoming something called aerospace. How to be part of it? The best you could hope for would be that phone call from Lockheed.

Lockheed had long been avia- tion's Team Ferrari. Lockheeds were those sleek monoplanes preferred by Lindbergh and Earhart; the silvery Electra that carries away Ingrid Berg- man in *Casablanca;* the catamaran- like P-38 superfighter of World War II; the original Air Force jet, con- ceived and built in a legendary 143 days by the company's "Skunk Works" team in Burbank. Now, at the dawn of the 1960s, Lockheed was hiring en masse for a new division flush with contracts to create not only the na- tion's first satellites but, under the guidance of its own former Nazi, Wolfgang Noggerath, the first ballis- tic missile to be launched from be- neath the sea.

"The most beautiful missiles ever fired," one admiral pronounced the nuclear-tipped Polaris A1X, having witnessed its successful submarine test on a summer day in 1960. Beautiful to a professional lover of the bomb, you say, but beautiful as well to me, a boy who later would thumbtack a color photograph of that launch to the wall of my new bedroom in the Valley of Heart's Delight. In those early years my father brought home publicity pic- tures of Lockheed products: stubby-

winged jets and fire-swathed rockets and satellites that hung in space like tinfoil dragonflies. My favorite was the Polaris, smooth and white and perfect, frozen above the convulsed ocean surface it had just burst through. Lockheed always photographed its missiles headed up, never killing-end down. As a child I didn't wonder what the Polaris was *for;* that it was so obviously the future exploding out of the sea seemed reason enough to create it. Perhaps once launched they just stuck there in the firmament like darts in the ceiling. Maybe they metamorphosed into the pretty satellites with their glittery solar panels. My mother gave me her own pictures, Catholic holy cards. And so the images that informed my mind as a child were airfoils and angel wings, blastoffs and holy ascensions, all mingled into a coherent iconography.

On Fridays the practice siren would sound and the parochial-school nuns would send us under our desks, having given us scapular medals to wear around our necks that would—provided we remembered to say a Hail Mary just before the blue sky exploded—secure us immediate salvation in God's heaven beyond my dad's heavens. One day I was invited to step before the school and receive a prize for something I'd crayoned, a poster with a slogan I'd made up myself: PEOPLE COME IN DIFFERENT COLORS. I hoped for a special reward. When particularly moved, the nuns were known to bestow a bit of cloth or bone that they assured us was the relic of an ancient saint. This time the plastic case I received contained a relic with a different sacredness, a scrap of burnt foil from a Gemini capsule, skin that was singed, I was told, as it fell back to Earth.

My poster's message did, I suppose, represent an impressive leap of abstract thinking, since none of my classmates came in a color other than white. This was not because Queen of the Apostles was consciously a bigots' enclave. Almost all the children at the new nearby public school were white as well, as was the face in every kitchen window, behind every lawn mower, as far as I could pedal my Stingray. I don't remember anyone, child or adult, ever questioning this secluded sameness, though my parents preached that people of all races, wherever they might be, were just like us and we should feel friendly toward them if we ever encountered them. At recess, we freckled ten-year-olds would shout "nigger!" at one another, the most exotically evil word we knew.

The Mexicans who for a time climbed ladders into the plum trees ringing our subdivision, and the Japanese who bent over a strawberry field destined to be town houses, were but glimpses from the back of a station wagon. Everything built to please us, from the Futurama bowling lanes to the flying saucer–shaped Century 21, 22, and 23 cinemas, obsequiously embraced our tomorrow. And yet if my parents felt part of, even flattered by, the "space age" sensibility, they weren't suckers for it. The intellectual rap on California is that it is where people go to toss off their pasts like overcoats—and then panic in the bright, coordinateless landscape until their lunges for meaning produce the next fad or cult or empty simulacrum. My parents, like thousands of others drawn into California during the aerospace boom, never panicked. Instead, they set about reproducing their encoded past in what they recognized as the most pleasant of petri dishes. When, in 1962, we moved into our four-bedroom ranch-style ordered from a developer's catalogue and built upon a freshly bulldozed cherry and walnut orchard, my Irish-descended mother called the pastor to say she could see the steeple of his just-opened church from her window. The Shopwell supermarket was where she met other mothers around a wishing well set between the dairy and frozen-foods aisles. (A sprinkle of bright pennies always shone up from the well's bottom.) Within the paved bell curve of our cul-de-sac there were Fourth of July block parties, Wiffle-ball games, a company-town cohesiveness born of the sense that everyone had arrived at this outpost at once and that most of the fathers made blue-sky technology.

All the while, Lockheed's missiles and space division methodically stamped its design onto the Valley of Heart's Delight, working closely with the politicians to put schools and hospitals in place, laying out the grid of high-speed expressways that within a few years delivered more than 25,
workers to its gates. No local firm
ployed nearly as many, though oth
like Varian (radar) and Hewl
Packard (most early sales were to
military), helped create a synergy
nearby Stanford and military sites.
pressways connected to freeways.
and down California the missiles
space business was growing 20 per
a year, filling up subdivisions like
with Rockedyne families, McDon
Douglas families, Northrop fami
Motorola, Hughes, Westinghou
TRW, Rockwell, and Jet Propul
Laboratory families, feeding the st
root economy: real-estate speculat
Offered millions to sell out to de
opers, the orchard families could
longer afford to fill with blossoms
Valley of Heart's Delight. In time
stopped calling it that. After a w
more, everyone called it
icon Valley.

"Some real history was made
about all my father, forever boun
his security oaths, will say of the w
he helped do early on at Lockhe
Sunnyvale division—"the best ye
as far as he is concerned. During
time he helped send aloft the satel
that spied on the Soviets, that c
give early warning of an enemy mi
launch, that pinpointed targets for
ever more precise and far-ranging
lethal missiles that Lockheed m
on the same premises. Elsewher
California, Lockheed added to the
tion's fleet of jets and rockets. Th
were always new pictures to b
home.

The key development in the a
space industry, however, was no
be found in its esoteric products b
the very *way* it brought them into
ing. The idea, refined during the sp
buildup of the 1960s, was *systems*
gineering, and it cut directly aga
America's favorite myth about h
created technology. The old catech
taught that the light bulb, the a
mobile, the airplane—almost e
American history–changing mach
—had sprung from a lonely visio
tinkering against a mass of naysa
First, individual triumph. Then,
the marketplace, national prog
But the mobilization of scientists
engineers for World War II, and t

The Catholic Church: the Whore of Babylon?



No. But as Harvard historian Arthur Schlesinger Sr. observed, prejudice against the Catholic Church is "the deepest bias in the history of the American people."

For example, among fundamentalists there's that whopper of a myth that the Pope is the Anti-Christ, the Catholic Church is the Whore of Babylon, and Catholics aren't really Christians. Among the politically correct there's the sneering calumny that Catholicism is anti-woman, sexually fascist, and basically for cave-dwelling ignoramuses.

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Introduction by Henry Louis Gates, Jr.

◆

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for the Cold War, made that creati
story seem as quaint as the RCA d
From here on, survival dictated t
our technological fate would be co
manded into being from above.
blue-sky goal would be set—an at
bomb, a space station, the most be
tiful missile—and the nation's v
will would be invested, a monolith
our best minds put to it and give
deadline. Rather than growing
ganically from the single "Eurek
machines that mattered would n
begin at the end, with the first step
ing the official imagining of a c
plete system that could, say, leve
dozen cities instantly or get a cou
of men in and out of space alive.

The demands of working backw
in this way created the need for
tems engineering, the science of bre
ing down any blue-sky goal i
myriad smaller ones. Its first axi
was that the marketplace was dou
flawed: too public to guard state
crets, too slow and wasteful to p
vent one company from unknowin
duplicating the efforts and mista
of another. Better to control bidd
among a few up-to-speed players
Lockheed, which would submit p
posals to a central authority that
priced, approved, and scheduled

Systems engineering, therefo
sought a grand unified theory for
reaucracy. Building a machine of
tems meant constructing a syste
humans. How, for example, to o
tasks so that when someone chan
the shape of a nose cone in Anahe
all other contractors and subcont
tors, all over the country, chan
their designs accordingly? Clea
some government brain trust n
manage an ever-growing flow of
secret data, telling each compartm
in the monolith (Lockheed itself c
prised hundreds of compartme
what, and only what, it neede
know. The sense was that as soo
the systems engineers figured out h
everything would be connected t
erything. Already, Lockheed was a
cuit soldered into many other cir
in the ever-expanding network
was California and beyond, an
live deep within that wiring, to h
a father whose clip-on badge sai
belonged, was to feel very secure.

By 1963 the missiles and space l

s, with 700,000 employees, was vy-
with the auto industry as the coun-
s top employer. Placed in charge
ne future, aerospace met no serious
llenge to its position until after it
delivered, as promised, a man to
moon. Yet almost at that same
nent, the icons of blue-sky culture
ned to lose their mojo powers. En-
nmentalists, utterly unmoved by
sleek loveliness of the SST, paint-
t loud and rude, shot it down. The
0 superbomber program crashed
Congress as the antiwar movement
llenged the notion that the Pen-
n, or any state authority, should be
revered and unchallenged stew-
of a people's imagination.
Vietnam, in fact, put my father in
ensive, often grouchy mood, like
neone shaken awake from a dream
could never get back to. He began
read books by people with odd
nes like S. I. Hayakawa, the for-
California senator, and Malcolm
Though he continued to work on
itary satellites, he let it be known
ockheed that he didn't want any-
ng directly to do with nuclear
pons. We kids would be machine-
ning one another on the front
n, little bodies flying everywhere,
my father would stick his head
of the front window and yell, "War
ot a game! Knock it off!" But his
thoughts were not so easily chas-
ed. He began spending hours out in
garage meticulously assembling
painting plastic models of the war-
nes of his youth. They soon covered
top of the television and a book-
lf. That autumn, when I was twelve
hirteen, he took me to the Reno air
es, and for two days we watched
Bearcats and Mustangs—killing
chines now brightly painted like
nt toys—chase one another around
desert. On the long drive home,
father afforded me a glimpse of
deeper doubts within him. He ad-
ed me that working for a big cor-
ation meant a life of compromise.
ould avoid taking on too many
obligations too soon, he
added.

At the close of the Sixties, wea-
ns spending slowed, coinciding with
yclical slump in commercial-jet
es, and there were mass aerospace

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Is the peace with Egypt an encouraging example for Israel?

In the on-again/off-again Mid-East Peace negotiations the Arabs expect that, in exchange for peace, the territories that they consider to be "occupied" by Israel be restored to them, specifically, the so-called "West Bank", Gaza, and the Golan Heights.

What are the facts?

Peace with Egypt is the coldest possible. For its agreement to make true peace with Israel, Egypt received the huge Sinai Peninsula in which Israel had invested over $10 billion. It had created flourishing cities, some of the most advanced military and naval installations in the world, and had developed oil fields that would have made it energy independent for the foreseeable future. Without firing a shot, Egypt received all of this, plus generous grants from the United States—$40 billion to date. What Egypt gave in return was a piece of paper. And even that was hedged. It would allow Egypt to join in an "Arab War" against Israel. The peace between Israel and Egypt, which the Israelis had envisioned to be like the peace between Germany and France, turned out, unfortunately, to be the "coldest peace" possible. It is, less of a peace than a de facto state of non-belligerence. The Israeli ambassador in Cairo is isolated and blacklisted and does not participate in any official functions of the Egyptian government. There is practically no trade between the two countries and no cultural exchange. The public sector of Egypt, which constitutes 80% of the total economy is forbidden to do business with Israel. Private enterprises are actively discouraged and often threatened when they try to become engaged with Israeli firms. Israeli firms are barred form submitting tenders for local projects. For "security reasons" Israeli firms are not allowed to participate in trade fairs. Although quite a few Israelis visit Egypt, hardly any Egyptians go to Israel since those who do wish to visit are summoned to the security police for lengthy interrogation.

"Israel's present government must be commended for proceeding with the greatest caution in the current peace negotiations."

Not forthcoming on diplomatic front. Many Israelis have been killed in Egypt or on the Egyptian border. The Egyptian media, including the official and semi-official press, are full of anti-Israel and anti-Jewish venom, preaching hatred and prejudice. There have been numerous instances of "crazed" Egyptian soldiers shooting up Israeli buses traveling along the border highways, to the general applause of the state-controlled media. On the diplomatic front, the Egyptians aren't any more forthcoming. Egypt spearheaded the campaign to keeping the "Zionism is racism" resolution in the U.N., contrary to U.S. wishes. Egypt exerts much effort to prevent African countries from establishing or renewing diplomatic relations with Israel. Egyptian diplomats, including Butros-Butros Ghali, now secretary general of the United Nations, lobbied fervently against the loan guarantees that Israel needed to absorb and to settle the hundreds of thousands of Jewish refugees who have already arrived or will still arrive form the former Soviet Union.

The saving grace for Israel in its very cold peace with Egypt is that the Sinai is very large, and serves as a buffer zone. But in the Golan Heights, which the Syrians wish to have returned in exchange for "peace", and the "West Bank" and Gaza, which the Palestinians whish to have given to them as a "reward" for stopping the "intifada", there is no room at all for buffer zones. Although autonomy for the native Arab population is definitely an Israeli policy goal and a commitment under the Camp David Accords, the "West Bank" and Gaza and the Golan cannot possibly be surrendered to another sovereignty for any foreseeable future. It would make Israel totally indefensible. If the peace with Egypt is an example of what peace with Syria or with the Palestinians would look like, Israel's present government must be commended for proceeding with the greatest caution in the current negotiations and not to entrust its survival to empty promises. Only when the Arabs truly accept Israel as part of the Middle East should any further "land for peace" adjustments be considered.

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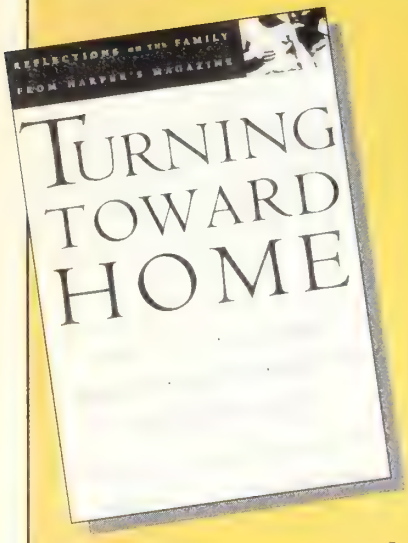
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Introduction by Verlyn Klinkenborg.

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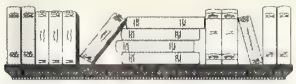
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layoffs, particularly in California. So
of my father's peers went from desig
ing satellites to perfecting alloy bac
pack frames. (Surely Dad hadn't be
a compatriot of Neil Armstrong's c
ly to make camping gear!) I rememb
while watching the Jetsons suburba
ize the Milky Way on TV, reading ne
paper stories about out-of-wo
Lockheed men killing themselves. T
year 1970 was "the gloomiest year
decades," concluded *Aviation Week a*
Space Technology. The magazi
blamed barbarians: "the mounting
sault on technology by a strange coa
tion of political opportunists, d
gruntled youth, ecologists, and adv
cates of the social welfare state."

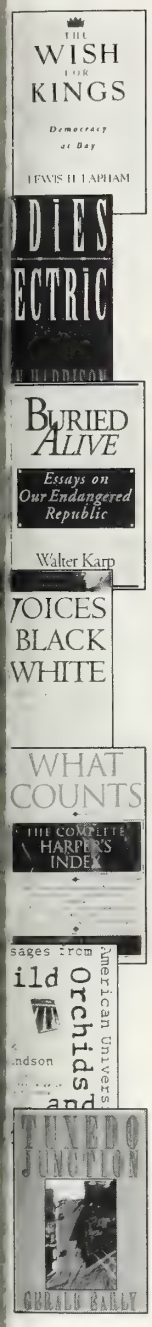
The real challenge to the primacy
blue-sky culture, however, would eve
tually come from within its own fa
ily rooms, most brazenly in the pers
of Steve Wozniak, a Lockheed ch
whose father worked with mine.
half-dozen years older than I, Woz
ak was disgruntled not with techn
ogy but with authority's claim on t
word. (Note that "technology" w
then perfectly synonymous with "sta
sponsored aerospace" as *Aviation We*
used the term.) Young Steve of Su
nyvale planted shrill sound devices h
hind the classroom TV, made sire
blare in driver's ed. "The teachers
ways said, 'We know Wozniak did th
but he's too bright to catch.' I never g
caught," he recalled in an intervie
One quarter shy of a degree, he spurr
college and sold electronic "blue bo
es" that illegally jimmied into lon
distance phone networks. He start
Dial-A-Joke from his apartment a
around the same time, in the la
1970s, invented, of course, the mot
lith-subverting Apple computer.

My family found alien what W
niak and his tribe caused around
the rush to personalize the microcl
and get it to the marketplace. Blue-s
technology was built in secret for t
state; its incomprehensibility was p
of its appeal. But now suddenly e
eryone was a "start-up" schemer, ra
ing to be the first to invent some n
peripheral or interface, gadgets t
"friendly" to too many "users" to h
any mystique for us. Little comput
jammed labs above strip malls, insta
assembly lines staffed with illeg
brown people, workaholic ponytail

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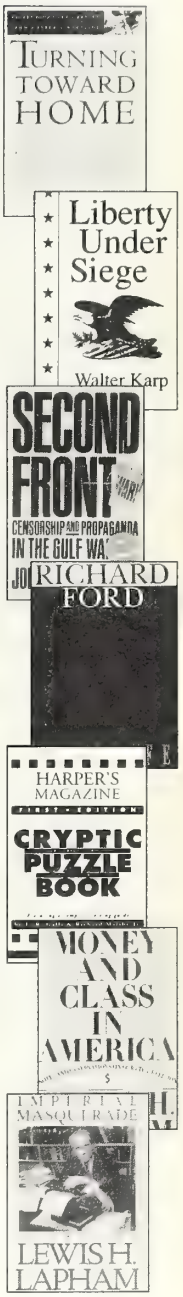
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geniuses hopping from employer to employer—it was so un-Lockheed.

When the start-ups became big electronics companies, they still looked foreign to us. In their competition for the best minds, they held out odd visions of Utopia, business "campuses" where renegades ruled and everyone played volleyball at lunch. The same firms made a virtue of "lean and mean," farming out what they could to "temporaries" and Third Worlders to whom they felt no obligation. It was not Catholic.

Of course, this was also the time of Reagan's massive national reinvestment in blue-sky technology, including the ultimate systems-engineering challenge: Star Wars. In the 1980s the amount of Pentagon dollars pumped into Silicon Valley and California steeply increased. Yet Pentagon spending kept declining as a percentage of the *overall* economy in Silicon Valley and California, as it had since the late 1960s. My family's way of life remained blessed and assured, but every day we mattered less and less to the whole.

My family certainly didn't see itself reflected in the coke bingers, the BMW-driving burnouts, the microchip millionaires, in the way Silicon Valley was rewriting the career objective on its résumé. If it must, let America revive its belief that miraculous machines are made for consumers by teenagers in garages. Our creation myth remained the Manhattan Project. We knew it was the U.S. Department of Defense that had spent the computer and microchip into being. My family clung to our valley's pioneer code: sober reliability. (Loosen up too much, and Lockheed might polygraph you.) Why be ungrateful for such a predictably comfortable life in the sun? Why risk wanting more? When the front page said that the CEO of the Eagle personal computer company had died smashing his Italian sports car into a ravine the day he'd taken his firm public, it seemed to us as fantastic—and cautionary—as an Old Testament story.

Now President Clinton (for whom my parents and I voted) advises us that to be modern, each of us must expect to have eight different jobs. It's out of his hands, it's global, the system couldn't be engineered after all. The only thing permanent is change, so improvise. What a turn events for a family like mine, w thought the permanence in our li made us modern.

A few years ago, finishing his roug ly seven thousandth commute ho from Lockheed's missiles and space vision, my father rounded the corn to see some young men in the stre a few more standing in knots on t front lawn of a new neighbor. Son one had a radio turned up loud, an irritated my father that the neighb had let his social life spill outside fence line and onto public paveme My father parked his car and went side, but it ate at him, and after a wh he walked back out, approached t nearest stranger, and told him, "S here. This used to be a quiet neig borhood." The stranger answere "And it will be again, sir, as soon we're finished." It was then my fath noticed that all the men wore bl windbreakers with yellow letters their backs, that a drug bust was un way next door, that the world of t eleven o'clock news had found us a random meteor flash of a momen

It still is a quiet neighborhood, q eter than ever, actually, because th are so few children climbing its wal trees, so many retirees hunkered b hind stucco walls of houses wh worth has risen from $25,000 to tw ty times that in the span of the C War. The kids you see tend to Japanese; two out of the nine fa lies on the cul-de-sac are here on ov seas transfer from Tokyo. The wom next door doesn't speak much Engli and my mother, a naturally frien person, is puzzled about how to co municate, the relations betwe neighbors having devolved into an upping gift giving and guilty smil The Shopwell is now Yaohan, an Japanese store selling rice, seawe and pickled oddities in bulk.

One of our original neighbors, w for a quarter century has worked radar systems for Varian, is bei shoved toward early retirement b cause the contracts are drying up, a his young engineer son, who lives a trailer park with his wife, wor about being laid off by Westinghou if the Sea Wolf submarine progra cut much more. My father tells that Lockheed guys of my age, hi

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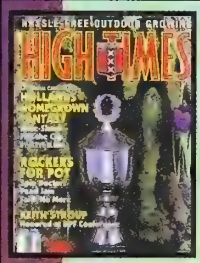
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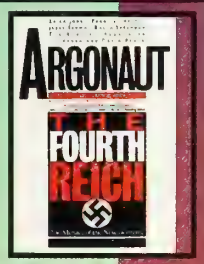


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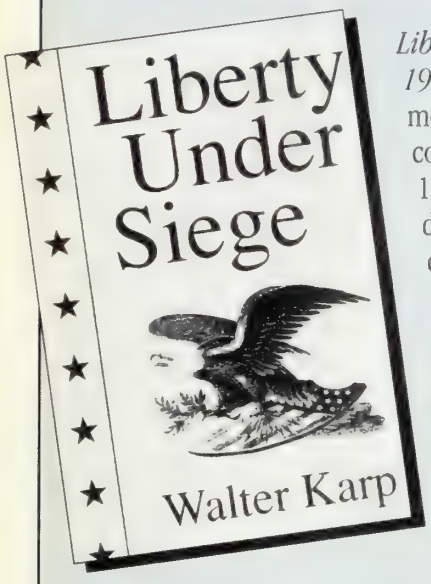
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during the Reagan heyday, say to hi
"Hal, you're lucky to be getting
now." Molded by the guaranteed-pr
it, design-to-withstand-nuclear-atta
economics of defense contracting, th
are spurned by Silicon Valley's co
mercial firms. The headhunters lau
at them behind their backs. Wh
does Apple want with a thirty-fi
year-old missile or satellite desig
who doesn't understand the bott
line? "The day of the aerospace en
neer," my father says, echoing t
lunchroom consensus, "is over."

Since 1989, California has l
close to 200,000 aerospace jobs. T
Los Angeles County Aerospace T
Force figures that up to 420,000 m
aerospace-related jobs will disapp
from its region by 1995. In neighb
hoods like my parents', there are
husks of factories or rows of board
up houses to inspire folk songs ab
hard-luck aeronautical enginee
Where blue-sky culture fades, the s
urban veneer remains implacably
tel, and California pre
to think positively.

Not long ago, my mother and
ther and I went to see Silicon Vall
new shrine to itself—a museum cal
The Tech, where we were able to w
through a microchip "clean room,"
gram a robot arm to arrange toy blo
appreciate a colorful laser pattern.
only nod to aerospace was a disp
about how the screwed-up Hubble t
scope in space might eventually
fixed. There were no missiles, e
though Lockheed's missiles and sp
division is still among the area's lar
employers and keeps building the
dent II. No state-of-the-art smart bo
or nuclear warheads, though these
made a few freeway exits away. I
ferred that we, Wernher von Bra
children, had become an embarr
ment to Silicon Valley.

That feeling was confirmed last Fe
ary, when Clinton was welcomed in
valley like a liberator, applauded at
ery stop for his promises to spend h
dreds of millions to train blue-
workers to do something else an
shift billions from Pentagon projec
more fashionable goals like a "clean
and a "gigabit" computer network
all. One company paid tribute t
President with the technology tha

ı used to create the special effects in
ninator 2. As Clinton smiled and
audience cheered, faces on a video
en "morphed" from Washington in-
efferson into Lincoln into Roosevelt
Kennedy into Bill Clinton. Ronald
gan, who sent more military-con-
r dollars per capita to Silicon Valley
ı anywhere else, was left out.
uch special effects of popular cul-
have made blue-sky technology
t it could never afford to be: banal.
space shuttle comes and goes, but
pays any notice? Amid the hundred
ısand pieces of space junk that swirl
nd Earth, the astronauts try to catch
ellite on a pole or reel one out on
ng tether. An old George Lucas
ie is more entertaining, and virtu-
ality will be far better still. My fa-
's industry has gone the way of *Star*
: originally watched to see how the
ifest destiny of the American way
ld play out, it is now scavenged for
h. The famous footage of Neil Arm-
ng hoisting the American flag on
surface of the moon is now replayed
MTV, albeit with an MTV flag. The
of a rocket used to launch a satel-
advertises Schwarzenegger's *Last*
ion Hero.
mall wonder that George Bush's
for an up-to-$400-billion mission
Mars met quiet coughs, that the
e station keeps shrinking, that
to lack of interest we will not
a satellite on an asteroid after
All of this should bring me a great
l of satisfaction, for I spent the
gan and Bush years—most of my
lt life—actively betraying blue-
culture in print. I have made the
iliar indictments of suburbia: as
rally sponsored segregation, as a
wling joke on itself. I have made
familiar indictments of my father's
ıstry: as a colossal waste of public
urces, as a corrupt killer, as a mon-
nt to Wernher von Braun's twist-
ibido.
My parents have never been any-
ıg but wryly approving of these at-
cs. It was my father, the aerospace
ect manager, who called nuclear
pons "infernal machines" and
ed J. K. Galbraith's critiques of
aucratic capitalism in my teenage
ds. It was my mother, the daugh-
of an armory worker, who placed
liberation theology pamphlets of

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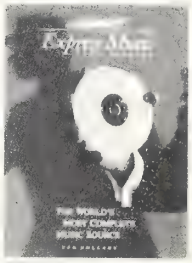


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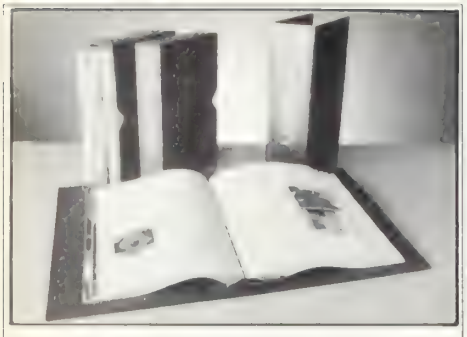
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NOTES FOR "DIAMETRICODE"

Note: Anagrams are indicated with an asterisk (*).

ACROSS: 5. MEAN, hidden in reverse; 10. WAG(e); 12. N(OTHER)WAY, reversal of *yawn*; 15. C-OM-AS; 17. QUA-sluttish; 18. L(A-P)AZ(e); 19. BEARD*; 20. MAY reversed; 21. (c)OILED; 22. P(HE-NO MEN-A-LIST)IC; 23. TOIL(et); 27. MADE(moiselle), 29. WIRED(cheapness)*; 34. CONSOLE, two meanings; 37. V(I)REO*; 38. W(E)AVE; 39. CH-INK; 40. PANNE(d); 41. BENNY, two meanings; 42. N(A)INE-F reversed; 43. AWL, "all"; 44. OPAQUE, hidden. DOWN: 1. DR-AUGHT; 2. JANSE*-N; 3. BECAL*-M; 4. HE-M(P)EN; 5. INST*-I-L; 6. TREADS*; 7. NATALIE*; 9. W(HE)E; 10. CON-FEDER*-ATE; 11. B(ASTARDIZ*)ED; 13. CASE, two meanings; 14. LUR(e)(I)D; 16. I(D'I, reversal-O)T; 24. INTERIM*; 25. CHICANO, hidden; 26. PE-D(resses)-AGOG; 28. AN-T(HR)AX; 30. RAISER*; 31. A(rrest)-PER-CU; 32. SIN(k)FUL; 33. RANG reversed; 34. CINE, hidden; 35. E-W-E-S; 36. KNOW reversed.

SOLUTION TO JUNE DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 126). (ANDREW) ZIMBALIST: BASEBALL AND BILLIONS. Anybody who has followed baseball . . . knows about George Steinbrenner. Steinbrenner, to be sure, stands out in his zaniness and mismanagement, but, according to some, he is more the rule than the exception when it comes to . . . insensitivity or lack of integrity among the owners.

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the Maryknolls on our coffee tal
This they did while showing no r
lessness to escape their chosen liv
certainly no despair, just a reasona
guilt that things had gone so well
them. Already their aerospace-fun
retirement is taking shape: my mo
er volunteers at a Latino parish dow
town, my father flies a Cessna
weekends.

My father, as happy and relaxed
I've ever known him to be, also w
ders now whether the Cold War wa
"a con on a global scale." I should
satisfaction, but I don't. It's not
end of the Cold War that unner
me; rather it is the triumph of Wo
ak's tribe. I have emptied mysel
Catholic mysticism, I have move
the vertical, lawnless city, and I
myself with personal technology. Y
must admit that the cruel shape of
stealth bomber does, illicitly, th
something in me.

A friend of mine, a dedicated mu
raker of the Strategic Defense Ini
tive, doesn't want to hear me talk
way. He reminds me that the SDI b
get is not going down and assures
that blue-sky funding will hide itse
"black budgets" while the militar
tion of space continues apace.
Gulf War was directed via satell
and the proposed Aero-Space plan
the reincarnation of General D
berger's Dyna-Soar dream. The m
tary-industrial complex is still
termined, my friend says, to gain
American forces the ultimate str
gic high ground.

The latest gambit is by Edw
Teller, H-bomb co-inventor and
Wars proponent, who is trying to
suade Congress to worry about as
oids crossing our path. Some,
cluding my friend, argue that
anti-asteroid guns Teller wants to f
in space might just as easily be ai
back at Earth and used to scorch
enemies like ants under a magnif
glass. "I truly believe," my friend s
"that Teller is the devil." I nod in
tomatic agreement. Even as I
though, I see in my mind a morally
problematic chunk of rock hurt
through space. A choir of beaut
satellites send out their magnifi
rays. The asteroid is no more.
world, California, a circle of t
homes are saved.

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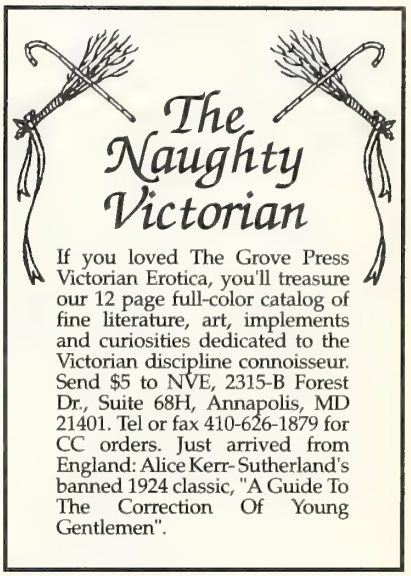
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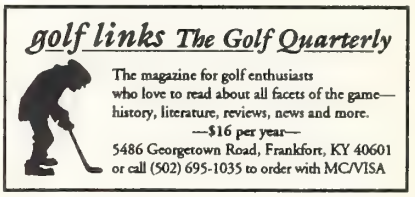
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LETTERS

Continued from page 3

doubt a malpractice attorney would quickly appear.

Stephen Olsen, M.D.
Manhattan, Kans.

As a veteran of eight years of surgical residency, I feel qualified to ask David Ewing Duncan a question: Whom will he and his wife want to call at 1:00 A.M. when their child has appendicitis? The doctor whose training taught him to handle any situation at any hour of the day or night? Or will it be the doctor whose training included a bare minimum of stress, no impetus to perform with grace under pressure, and the security of knowing that he could procrastinate handling any middle-of-the-night problem until it was his colleagues' responsibility in the morning?

Leland M. Deane, M.D., F.A.C.S.
Garden City, N.Y.

Rooting for Politics

Noam Chomsky's observation ["Monday-Morning Policy Wonks," Readings, March] that ordinary people seem to reason a good deal better about sports than about international and domestic affairs is right on target, but I wonder about his suggestion that average citizens might think more cogently about the latter "under a different system of governance, one that included popular participation in important decision-making areas."

It isn't the paucity of popular participation in this country, or anywhere, that drags down the average level of political thought, but rather the conflicting interests that cloud reasoning over social and political issues, conflicts that are absent when people think about a favorite sports team. The typical sports fan's thoughts about the home team are guided by the single desire that the team do well; the typical citizen's deliberations about social and political issues are motivated not only by the desire that society as a whole prosper but also, often, by a conflicting desire for personal gain. What is good for the New England Patriots is equally
for Patriot fans; what is goo
America, as for any society, frequ
is both good and bad for indiv
citizens.

Chomsky's observation is in
tant because it highlights this d
ence and points to a fundament
about the human condition: w
are social animals who must re
ly both cooperate and compete
our fellow human beings. Chom
famous for his theories about "i
linguistic structures." He might
sider the idea that there also a
nate group and individual senti
that conflict. This explains wh
soning supposedly about the s
welfare so often is subverted b
conscious or (usually) uncons
intrusion of selfish considerati
isn't just that the politicians lie
it's that we the people lie to or
other and to ourselves. So mere
creasing "popular participatio
government isn't likely to im
the level of political discours
society.

Howard Kahane
Mill Valley, Calif.

To expect the average citiz
have the command of public
that the average prepubescent b
of baseball is to be grossly u
Consider, first, how sports inf
tion is presented. Obtaining a
of knowledge about baseball is
pletely voluntary, occurs in co
and is anxiety-free. The facts a
subject to revision, and their
mulation is its own reward.

Consider, too, how inform
about domestic and foreign af
disseminated. The citizen wh
pends upon network televisio
what an executive whose job de
on advertising revenues choo
air, and each news segment clos
the reporter in the field or t
chorperson suggesting the poli
correct way to feel about the ma
content.

We don't lack the capacity f
derstanding our world or the en
accumulate information, but th
is not easy, the reading required
rendously time-devouring, and
fort to sort out the truth o

rating. In public affairs the ex- is often inaccessible and there is er easy or total agreement on what appening. In sports, by contrast, needs merely to listen to the rtscaster whose assignment is or."

homsky's closing comment sug- s that sports don't really matter. they do, if only as metaphor. ere else are our children likely to nen and women visibly striving to- l their best selves and welcoming effort that will ultimately make n stronger? We need a way of life rewards intellectual effort as gen- isly and publicly as it rewards suc- ful quarterbacks.

ık Vick
len, Pa.

ıe Fiction

ıs a work of fiction, T. Coraghes- Boyle's short story "Top of the d Chain" [April] depicts an eco- cal nightmare that should teach ɔ be more careful with our chem- s. Unfortunately, the lesson of le's story is far more frightening, in fact, it is "adapted" right out of annals of medical science.

ıccording to *Fundamentals of Mi- ıiology*, a 1991 textbook authored . Edward Alcamo (my father), such ncident occurred exactly as Boyle ɔribes it. In 1955 a malaria epi- ıic was ravaging the island of Bor- ɔ, and the local government ıested assistance from the World alth Organization. The WHO ıyed the country with DDT, which highly effective at poisoning and ing the mosquitoes. Just as Boyle re- nts, though, the DDT also killed ıseflies, which were eagerly eaten geckos, which in turn died. Then, ıout the geckos to prey upon them, neo's rat population quickly ex- ded, resulting in an outbreak of ɔnic plague. The WHO's solution ; to air-drop thousands of house s onto the island, in a project ɔwn to biologists as "the day it ıed cats." Sadly, though, thousands people also died in the Borneo gue outbreak before the cats final- ɔrought the rat population under ıtrol.

'm excited that T. Coraghessan Boyle knows his microbiology. I'd be happier still if your readers knew the truth: that the nightmare Boyle describes is not only plausible but an actual part of the tragic history of the misuse of toxins such as DDT. Hundreds of dangerous pesticides, although illegal for domestic use, are still sold and shipped to developing countries, whose citizens may be completely unaware of their true hazards—or of the lessons of history.

Michael C. Alcamo
New York City

Balkan Sex Crimes

Given the recent reports of thousands of women and girls victimized by rape and forced pregnancies in the former Yugoslavia, Tony Horwitz's article ["Balkan Death Trip," March] provides a horrifying correlation between pornography and the terror endured by the women and girls caught in the crossfire of ancient ethnic hatreds. The casual exchange of pornographic materials between Serbian gun posts as little more than just another way to pass the time between lulls in the fighting is particu-

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larly disturbing. So too are the desires of Horwitz's informants to "flirt" with refugee women. One cannot help but draw specific conclusions concerning rape as a terrorist tactic.

As in other wars, other nations, and other eras, women and children bear the consequences—in the most final and complete sense. When certain men decide it is in their best interest to annihilate one another, those who hold the least power become the most dispensable. The current atrocities in Bosnia-Herzegovina are merely the latest chapter in the bloodiest century (his)tory has ever recorded.

Marianne LeVan
Merced, Calif.

Money for Art for Nothing

I was inspired by New York artist Todd Alden's "historical rethinking" ["Rear-Action Avant-Garde," Readings, May] of the classic 1960s artwork *Merda d'artista* ("Artist's Shit"), by Piero Manzoni, whose cans of his own excrement have recently sold for as much as $75,000. Alden's project, it may be recalled, involves the solicitation of cans of *collectors'* excrement, thus reversing "the position of artist and collector: the collector is responsible for creating the work, and I, as artist, become a collector."

Because virtually *no* time has passed between the date of Alden's project and now, the moment seems ripe for a historical rethinking of *his* work; I am, further, supremely ungifted in all classical media of art, making me, to my mind, the perfect postmodern self to do such rethinking.

My project is this: each *Harper's* reader is to send me a large amount of money, which I will keep and spend as I choose. Why? The art of the past three decades has been essentially concerned with two themes: the unmasking of those who exploit others, and the exposure of the exorbitant prices of modern art. Thus, *my* artwork is both economical and self-reflexive: those *Harper's* readers who participate in the exposure (by parting with their presumably ill-gained pecuniary advantages) are themselves taken advantage of. Readers are told *in advance* that there is *no good reason* for giving me their money, while simultaneously re are assured that it will be *ill-spe* i an effort to re-create my fragme e financial self as something other a a starving non-artist. Presumably h opportunity to give money in su worthless and humiliating gestu aesthetic meaninglessness is irresist I look forward to mailbags fu checks.

Christopher Tollefsen
Atlanta

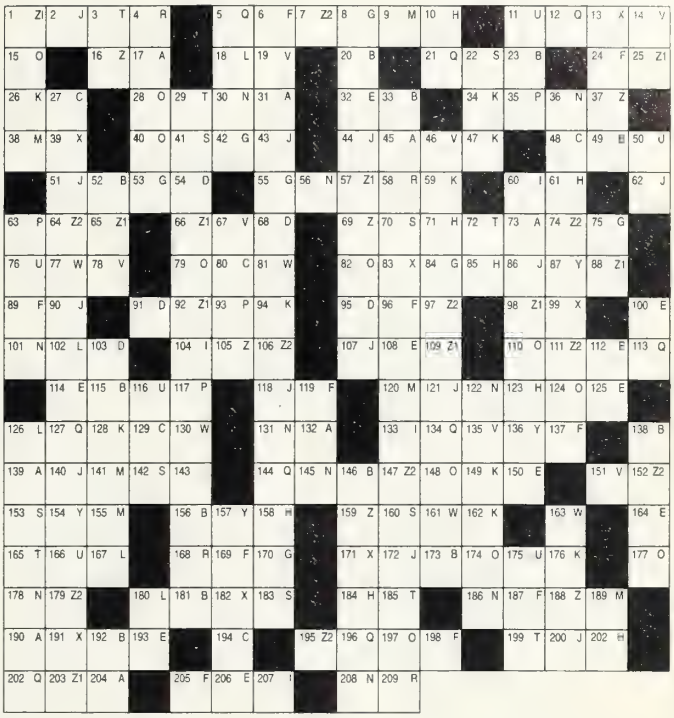
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1 National Abortion Federation (Wsh ington); **2,3** Feminist Women's H lt Center (Atlanta); **4** U.S. Dept. of H lt and Human Services; **5** Statistics Ca d (Ottawa)/National Kidney Founda o (N.Y.C.); **6** Massachusetts General oo pital (Boston); **7** White House; **8** .S Dept. of Labor; **9** Luntz Weber Rese c and Strategic Services (Washington) 1 White House; **11** U.S. Office of Mar ge ment and Budget; **12** U.S. Dept. of E e gy; **13** U.S. Senate Subcommitte o Regulation and Government Informa on **14** Marcy Whitebook, Child Care m ployee Project (Oakland, Calif.) and a ollee Howes, University of Califo a (L.A.) and Deborah Phillips, Univers y o Virginia (Charlottesville); **15** Juli E Schor, Harvard University (Cambr ge Mass.); **16** NYNEX Yellow Pages (N.Y. **17** Jeannie Ralston, *Allure* (N.Y.C. 1 Kentucky State Police (Frankfort)/B le Tobacco Growers Association (Le ng ton, Ky.); **19** U.S. Dept. of Justice 2 Japan Information Center (N.Y.C. 2 Ministry of Education (Tokyo); **22** "y r dall Report" (N.Y.C.); **23** American w ish Committee (N.Y.C.); **24** *Paris M c* (Paris); **25** William Hill (London) 2 Radio Free Europe—Radio Liberty Re search Institute (Munich); **27** Gro n Gransden, *Chronicle of Higher Educ o* (Moscow); **28** Shearson Lehman Bro e (N.Y.C.); **29** Master Gardeners Int na tional Corporation (Alexandria, Va. 3 Florida State Dept. of Arthro od (Gainesville); **31** Allen Steere, Nev n gland Medical Center (Boston); **32** Ke ry J. Kaiser Family Foundation (M nl Park, Calif.) and National Opinio Re search Center (Chicago) and Harvar fo gram on Public Opinion and Health ar (Boston); **33** American Hospital As c ation (Chicago); **34** Gallup Organiz o (Princeton, N.J.); **35** Gauntlet (N.Y. **36** Jacquelyn Wigs (N.Y.C.); **37** M a *ity and Mortality Weekly Report* (Atla a **38** Clay County Sheriff's Dept. (Lil r Mo.); **39** Al's Oasis (Oacama, S.D. **40** Heinz USA (Pittsburgh).

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 127

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 80.



CLUES WORDS

A. Mewls, pules
204 45 73 190 31 17 139 132

B. Of great import
33 49 146 156 181 173 52 20 192 115 23 138

C. Cap. of Meurthe-et-Moselle dept., France
129 194 80 48 27

D. Am. library pioneer (1851–1931)
95 103 91 68 54

E. Horse-racing center of Surrey, England
193 164 150 206 32 100 108 114 112 125

F. "A noise like of a hidden brook/ In the ___ of June" (2 wds.; Coleridge, *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*)
6 198 96 205 119 89 169 137 24 187

G. Bestowal of gifts
84 8 170 75 53 55 42

H. Openings, gaps
184 201 158 71 85 123 61 10

I. Loxodromic curve; compass point
207 143 133 60 104

J. "Every word that proceedeth ___ of God" (Matt. 4:4)
86 172 51 140 62 43 107 90 118 200 121 44 2

K. "Who hath it? He that died o' ___" (*Henry IV, Part I*)
34 59 149 94 26 176 162 128 47

L. Foul, unpleasant
102 18 126 180 167

M. Secluded roads
120 9 141 38 189 155

N. Pervading environment or mood
131 186 208 101 122 145 56 30 36 178

O. 1937 song and dance from London, popular in the U.S. (2 wds.)
110 148 197 40 124 15 174 82 79 177 28

P. Father of Cordelia, Goneril, and Regan
117 93 35 63

Q. Satchmo's family name
5 134 21 144 127 12 196 202 113

R. Challenge, confront
58 209 168 4

S. Type of cookie; grayish fawn color; haggis ingredient
153 160 142 183 41 22 70

T. Become immobilized; halt
199 165 3 29 72 185

U. Viewpoints, aspects
166 50 11 116 175 76

V. Sidelines, takes out
135 14 78 151 67 46 19

W. Loosened
77 161 130 163 81

X. Naval builders
99 83 191 171 13 182 39

Y. Hocks; actors who chew the scenery
157 136 87 154

Z. Utter indistinctly
37 105 16 69 159 188

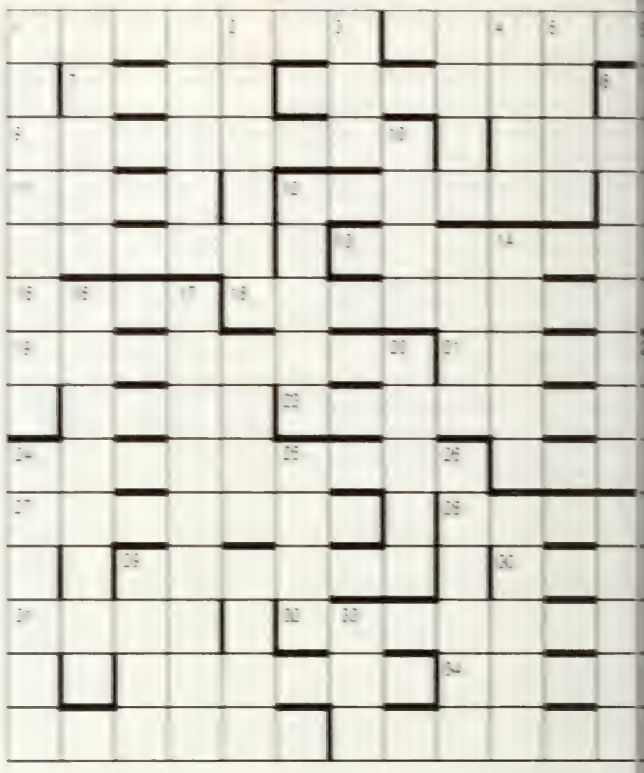
Z1. Comfortable in the company of (3 wds.)
57 1 92 203 65 88 109 98 66 25

Z2. Uncommon, striking
74 111 179 141 7 64 152 106 195 97

PUZZLE

Double Dealing

by E. R. Gaillard and Richard Maltby Jr.



Some of the [illegible] are used in a somewhat [illegible] Solvers must determine which [illegible] are answered in the [illegible].

Clue answers include eight superlatives, letters in ordinary foreign words, and one verb. The solution is [illegible] (see page 30).

Across clues

1. Daughter in the southeast—maybe, one could be [illegible]
4. Foreign [illegible] could [illegible] to [illegible] (4)
7. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] (5)
8. Lover of the theater's [illegible] [illegible] (5)
9. [illegible] in train showing [illegible] [illegible] (5)
10. [illegible] (briefly) and [illegible] (all)
11. [illegible] [illegible] to go with [illegible]
12. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] for a start
13. [illegible] [illegible] after a [illegible] [illegible]
15. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]—[illegible] could be [illegible] for [illegible]

Across

1. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] (4)
4. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] (4)
11. [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] (4)
12. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] (5)
13. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] (5)
15. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] (5)
16. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] (5)
18. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] (5)
19. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] (5)
21. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] (5)
23. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] (5)
24. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] (5)
25. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] (5)
26. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] (5)
27. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] (5)

Down

1. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] (5)
2. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]



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George Plimpton, David Rieff,
Richard Rodriguez, Bob Shacochis,
Earl Shorris, Shelby Steele, Sallie Tisdale,
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LETTERS

Economic Arguments

It is unfortunate that Walter Russell Mead ["Why the Deficit Is a Godsend," May] is not more conscious of a fundamental tenet of academic economic research: Correlation is not causation. Mead's principal argument against six common economic orthodoxies and in favor of his own heresies lies in citing a few historical-anecdotal tidbits. Yet in criticizing economic science, Mead argues, "There is no way to measure all the variables, or even to decide who and what are causes and effects." No way, of course, unless you are Walter Russell Mead. Then it is possible and acceptable to determine the cause and effect, even if you cannot and do not measure all of the variables.

For brevity's sake, I will point to just one example of Mead's argumentation. (A careful reading of the article will show that he uses this same logic at least once for each heresy.) Consider myth number II: "Raise the taxes of the rich, and bad times will soon be at hand." To prove that this is a falsehood, Mead points to the period from 1921 to 1929. During this period, while marginal tax rates on the wealthy were high, the nation prospered. As soon as the rates were lowered, however, the country sank into deep depression. *Correlation is not causation.* No academic economist would escape unscathed after making such an ou
geous argument based on only one
ta point. Mead goes on to argue
although Reagan and the supply-si
lowered the tax rates on the weal
depression did not ensue, because
healthy deficit. Indeed, to quote M
". . . low tax rates did not bring ab
a depression—they only slowed d
our growth." *What?* Making these s
of arguments is tantamount to a
ing that Christmas cards cause Ch
mas. Simply because one event follo
another does not imply a causal r
tion.

James Livingston
Rochester, N.Y.

Nowhere in Walter Russell Me
article does he mention interest
the public debt! This fiscal year's g
interest is $295 billion, and in fiscal
it is expected to be $310 billion. Th
roughly 26 percent of all U.S. g
ernment revenues. Interest on the p
lic debt is the reason we cannot p
vide health care for those in ne
cannot (and should not) interven
the Balkans, cannot provide gre
support through the United Nati
against world chaos, cannot go i
Russia with a truly meaningful a
tance program, cannot repair our
frastructure and create jobs, and c
not do a thousand other worthwh
things.

When Reagan and Congress de
ed in 1981 to cut taxes and incre
spending, they condemned Americ
ever-growing public debt accom
nied by ever-growing interest on t

Harper's Magazine welcomes Letters to the Editor. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

. In effect, they determined *then* the Clinton Administration ld not *now* have any "extra" dol- for its domestic needs or its inter- onal leadership role. It is a strange :—Mead's logic—that regards this len as a godsend.

ne more thing: the argument that annual deficit isn't so bad because only about 5 percent of gross do- tic product (GDP) is ridiculous. rong GDP means that we have a ant, rich economy and should be to eliminate the annual deficit time we wish by simply increas- taxes. Sounds logical enough, but argument presupposes that we e a Congress capable of sensible on and citizens who trust that ngress. We do not. Congress is in- able of sensible or courageous ac- , and even if it tried, the citizens is country are so certain that con- smen would waste any additional enues that they will not give them ther dime without one hell of a t. The GDP argument is just aca- ic drivel without these two es- tial ingredients.

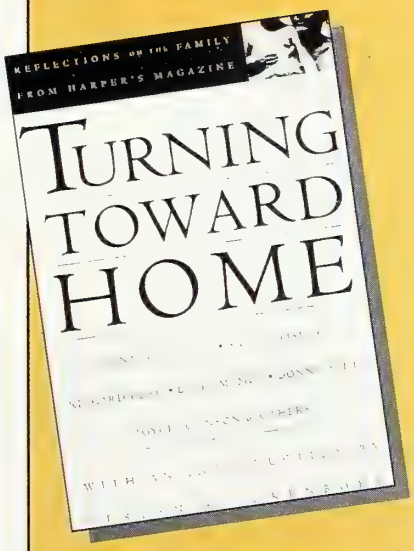
All of Mead's arguments notwith- nding, the deficit and debt are se- us and are becoming more so every r.

n T. Carley
limar, Fla.

Walter Russell Mead's economic uments amounted to no more than exercise in sophistry. Here is but example: Mead notes that free- de and free-market policies never e "existed anywhere in the world" that Washington, Hamilton, and erson "were all protectionists." I e yet to taste the perfect pancake, the aforementioned heroes were racists. It does not follow that erica should stop eating pancakes that the United States should re- titute Jim Crow laws. The point is t, historically, the United States every other major industrialized nomy became competitive (despite tectionist impulses by important ders) because of their integration perfect as that pancake may have n) in a relatively open trade system t forced their private sector to pro-

Continued on page 77

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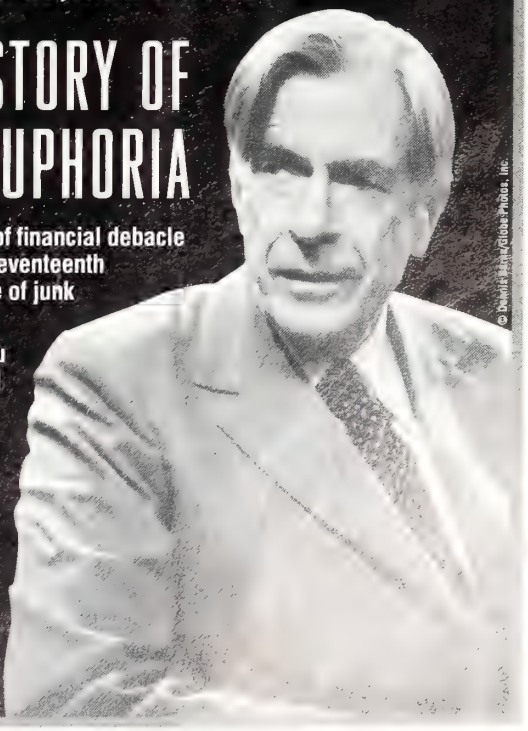
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NOTEBOOK

Cosmetic surgery

By Lewis H. Lapham

The lines of humanity and urbanity never coincide.

—Georg Christoph Lichtenberg

On the last Saturday in May President Bill Clinton named David R. Gergen, a prominent Washington journalist and once-upon-a-time Republican media operative, as his principal adviser and chief publicist, and over the next several days the public argument about the wisdom of the appointment took a form that I don't remember ever having seen before. Instead of dividing along political lines, the opposing voices of reason and conscience divided along geographical lines. Almost without exception, the people who favored the appointment, applauding it as an indication of enlightened and non-partisan judgment, lived in Washington. Again by nearly unanimous consent, the people who detested the appointment, decrying it as an act of betrayal or a proof of bad faith, lived anywhere and everywhere else in the country.

The division of opinion was cast in high relief on the editorial pages of the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*, two newspapers that ordinarily find themselves in bland agreement on most questions of the national health and safety. The editors of the *Post* welcomed Gergen's appointment as "a good idea," and they took considerable pains to present his character as that of the wise counselor and patient friend. President Clinton clearly didn't know how to manage his image, and here at last was "a man who might be able to help head off some of the disasters just waiting to occur and help organize the White House for getting the right things done without a lot of posturing and lip." The *Times* thought the appointment "not healthy," "nonpartisanship run amok," and its editors presented Gergen as an artful sophist who had served the Reagan Administration (as director of communications at the White House) by promoting policies "that coarsened the quality of social compassion, spread suffering among the most undefended citizens . . ." Stories published elsewhere in the paper reminded readers that it was Gergen who interpreted the Reagan presidency as a stage set, who polished the lenses of the "warm and fuzzy" photo opportunity, who presented the administration's economic theory (low taxes; high deficits) as the work of benign genius, who briefed the cadre of White House press agents (a.k.a. "the spin patrols") on the ways and means of misleading the national news media with the day's whisper of disinformation, and who, most abominably, defended Reagan's habit of telling anecdotes about poor people using food stamps to buy vodka (or welfare money to pay for vacations in Paris) by explaining that the public didn't care about the literal truth of a statement "so long as the symbolic truth is defensible."

As in the public sectors of opinion, the private views of Gergen's appointment had more to do with the observer's occupation and address than with his or her theories of the common good. Throughout the first week in June I listened to various friends and informants in Washington speak of Gergen with palpable gratitude and relief. President Clinton had become the butt of too many jokes—about the women he kept failin appoint to the Justice Departm about the sublime Cristophe Beverly Hills barber; about the g of hide-and-seek with his third in, the FBI, and the White House el bureau—and somebody ha teach him the rules of Washin ceremony and etiquette befor brought down on his august offic slops of scorn and ridicule. The A ican people were urgently in ne bold initiatives and exemplary ernment, and official Washin could ill afford to discredit the D cratic Party. The weakness of G Bush had ruined the reputation Republican Party, and if Presi Clinton wreaked havoc among Democrats, then who or what w be left to the country except a cession of demagogues on the or H. Ross Perot?

The correspondents calling in objections from the provinces— Boston and Detroit and Los A les—didn't care about the nicet political maneuver. They cared a the connections between word deed, and they still assumed som of agreement, if only tenuous or ulative, between what a politicia and what a politician did. The publicans in their midst conde Gergen as a blasphemer, a man w record of comfortable success as gan's propagandist should hav sured his loyalty to the interests made him rich as well as famous. disaffected Democrats thought Gergen's appointment was t mount to President Clinton's disa al of the principles upon whic had campaigned for office. Not had Clinton promised to revi

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delete the economic program that Gergen had so diligently promoted, but the budget that he submitted to Congress in February took as its premise (high taxes; low deficits) the precisely opposite theorem of the public welfare. If the President could hire as his chief publicist a man whose name and reputation were synonymous with a vigorous defense of the status quo, then who could take him seriously as an apostle of social change? If the romantic dream of the man from Hope, Arkansas, could expire so quickly in the stale air of Washington intrigue, then how was it possible to believe that Clinton spoke on behalf of the future instead of the past?

While I listened to the many voices of remonstrance, it occurred to me that much of the rancor in the country's politics follows from a failure to properly understand the language spoken in the capital. Washington is a city of words, but words perceived as ends in themselves (like marble fountains or Roman sculpture), not as the means of expression or thought. The art of government is the maintaining of the facade of government. The sovereign rule of appearances sets the terms of the conversation, and the uses of language bear resemblance to the uses of interior decoration. The resident grandees acquire their opinions for reasons of fashion or state, as if they were jewels or fans, and nobody cares what the words mean as long as they convey a gratifying impression of grave importance. Different opinions come into vogue with different administrations, and the deft careerist learns to clothe his ambition in both a Republican and a Democratic style. What does it matter how anybody wants to dress up the season's newest economic theory as long as the tax revenue continues to arrive in amounts adequate to the monumental tasks of social engineering?

The obsession with images is as evident in New York and Los Angeles as it is in Washington, but the difference in emphasis is the difference between people interested in thought and expression and people interested in power. It is the business of New York or Los Angeles to manufacture images (whimsically transforming unknown southern governors into presidential candidates), but it is the business of Washington to trade in those images as the currency of political truism. Once having made the image, New York grows bored with it. In Washington the image becomes useful only after it has acquired the stability of the received wisdom, hammered into the brass of a campaign slogan or worked into the lacquer of a cliché, a word, or a phrase suitable for an appearance on *Nightline*.

At Versailles during the reign of Louis XIV the courtiers were required to play cards and scratch on doors with the little fingers of their left hands. Their knowledge in these matters proved their intimate acquaintance with the unutterable mysteries of the universe. At Washington in the late twentieth century the resident courtiers accomplish a similar purpose by writing op-ed pieces for the *Washington Post* and by knowing what to say to David Brinkley about Hillary Rodham Clinton's theories of medicine or the sorrow of the Haitian refugees drifting out to sea in open boats.

The trick is to sustain the illusions of progress and change while preserving the freeze-frame of the status quo. One embraces the platitudes of the moment, speaks of "processes," "structures," "empowerment," imposes on any and all political passions the calming principle of "management by objective," postpones decision by referring the questions at hand to another committee, another authorization, another hearing, another signature, another press conference. What is wanted is not a policy but the perception of a policy—a word or an image sufficient to sustain the fiction of virtuous authority, of a government that knows what it is about, of people who are in command of events, or who at least have some sort of idea in their dignified and well-dressed heads.

The successful Washington politician, like the accomplished Washington journalist, never makes the mistake of confusing the appearance of a thing with the substance of a thing. Appearances are light, and substances are heavy. An appearance can be shifted as easily as a potted palm, and on different days of the week, or in different committees of the C gress, it can be transformed into so thing that it is not. Substance sembles alimony and steamer tru

If neither the White House nor Congress takes much interest in recting the country's more difficul intractable social disorders, it is cause solutions belong to the re of substance. They imply pain, pain is unacceptable because p translates into resentment, and sentment loses votes. In place of lutions the courtiers at Washing stage the shows of appearance, before what they hope will rema forgiving public they perform the ual masques and dances of democ under the headlines of WAR IN GULF, NEW WORLD ORDER, THE DEF

Both in his writings and by the jectory of his career, Gergen perf ly embodies the polished figure of Washington courtier—a man who dom stays too late or says too mu who regards himself as "a facilitat and who never confuses a strata with a conviction or an expedient icy with a passionate belief. In first bloom of his ambition he w speeches for President Nixon, and ing the unpleasantness of the Wa gate investigation he proved hin adept at arranging the adjecti meant to preserve his chief from harmful contact with the truth. S sequent to his employment in the gan Administration he becan columnist for *U.S. News & World port* and a resident sage on the *Neil/Lehrer NewsHour*. Once es lished as a man who could be cour on in any and all circumstances the irreproachable platitude, he fo it possible not only to work both fellow for the American Enter Institute (owned and operated by servatives) and for the Joh Kennedy School of Governm (owned and operated by liberals) also to maintain, through the l dark night of the Bush Adminis tion, a close acquaintance with Clinton, then the Democratic go nor of Arkansas.

To the White House press c gathered in the Rose Garden on morning of May 29, the appearanc Gergen was like that of a god fro machine. He stood before the grat

ɔany as a veritable Polonius, a chamberlain of the most exalted who had arrived not a moment ɔon. After four months in Washn, the President still didn't know ɹ promises to keep or what smile ɐar. Another four months of the confusion and the public would to ignore the White House, and ɔd forbid, the public ignored the ɐe House, then what would be- of the White House press corps's of its own importance?

ɹe large and amiable presence of ɐn ratified the abdication of Clin- Nobody had to put the proposi- in quite so many words, but ɥbody knew that, for the time be- t least, the assembled company afe from ridicule and secure in its ful place at the still center of the ng world. Who better than Gerto teach the wayward President to sustain the necessary fiction of tuous and well-ordered commonth? Gergen was one of the me- own, a man who knew that it he sacred duty of a free press to ɔct the rulers of the state from the ing of the mob and preserve them as long as was decently possible) ages of wisdom and power.

ɥe general sense of deliverance so obvious that it could be seen evening on the television news dcasts. Before introducing Ger- President Clinton made a polite speech in which he said that he been "very concerned that the ulative effect of some of the things ɥ are very much in the news has n to the administration a tinge is too partisan and not connect- ɔ the mainstream, pro-change, fu- oriented politics and policies that for President to implement."

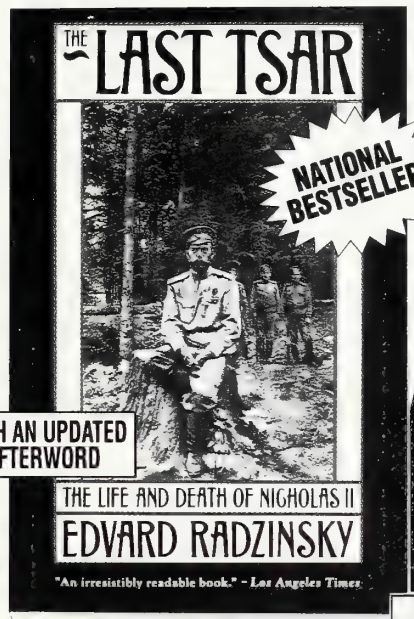
e might as well have been talking ɥe Washington Monument. No- paid the slightest attention, and n the President gave over the ros- to Gergen, stepping diffidently nd his new tutor to lead the apse, it was clear to all present on the that although he would contin- ɔ occupy the White House (and be wed to keep the household staff the Marine color guard), hence- he would be seen as both captive ventriloquist for the system he said he meant to change. ■

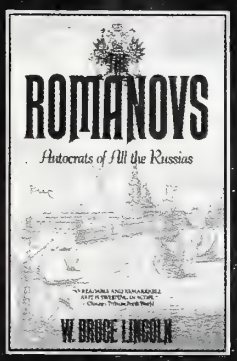
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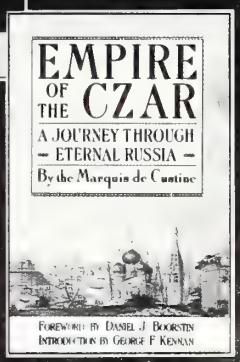
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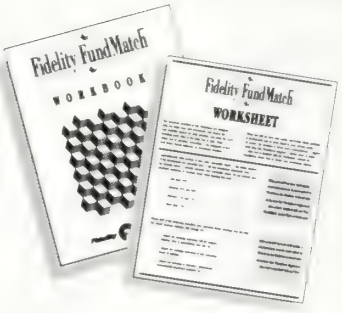
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HARPER'S INDEX

Number of American cats fitted with pacemakers last year : 800

Percentage of Americans who say they have never heard the term "managed competition" : 60

Chances that an emergency-room patient in a U.S. hospital does not require emergency care : 1 in 2

ercentage change, since 1990, in contributions to congressional campaigns made by health-care industry PACs : +36

Amount Ross Perot's advocacy group, United We Stand, claims it has raised since January : $15,000,000

Amount contributed to the Democratic National Committee since January : $13,600,000

Number of *New York Times* articles in May containing the words "Clinton" and "focus" : 102

Percentage change, since 1989, in the average number of presidential approval polls released each month : +100

rcentage of Americans who think all ethnic groups in the former Yugoslavia are equally to blame for the war there : 58

Average amount spent on weapons by Serbian forces each day since October 1991 : $900,000

Average amount spent on weapons by Croatian and Muslim forces each day since then : $2,000,000

Number of contestants in the Miss Besieged Sarajevo '93 Beauty Pageant held in May : 13

Chances that a funeral procession in Taiwan includes a stripper : 1 in 3

Number of Japanese who committed suicide on train tracks last year : 1,032

Average value of the goods and services produced each year by a full-time Japanese worker : $38,200

Average value of the goods and services produced each year by a full-time American worker : $49,600

Percentage change, since 1979, in the value of property seized under federal asset-forfeiture laws : +5,658

Chances that an indicted American will be defended with public funds : 3 in 4

Chances that an American arrested for murder is under the age of 25 : 1 in 2

Portion of all war fatalities in the last 500 years that took place in this century : 3/4

Rank of China and Kuwait, among countries with the largest number of journalists in prison : 1,2

Percentage change, since 1987, in the United States' trade deficit with China : +550

Portion of all foreign direct investment in developing countries last year that went to Asia : 1/2

Percentage change, since 1980, in the number of U.S. residents who speak Mon-Khmer, a Cambodian dialect : +676

Percentage change, since 1980, in the number of people calling themselves "American Indian" on the census : +38

Chances that an adult resident of Los Angeles is white : 1 in 3

Chances that a voter in Los Angeles's June mayoral election was white : 2 in 3

Number of Democratic House members whose percentage of the vote in November was lower than Bill Clinton's : 0

Portion of all Senate filibusters since 1920 that took place in the last 10 years : 1/2

ercentage of Americans describing themselves as "ultra-liberal" who consider S&M "an acceptable sexual practice" : 6

Percentage of Americans describing themselves as "ultra-conservative" who say this : 18

Enrollment at Miss Vera's Finishing School for Boys Who Want to Be Girls, in New York City : 100

Number of people who have visited Copenhagen's Erotic Museum since it opened a year ago : 80,000

Percentage change, since February, in average daily attendance at the Dr Pepper Museum in Waco, Texas : +102

Days elapsed between the fire at the Branch Davidian compound in Waco, Texas, and the first TV movie about it : 34

Days elapsed between the 1978 mass suicide in Jonestown and the first TV movie about it : 513

Gallons of Kool-AID consumed by Americans each summer : 204,000,000

Number of Americans who must become Rhodes scholars for Clinton's Cabinet to "look like America" : 17,000,000

Rank of Bill Clinton's shoes, among the largest of any president since Woodrow Wilson : 1

Figures cited are the latest available as of June 1993. Sources are listed on page 78.
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READINGS

[Speech]

THE FOOD-AID RACKET

From a speech delivered in March by Michael Maren to the Camel Breeders, a group of Cornell University graduate students from various disciplines who are preparing to work in international development. Maren worked for the Peace Corps, Catholic Relief Services, and the United States Agency for International Development between 1977 and 1982. He is now a journalist in New York City and travels frequently to Africa.

As you prepare for and look forward to careers in international development, I am compelled to issue a warning. With the hindsight of someone who spent five years in the development business, I'm going to tell you that the development industry hurts people in the developing world. Its greatest success has been to provide good jobs for Westerners with graduate degrees from institutions like this one.

I don't expect that any of you will take my advice and start looking for careers elsewhere. And I'm in no position to criticize you for going ahead and working in development even after you hear me out. You see, I had a pretty wonderful career in the aid business. I can't remember ever having more fun. In fact, I was having so much fun that I didn't want to stop, even after I realized that our programs were hurting the very people they were supposed to help.

In 1980, when I was twenty-five years old, I was hired by Catholic Relief Services (CRS) to administer food-for-work programs—programs that feed people in exchange for their work on local development projects—in Kenya. I was given a beautiful garden apartment in a nice neighborhood in Nairobi, a brand-new Land Cruiser, a great office, and almost a million dollars in a U.S. Agency for International Development (AID) grant to oversee the programs. As I began the job, shiploads of U.S. government surplus rice were leaving a port in Texas and heading to Mombasa. Meanwhile, CRS notified the country's parish priests and government officials that this rice was available. All they had to do to receive it was fill out a one-page application describing their proposed project and specifying the number of "recipients"—the number of the project's workers who would receive sacks of rice in exchange for their labor. Thousands of applications were submitted.

I took some of the U.S. AID money and customized the Land Cruiser, adding extra-large fuel tanks and a really nice stereo system, and then I set off across Kenya to inspect the proposed projects. It was a dream come true. I was driving absolutely free across one of the world's most beautiful landscapes. I was so awestruck by my own good luck that sometimes I'd stop in the middle of a huge empty wilderness, or beside a herd of giraffes or elephants, and just yelp with delight.

I was having so much fun running around starting food-for-work projects—water projects, agriculture projects, forestry projects—that I completely overlooked the most obvious problem: I knew nothing about agriculture, forestry, road building, well digging, dam building, or any of

the projects I was approving. But nobody seemed to care. Only once did anyone in authority at CRS ever go and look at a project. When I'd return to Nairobi every few weeks, my boss, who let me work completely unsupervised, had only one question: How many more recipients did you sign on? More recipients meant more government grant money, which meant we could buy more vehicles and hire more assistants.

When I slowed down for a moment to consider what was happening, it became clear: aid distribution is just another big, private business that relies on government contracts. Private voluntary organizations (PVOs) such as CRS are paid by the U.S. government to give away surplus food produced by subsidized U.S. farmers. The more food CRS gave away, the more money they received from the government to administer the handouts. Since the securing of grant money is the primary goal, PVOs rarely meet a development project they don't like.

Of all the aid programs, those involving food delivery are especially prized by PVOs because they generate income, are easy to administer, and are warmly received by the public. Yet most food aid has little to do with need and everything to do with getting rid of surplus food. Kenya was not a country facing starvation when I worked there. Many of the projects I started were in the rich agricultural land of the central and western parts of the country. In fact, around the world, only about 10 percent of food aid is targeted at emergency situations. PVOs publicize situations such as the one in Somalia in order to raise money from the public, but most of their work is done in areas where there is plenty to eat, because there are simply not enough starving people to absorb all of our surplus food. Also, it's easier to distribute large quantities of food in more developed areas.

Harmless as this might at first sound, sending food to areas where there is already food creates serious problems. It decreases demand for locally produced commodities, subsidizes the production of cash crops, and fosters dependence among those who receive the aid. Since PVOs can only operate with the approval of the host government, they typically end up supporting the government leaders' political goals, rewarding the government's friends, punishing its enemies, and providing fodder for a vast system of political patronage.

That's exactly what happened in Somalia, where the government and the generals had been playing games with food aid for more than a decade before the Marines arrived. I was working for U.S. AID in Somalia in 1981, when we started pumping food into that country. It was clear to many of us, even then, that the program was working to prop up a corrupt dictator and turn nomads into relief junkies. Refugees poured over the borders and into camps, where they were fed day after day, year after year, by PVOs, while little effort was made to break their growing dependence. In 1987 a World Food Program report stated that Somalia had actually produced a surplus of food that year, yet PVOs continue to distribute free food and collect U.S. government money for administering the delivery. Inevitably, indigenous food-distribution networks withered and died. The country's economy adapted to foreign aid—not to production. Meanwhile, the PVOs and corrupt government officials got fat and rich.

No one questions private voluntary organizations. Not the U.S. government, which needs to get rid of the food and wants to keep its aid bureaucracy functioning. Not the host government, whose officials often profit from the aid racket. Not the public, which sees aid workers as so many Mother Teresas. And not the press—*especially* not the press—which has, in recent years,

[Letter]

A CLINTON CRITIC WITH CLAWS

From a letter sent in April to Socks, the Clintons' cat, by Bartholomew Steele, a cat owned by a family in Agua Dulce, California. The White House receives fifty thousand letters a day; about twenty-five of them are addressed to Socks.

Dear Socks,

Where I come from, when a gift is sent to someone, a thank you is in order. Our family sent you a very chic "whizzy" leash so that you would not have to be walked around the White House on a rope. Since your owner has a huge staff called the United States government, I would think that someone would be able to take a few seconds to send a thank-you note on your behalf. Are White House cats and their owners too busy to bother with protocol?

In the future, please remember that although this is a huge country, every person in it is an individual with dignity and an identity. Simple thank-you notes would go a long way toward acknowledging their existence as hardworking citizens.

Sincerely,
Bartholomew Steele

become an integral part of the aid system.

The press's role in that system is to convey to the West the PVOs' view of Africa. And because the distribution of food aid is first and foremost a business, it is not surprising that the priorities of aid organizations dominate the West's image of the continent—an image of helpless nations in need of our support.

This is not a new phenomenon. Aid workers are simply the latest in a series of recent western vanguards in Africa, each of whom put forward the image of Africa that best suited its own interests. The first Europeans to form a vanguard in Africa were the naturalists. Because of them, early European views of Africa emphasized the continent's natural history. Later, as missionaries began to outnumber explorers, Europe began to see the continent through the eyes of those who were out to save its soul. And as Europe developed political and mercantile interests in Africa, merchants and traders were at the vanguard. At that time, Europeans were concerned with turning Africans into loyal subjects, workers, producers, and citizens of empires. No one really worried about feeding them.

Historically, the press has been willing to uncritically accept whatever image of Africa the western vanguard has been selling. In the case of the PVOs, the press has bought their line because reporters are as dependent on aid organizations as the organizations are on them. It would have been impossible, for example, for the press to cover Somalia without the assistance of PVOs. There's no Hertz counter at the Mogadishu airport, and no road maps available at gas stations. If a journalist arrives in Africa from Europe or the United States and needs to get to the interior of the country, PVOs are the only ticket. Journalists sleep and eat with PVO workers. When they want history and facts and figures, they turn to the PVOs. In press coverage of Somalia or almost any other crisis in Africa, it is always the PVOs who are most often quoted and are regarded as the neutral and authoritative sources—as if they have no vested interest in anything but the truth.

A typical example of the connection between journalism and the aid system is this analysis from a February 22, 1993, story about Africa in the *New York Times*:

> The greatest danger now to Mozambique's tranquillity, almost everyone agrees, is Mozambique's tranquillity.
>
> Lacking scenes of carnage and starvation to disturb Western television audiences, Mozambique is having trouble competing for attention with Somalia and the former Yugoslavia.

The article goes on to quote numerous CARE officials whose primary concern is to raise more money to give more aid to Mozambique. The article never considers any alternatives to aid. No aid worker raises the possibility, for example, that Mozambique's economy might improve if the country focused on exporting goods. No one mentions that in the absence of carnage, Mozambique might be a good place to invest. No one is talking about creating permanent employment for Africans. The only discussion is about raising more money to send experts there and preserve the jobs of expatriates and create more jobs for graduate students from programs like this one. The people who are called upon to diagnose and comment on Africa's problems are the very people who stand to profit from the diagnoses.

I know that you don't want to be part of this problem. You'll tell me that you can change all of this, that you want to work within the bureaucracy to reform the bureaucracy. But in a couple of years you're going to be in Ouagadougou or Gaborone making a very good salary. The years will pass and you'll find yourself with two kids in an expensive private school in New England, and you're going to have perfected skills that aren't very useful outside of the Third World. You're going to think about quitting, about raising hell, but you won't be able to. Because by then you, too, will have become part of the never-ending cycle of aid.

[Alert]

THE GLANCE PATROL

From a notice posted in April in the Memorial Library at the University of Wisconsin at Madison.

WARNING

Lately several women have reported being stared at by men while they are studying here at Memorial. Because of the various descriptions they have given us, we know that more than one man is doing this. Please do not let yourself be victimized.

If you become aware that someone is staring at you, *do not tolerate his behavior*. Come down to the Circulation Desk and report the problem. Or pick up the red phone near the elevator. In either case, please be willing to stay to talk to the police and give a description. This will be done in a private office to protect you from any embarrassment.

Be alert. Help us protect your right to study in peace!



obert de Gast. From Unreal Estate, *a collection of de Gast's photographs of abandoned buildings, pub-d by Johns Hopkins University Press. De Gast, who lives in Birdsnest, Virginia, took the photographs on Eastern Shore of the Chesapeake Bay.*

[Invoice]

THE ACCIDENTAL TOURISTS

From a letter sent last October to Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Charles Howard, of Lake Ariel, Pennsylvania, by Winston A. Wiggins, an official with the Idaho Department of Lands. In December the department filed a civil suit against the Howards.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Howard:

This is in reference to the Cottonwood Creek Fire, which occurred on land protected by the State of Idaho on July 17.

A preliminary investigation has been completed; a copy of that report is attached. It is our determination that the fire was the result of sparks and burning debris from a blowout on a vehicle being towed by a motor home that you were driving. As the party responsible for the Cottonwood Fire, you are liable for the costs incurred in its suppression.

Costs verified to date are as follows:

Personnel	$19,793.17
Operating Supplies	4,625.44
Equipment Rental	122,466.13
U.S. Forest Service Assistance	545,711.07
Total	$692,595.81

Please note that this is only a partial cost accounting. You will receive billings for additional costs as they become available.

Cordially,
Winston A. Wiggins

Chronology of Events:

On July 17, 1992, a motor home driven by Frederick C. Howard was traveling north on Idaho Highway 55, pulling a 1982 Honda Civic. Between mileposts 69 and 70, near the town of Gardena, the Honda's right rear tire blew out.

The Howards continued to drive for approximately eight miles as sparks from their car ignited dozens of separate fires, ultimately burning more than 6,200 acres of public and private land, endangering firefighters and private citizens, destroying property, and costing more than $1 million to suppress. By the time they did pull over, the Honda's metal wheel was ground flat.

Witnesses in various locations heard the tire blow, saw smoke, smelled burning rubber, and saw pieces of smoldering rubber flying through the air. One witness, who was at least a quarter-mile away, heard the tire blow, followed by a rhythmic "thumping" as the motor home approached.

The fires began igniting shortly after the Howards' tire blew. One witness counted ten fires within a mile; in another part of the eight-mile stretch, a witness saw fires about every two

[Terms]

THE ELOQUENT AUTO

From "Vehicle Sounds," a section in the Ford Motor Company's Customer Diagnostic Evaluation workbook, provided by Ford dealers to customers who bring in a car for service. According to a press release issued by Ford, "the intent of the Customer Diagnostic Evaluation process is to convey customer descriptions directly to the service technician." The company adds that "like the conductor of an orchestra, a service technician has an ear for even minor annoyances that might diminish a vehicle's performance."

As you drive your vehicle, be aware of normal sounds from the engine, transmission, driveline, exhaust system, and tires. Excessively loud or abnormal sounds fall into the category of "noises." They can be very helpful to service technicians when diagnosing the cause of a problem. The following definitions of common noises are provided to assist you in completing the diagnostic work booklet.

NOISE DEFINITIONS

Boom—Rhythmic sound, like a drum roll or distant thunder. May cause pressure on the eardrum.

Chirp—High-pitched rapidly repeating sound, like chirping birds.

Chuckle—Rapid noise that sounds like a stick against the spokes of a spinning bicycle wheel.

Click—Light sound, like a ballpoint pen being clicked.

Clunk/Thunk—Heavy metal-on-metal sound, like a hammer striking steel.

Grind—Abrasive sound, like a grinding wheel or sandpaper rubbing against wood.

Groan/Moan—Continuous, low-pitched humming sound.

Growl/Howl—Low, guttural sound, like an angry dog.

Hiss—Continuous sound like air escaping from a balloon.

Roar—Deep, prolonged sound, like an animal, or winds and ocean waves.

Squeal—Continuous, high-pitched sound, like running fingernails across a chalkboard.

Whir/Whine—High-pitched buzzing sound, like an electric motor or drill.

Whistle—Sharp, shrill sound, like wind passing through a small opening.

hundred yards. Trees were engulfed in flame, and debris tumbled down the hillsides as the fires spread. A number of citizens stopped to report the fires or try to extinguish them, while others fled in fear. One group of people at a roadside café had to jump back to avoid being struck by burning rubber.

Immediately after the Howards' tire blew, witnesses say other drivers began to honk at them. As they drove on, motorists honked, waved, flashed their lights, swerved, and otherwise tried to get their attention. But despite all those efforts, and despite dozens of opportunities to pull safely off the road, the Howards continued to drive. Even after they saw an explosion in their rearview mirror, they drove another one or two miles before finally pulling over. By that time, the damage was done.

[Essay]

GET A LOAD OF THOSE TETONS!

From "Eco-Porn and the Manipulation of Desire," by José Knighton, in the Spring 1993 Wild Earth, *a quarterly published in Canton, New York. The journal's executive editor is Dave Foreman, the founder of the radical environmental group Earth First! Knighton is a poet and wilderness explorer who lives in Moab, Utah.*

The parallels between pornography and landscape photography are illuminating and deeply disturbing to anyone concerned about the environment. Like a centerfold model, the towering peak or other monumental landform is posed in an intimate setting. Provocative lighting—dawn, alpenglow, or storm light—is preferred. A suggestive atmosphere created by rose-colored, diffusing, or polarizing filters reveals those physical attributes most alluring to the viewer, attributes otherwise available only after an intimate relationship has been achieved. Landscape photography, like pornography, attempts to seduce the beholder by presenting an image divorced from its actual physical context.

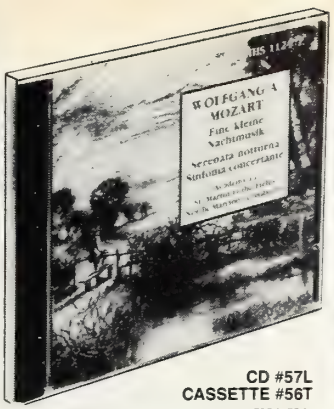
It might be argued that since the primary complaint against pornography is the trivialization of women as sex objects, then landscape photography cannot be pornographic because landforms *are* objects and the content of these images is not sexual. What this argument truly reveals, however, is the depth of our cultural sickness.

Cheesecake images generate a cumulative aesthetic ideal of the female body in the cultural unconscious. Women who fail to achieve this un-



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realistic standard are then devalued as homely, flat-chested, or overweight, even though they may in fact be more productive or creative individuals than those who might pass as centerfolds.

Likewise, the Grand Tetons and the Grand Canyon are stereotyped objects of idealized, romanticized desire in our cultural psyche. The glamorization of these particular protrusions and cleavages in the erogenous zones of our collective imagination has damaged both them and us. We make pilgrimages to the objects we have admired on calendars, on postcards, and in magazines, trampling the habitats of other species as we go. In the process, our perceptions have been blunted and perverted, just like those of the readers of *Playboy*. We devalue homely, flat-chested, overweight landscapes. The empty plains, the overgrown woods, the mosquito-ridden sloughs are more productive habitats than most "scenic" spots in national parks, but few people care about them. We are collectively seduced by the rectangular storm-light portrait of the bosom of the Grand Tetons, with its crafted illusion of intimacy, overlooking its total detachment from the surrounding high plains, where herds of antelope, trapped on public lands by grazing-allotment fences, starve to death and wait to be buried by drifting snow.

[Letter]

GAYS AND INSURANCE: THE PEROXIDE DEFENSE

From a letter sent in January to the Illinois Department of Human Rights by Timothy Casey, senior vice president of the National Group Life Insurance Company, in Dallas. Casey was responding to a complaint filed last December against National Group Life by Cut'n Dried Salon, a Chicago hairdressing salon that applied to National Group Life for medical coverage for one of its employees. According to the complaint, National Group Life told the salon's owner that the company didn't offer health insurance to "hairdressers, interior decorators, florists, [or] graphic designers." The complaint charged that the workers in the excluded professions were being denied coverage because they "are perceived to be at a higher risk of infection with . . . the virus which may lead to Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome."

National Group Life Insurance Company denies that it or any of its representatives have discriminated against the complainants, or any other person, in violation of the Illinois Human Rights Act.

In the company's 1990 Underwriting Field Manual, certain occupations are identified as "uninsurable." The list includes hairdressers, as well as a number of other occupations considered to be high-risk. Experience in the business of health insurance demonstrates that certain professions or occupations are exposed to environmental hazards such as smoke, dust, noise, and air pollutants, which add to the risk of contracting skin, hearing, and respiratory impairments.

In the case of a hairdresser, exposure to chemicals such as bleach, peroxide, and dyes increases the risk of skin conditions. Inhalation of small hair fibers can lead to serious respiratory conditions. Standing for hours at a time can lead to circulatory conditions, especially in the legs.

The company's underwriting manual is based on either actual experience or reasonably anticipated experience.

[Speech]

EDUCATING IN A PESSIMISTIC AGE

From "America's Education Crisis: What Should Be Done?" a lecture delivered in May by Leon Botstein at the 92nd Street Y, in New York City. Botstein is the president of Bard College and the music director of the American Symphony Orchestra.

Since the mid-1970s there has been a great deal of public discussion about the declining quality of American education. The argument is pretty simple: once upon a time the American school system worked, but something happened along the way. Conservatives argue that the decline began sometime in the 1960s and was the result of rebellion on American campuses and the triumph of a kind of softheaded liberalism that crept into the general culture, including the training of teachers. But whatever the cause, by the mid-1970s there was general agreement that something was quite wrong with the functioning of the American school system and the standards of American education. Today, after twelve years of nostalgia with respect to American education, one would hope that serious consideration will be given to change.

It doesn't make sense to argue that we should fix American education by re-creating a past that never existed. Since at least the 1930s, American college educators have been com-



m "Hattitude," a series of photographs, by Dani Steele, of New York City schoolchildren wearing hats they designed nselves; the photos were exhibited in Grand Central Terminal in May. Pictured at left are Giovanni Colon and coln Bodi, from the Bicultural Bilingual School in East Harlem; at right is Juan Rivera, from P.S. 114 in the Bronx.

plaining bitterly about the quality of American schooling, about the fact that kids coming out of high school really couldn't do college work. We should also keep in mind that the students they were complaining about were a more elite group than students today; it wasn't until the 1940s that 50 percent of the young people in America were graduating from high school.

Although people worry today about the decline in SAT scores, we should really be impressed by how *little* SAT scores have declined, given the growing percentage of the population that takes the test. I would argue that if one had anticipated the massive democratization of the school system that took place in the 1960s and 1970s, one would have predicted a much more radical decline in the scores. So it doesn't help to re-enact an imaginary past; rather, one has to find the proper standards against which to judge the present.

The circumstances in which education takes place have become very, very difficult. Whether kids go to Head Start or elementary school or to high school or college, they are being educated in a context in which the adult community believes the future will be worse than the present. This may seem irrelevant, but it isn't. Diminishing expectations about the quality of life are inherently related to the ideas of progress upon which our educational system is based. For better or worse, my parents, and the world around me when I was a child, believed that the future would be better than the past. Nowadays every child picks up an inherent pessimism in the adult community: Once upon a time the city was clean, the subway cost a dime, there was no crime, everything was civilized, everything worked. Now it doesn't. And there is absolutely no expectation that it's going to get better.

It is impossible to educate in a climate of cultural pessimism, impossible to cultivate serious motivation. Education demands allegiance to the most archaic conception of time. We tell children that if they get through twelve years—maybe more—of school, they'll see the rewards some twenty years down the line. The amount of delayed gratification inherent in education made sense when the society thought in terms of generational time. But kids now grow up in a world in which people change their jobs every few years and their relationships every few months; they assess their success in the workplace and in the economy by the day, if not by the minute. Children are left with no sense of permanence, and thus no understanding of why they should make a long-term investment in their own education.

The founders of this nation, Jefferson particularly, believed that education was a key to progress, that one could appeal to the rational fac-

ulties of people and create a better world rapidly through social improvement. Our belief in education reflected the hopefulness of America.

It's significant that this shared optimism should have begun to come apart just as access to American education became widespread. It was all right as a theory when most Americans never finished high school, but in the postwar period, when Americans in large numbers had access not only to high school but to college, people began to worry about whether the system could work. The "education crisis" began. Though the symptoms of the "crisis" were usually expressed in terms of SAT scores and reading levels, elitist fears—on the Left as well as the Right—were in fact at its root. On the Right, the "decline of standards" was decried by those who were made uncomfortable by the prospect of the democratization of education. But such people could be found on the Left as well, where "politically correct"—yet patronizing—attacks on core curricula and "Eurocentrism" cloaked a perverse and equally corrosive form of elitism.

The real challenge America puts forward is whether one can reconcile equity and excellence, whether a society can have a truly democratic educational system and still educate its brightest children properly. But before we give up on this challenge, as the conservative administrations of the last twelve years essentially did, we've got to remember that we've never really *had* a democratic educational system. This experiment was not even possible until the late 1960s, when the racial, social, and economic obstacles to democratic education began to fall; as soon as the experiment began, as the difficulties of the project became apparent, people started abandoning ship, declaring its failure. The task has been grotesquely underestimated; the nation has never made the investment that democratic education required.

How do we go about changing the system? First of all, I would simplify the curriculum and focus on a few very basic things: a command of language, reading and writing, mathematical reasoning. Science and mathematics, as opposed to the humanities, should be at the center of the curriculum from the beginning. I take this radical position because what is taught in the humanities —in reading and writing and history—has become so politicized that science is the last common ground we have. It's also the easiest curiosity to sustain; every child wants to know how the world works. College is too late to develop a curiosity in science and mathematics; it can only be done early in life.

I would eliminate the American high school, because it is not fixable in its current design. High school is a nineteenth-century structure that has run its course: it is no longer congruent with the rapid development and autonomy of adolescents, their physical maturation, and the independence that society now permits them. I would divide schooling into five or six years of

[Data Sheet]

SPORTSWRITING MADE REALLY, REALLY EASY

From a questionnaire completed after each game by the coach of the Monroe City, Missouri, Panthers high-school football team, for use by the sports editor of the Monroe City News. *Using the data supplied by the coach and a computer program called Zybrainics Sportswriter for Football, the* News *can produce completed sports articles without any human writing or editing.*

Opponent: _____
Game date: _____
Game location: _____
Weather: _____

In comparison to our talent, opponent was:
❑ Clearly inferior
❑ Roughly equal
❑ Clearly superior

Assessment of your team's performance (Coach's quote): _____

If there was a "game-winning" score or play, fill out below: _____
Quarter: _____
Time: _____
Description (remember to start with a player name, and refer to teams as "we" and "they"): _____

Blocked or missed extra point involved?
Two-point conversion involved? _____

If game featured dominating individual performance(s), fill out below: _____

Coach's quote about the performance(s): _____

Noteworthy individual efforts by your players (excluding the above): _____

Any special significance to this game (championship, etc.)? _____

elementary school and then middle school. At the end of what is now the sophomore year of high school, students would feed into the community college system, which works very well by comparison, doing what high schools should be doing.

I think we also have to face the fact that we must make teaching a desirable profession. In order to do this, we have to raise teachers' salaries. But more importantly, we have to change the working conditions in our public schools. Why do good people go to private schools to teach, even though salaries are considerably lower than at public schools? Because in public schools the teaching profession is bureaucratized, teachers are not treated as professionals, there is enormous regulation, the conditions of work are horrendous, there is no professional community. The administration and organization of schools need a radical overhaul.

Particularly now that the disenfranchised part of our population has some reasonable expectation of access to the educational system, our entire society depends on it more than ever before. We have to struggle with our own sense of pessimism as adults and create an environment that is much more about hope.

I want to close with this notion of hope. One of the ugliest changes in grammar that have taken place during the twentieth century is the use of the word "hopefully." As you know, "hopefully" is an adverb and is properly used only to modify a verb. Nowadays, however, it is used in common parlance as a surrogate for the words "I hope." Why has that usage become acceptable to our ears? Because it fits absolutely with a cultural shift, a tendency to displace responsibility. Saying "Hopefully, the school system will be better" is very different from saying "I hope the school system will be better." Because if you say "I hope," the next question is, What are you going to do about it?

Our politicians have to understand that education is not just another special-interest budget item that adds to the national debt. Education is of primary importance. The Clinton Administration has chosen instead to focus on health-care reform. But the question we must ask is, Health care for what? Do I want to live longer and more healthfully in a totalitarian society where there's no free speech because no one thinks and therefore no one has a dissenting opinion? Where intolerance is so rampant that we take any dissenting opinion as a reason to hate the other person? Where language doesn't communicate anymore? Where there is no shared knowledge, no shared experience, no shared discourse, and therefore no democracy? I prefer to skip the immunization.

Education must be at the center of the future of America. The sooner this administration comes up with a serious national education policy, the better off we all will be. We must stop crushing our children with our own ill-earned pessimism. We must learn again to hope.

[Samples]

A BARTLETT'S FOR THE COMPUTER AGE

From a list of sounds "sampled" from various media and stored on America Online, a commercial computer service that is accessible by modem. Each file can be downloaded by the service's subscribers, who can then play the sounds on their home computers. America Online also lists the number of subscribers who have downloaded each sound. The list, compiled by Don Steinberg, appeared in the Fall issue of Meanwhile ..., *a quarterly published in Philadelphia.*

Sound Files	*Downloads*
"Th-th-that's all, folks!" (Porky Pig)	825
"I've fallen and I can't get up" (TV commercial)	621
"Hasta la vista, baby" (*Terminator 2*)	609
Twilight Zone theme	494
"Eat my shorts" (Bart Simpson)	438
"Go ahead, make my day" (Clint Eastwood)	390
"Excellent!" (*Bill & Ted's Excellent Adventure*)	382
"Good mooooorning, Vietnaaaam!" (Robin Williams)	331
"Hey, Rocky, watch me pull a rabbit out of my hat" (Bullwinkle)	287
"Everybody out the window" (Homer Simpson)	252
"What we've got here is a failure to communicate" (*Cool Hand Luke*)	194
Looney Tunes theme	179
"Excuuuuse me!" (Steve Martin)	135
"Anybody got a cow they need flung?" (Chris of *Northern Exposure*)	91
Title line from "Achy Breaky Heart" (Billy Ray Cyrus song)	77
"Everything I Do, I Do It for You" (Bryan Adams song)	43
Mission: Impossible theme	34
Title line from "U Can't Touch This" (M. C. Hammer song)	11
Cash-register sound from "Money" (Pink Floyd song)	8

[Film Treatment]

LET'S TAKING A MEETING

From a proposal sent in May by Slava Vlasov and Serge Roshal, the general director and producer of Little John, a Moscow film-production company, to twenty production companies in the United States and Europe.

We'd like to offer you our project. It's a joint producing movie about young top-model Veronice and her love to young rich businessman David. And also the story of love and jealousy of sexual top-models agency director, Katrine, to Veronice.

We'd like to shoot it partly in Russia and somewhere abroad. We have all equipment necessary for shooting: studio, lights, sound, cameras. We have also equipment for processing, printing, cutting. We need a good producer from you and we are looking for a financial support. Because this project is too expensive for us. We do plan to invite well-known, famous Russian top-models and also Russian actresses.

This movie can make a scandal as the first Russian lesbian movie within a whole Russian movie's history. We are looking for showing it in Russia and abroad also.

The Miracle of Soul

Russia. The action is taking part in Moscow, Russia. Katrine is the director of the "Art & Photo models show" agency. She was the top-class model herself and she was one of the Russian's the best. Once upon a time on the party she met a wonderful, pretty young girl, about eighteen years old. She was dying of staying with her all night long. She wanted her right there on the party, but her experience told her to wait a bit.

She started to talk about the agency and offered to Veronice to join it. Veronice felt hesitate a bit. She put down her eyes and couldn't pay a sight to Kat. She was trying let to know as she's not that kind of a girl who is working for an "agency." But Kat assured her, she has to be the top-class model, one of the best. Veronice agreed to come once again.

Crazy, miracle lights on the scene, flashes are blinding Ver. It's difficult to make even a step. But her perfect, pretty young body graciously slimmed through the guards of reporters, journalists, and TV correspondents. She was flashy smiling; with a huge bouquet of roses, she walked close to Kat. It was a greatest day in her life. She never guess as Elton John's music and applause can get her so trembling and exited spectators.

Europe. The back seat of a "Lincoln" was plenty of flowers. Ver picked off a lipstick from her bag and tried to make up her lips but her hands was shaking. Kat was trying to quit her. She was talking it was the last performance, the last party and then they'll be back at home or they'll fly to some island to take a rest on a seashore, making sun with no one man around.

"Lincoln" stopped at the five-stars hotel entrance. They're hurry to the entrance. Ver still kept a plenty of flowers. Keep smiling she came in and suddenly her bag slimmed off from her busy hands. She felt confusion. The flowers won't let her do anything. Porter was looking shocked by such a beautiful lady and he totally forgot about the bag. In the next second Veronice's bag was picked up by someone else. She shaked cut hairs from her face and looked through the flowers to young man, who was holding her bag. He passed the bag to her and they were keeping their arms on a handle seems forever. Ver couldn't make a step aside. Kat called Veronice and said they're on a hurry. She took Ver's elbow and leaded her to the reception desk.

Fashion collection's auction. Performance was starting, music, flashy lights. The sound of the

[Memo]

ROCKERS AND KNOCKERS

From a memo distributed by the Seattle Police Department last October to officers who were scheduled for duty at the Kingdome in Seattle during a Guns 'n' Roses and Metallica concert. After the memo was made public, the concert's promoters canceled the "entertainment" scheduled for the break between shows.

- Due to the stage configuration, maximum seating capacity will be 48,000.
- All ticket holders will enter through the south gates.
- During the two-hour break between Metallica and Guns 'n' Roses, no one will be allowed to leave and re-enter the Kingdome. In the past the crowd has become very rambunctious while waiting for Axl Rose. To entertain the crowd, the promoters have initiated what is known as "Show Me Your Tits." Females will be boosted onto the shoulders of their companions, where they will expose their breasts to a camera that projects the image onto a big screen. This form of entertainment has served to keep the crowd in check.





photographs above, of disguised satellite dishes, appeared in "The Art of Camouflage," by Linda Casey, in the May issue of Satellite Orbit, *magazine of satellite television." Camouflaged dishes are designed for consumers "who are presently unable to own [a dish] because of local ordinances and deed restrictions made by homeowners' associations." At left is the "Rock-It," a satellite dish disguised as a boulder, manufactured by Perfect 10 Antenna Company, in Jacksonville, Arkansas; it sells for about $3,000. The dish cover at right is the "Stargazer Umbrella," made by Stargazer Industries in Tampa; it sells for $749.*

third knock of a hammer, the salesman announced a huge sum of a deal and the number of a lot. It was a dress which Veronice have represented last night. She tried to find a new owner but he disappeared.

Kat and Veronice were talking and drinking champagne. David came to them with a big basket of flowers. He presented it to Veronice. She was so happy and with emotions she turned around.

Night. Embankment. Lights. They were walking along the river. He put his coat over and held her tender. His "Rolls" followed them.

Morning. Somebody is belling to the room. The bell wakes up Ver. She is hurrying to the door and opening it. There is a man with a huge basket of roses. Veronice is shocked and exited at the same time. It's so huge and wonderful. She finds an invitation from Dave to take a small trip by his yacht.

Evening. They was standing close to each other, taking a breath of this magic night. The ocean swang slightly the yacht. They felt so quiet and happy. He offered to go downstairs to take a drop of good wine and they went down. Candles, old rifles, painting, mirrors, and slow music was driving her wild. He kissed her tender on lips. She held him over the neck.

Veronice starts to pack her suitcase quickly. She knows David is waiting for her. But suddenly she found a picture of her mother and at that time she realized she has to go home. She starts to think hard about it, her feelings are confused. She fell in love with David but she loves her mother. The door opened and Katrine came in. She said she wants to talk about David. Veronice asked is it something wrong with him. Kat told her that was a game of love and David just took a fun because he's a bisexual. Veronice fell in tears. Suddenly the phone began to ring. She knew exactly who was calling. Her decision was quick and tough. She put a picture of her mother into the suitcase and was ready to leave the hotel.

Moscow. A huge flat, there are a lot of flowers, Veronice is paying phone to Dave. She told him she understood everything, she doesn't need any explanations. She just loved him. Dave tried to tell her something, but she hanged off the receiver. David understood nothing. He was sitting with a bipping receiver.

Moscow. The same flat. Veronice is feeding a baby. On a TV screen is the top-model's show where Ver met David in the first time. Suddenly David appeared on the TV screen. Ver felt in tears hard. Kat, who was looking like a "made of stone," suddenly starts to cry; she bent her knees and prayed for forgiveness.

The agency in Moscow. Kat is paying phone to David. She's sorry about what had happened and she feels so miserable. She wants him to understand how does she feel and just a one thing she is dreaming about now—to put their souls together.

David's flat in London. There is plenty of flowers in the room. They're in bed. Veronice's baby plays with a puppet. Their maidservant comes into the room and supposes to take away the child from the room, but Veronice takes the baby's arms and lifts him into the bed. Everybody starts to kiss him. They love him so much . . .

Titles.

P.S. The financial support we need to make this movie is about $350,000. We do hope you'll send any information and offers at our fax.

[Memoir]

RETURNING TO SOUTH AFRICA

From "Sport, African Cultures, Value for Money: A Return to South Africa," by Jenefer Shute, in the November/December 1992 Tikkun: A Bimonthly Jewish Critique of Politics, Culture & Society, *published in Oakland, California. Shute grew up in Johannesburg, South Africa, and has been living in the United States since 1978. She returned to South Africa for a visit in the summer of 1991. Shute is the author of* Life-Size, *a novel.*

As my plane begins its descent into Johannesburg, I struggle with the arrival form, finding its blank squares—just so many letters per answer—as good a place as any to pose the problem of who I am and what I'm doing here. COUNTRY OF BIRTH: South Africa. COUNTRY OF CITIZENSHIP: the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland. COUNTRY OF RESIDENCE: the United States. That about sums it up: citizen (through paternity) of a place I have never lived, non-resident of my native land, and resident where I'm neither native nor citizen.

WHAT MOTIVATED YOU MOST TO VISIT SOUTH AFRICA? the form wants to know. I waver between FRIENDS/FAMILY (relatives, yes—my entire immediate family awaits me—but I don't have any friends left in South Africa after thirteen years away) and PREVIOUS VISITS. I check the latter, though that "previous visit," the first twenty-two years of my life, was what drove me to leave. (The other options are CLIMATE, SCENIC BEAUTY, SPORT, AFRICAN CULTURES, VALUE FOR MONEY.)

The jet touches down on the African earth. All I can see from the window is the lion-colored winter grass.

My two-year-old nephew, whom I have never seen, toddles out to the arrival area, so he is the one I kiss first. Then I kiss his shyer four-year-old brother. Then my sister, whom I have seen once in these thirteen years. Then my mother, then my father, both of whom I saw in London in 1983 and 1987. I suffered the shock of their aging then; are they suffering the shock of mine now?

Nobody cries. That is the way we are.

I have never seen the house where my parents now live. It is in Pietermaritzburg, an hour's drive from the airport. I have never lived there: they moved to the area after I left our home in Johannesburg for the University of Cape Town (stormed away, more accurately, in a bout of seventeen-year-old self-righteousness). The house could be anyone's: small, neat, anonymous, not in the best of taste. I don't recognize a single thing, which frightens me.

Dora, my mother's Zulu maid, is washing dishes in the kitchen when my mother introduces me, the legendary daughter from America. I confuse and embarrass her by trying to shake her hand (it is wet; she can't think what to dry it on).

The tone my mother uses to speak to her—slow, deliberate, over-enunciating, as if to a child—is painfully familiar.

Dora is raising six children alone on $125 a month. Her grown son, laid off from the mines, works one day a week in my parents' garden.

She calls me "Nkosikann": princess.

I ask her not to and merely add to her humiliation as she stumbles, tongue-tied, over my first name, which she cannot quite bring herself to say.

There is cake and champagne, flowers, gifts, talk, a daylong effort to impersonate a family. That night, when I go to bed in the guest room, I hug against me the hot-water bottle that my mother, not knowing how else to offer comfort, has insisted upon.

My parents, the privileged ones, live in a cage. The entire house is barred, with metal grilles on the doors and windows that have to be locked and unlocked every time anyone passes through, even a child going into the garden to play. When we leave for the day or the evening, it takes at least fifteen minutes to close up the house, with an elaborate ritual of shutting windows, securing the metal gates, turning on lights and radios. My mother also locks the drawers against Dora's (alleged) depredations. What she dreads is not, as one might expect, ANC or Inkatha guerrillas rising from her nightmares to claim what is theirs; it is common, garden-variety burglary, assault. Her every thought twists back to some threat, some news report of neighbors whose houses have been broken into, who have been bound, raped, shot.

The image of her own victimization thrills and obsesses her.

I thought I would be traumatized by how much things had changed. Instead, I'm traumatized by how little they have.

The only real difference I notice at first is how drastically my family's standard of living has dropped. Inflation and economic sanctions (which I fought for, a world away) have done their work. My folks are hardly poor, but they're feeling the pinch, and the luxurious way of life I took for granted as a child is gone forever. My sister longs for Lego, lingerie, butterscotch, and bath gel; my parents dread retirement because their savings are worth so little now.



THE BOMBAY SAPPHIRE MARTINI. AS INTERPRETED BY ADAM TIHANY.

POUR SOMETHING PRICELESS.

Bombay® Sapphire™ Gin. 47% alc/vol (94 Proof). 100% grain neutral spirits. © 1992 Carillon Importers, Ltd., Teaneck, N.J. © 1992 Adam Tihany.

For relief, I flee to Cape Town, one of the most beautiful and intoxicating cities in the world. I was afraid that when I went back there I would feel something I have never felt before, a pull on my soul from a piece of the earth. I long for, and dread, a voice that says "You should stay here" when I arrive somewhere.

I rent a car and drive down the incomparable coastal route to Cape Point. I stand on the tip of Africa, where the oceans meet—or as close to it as they let you get, anyway—and say to myself, theatrically, without much conviction, "I am an African."

In Johannesburg, I visit Roedean, the exclusive British-style private school where I was taught Latin and field hockey and advanced mathematics. We called the teachers "Madam," and we wore navy-blue pinafores with knee socks and Panama hats.

I discover that I still hate white South Africans. I hate the way they think, the way they talk, the way they live. I hate them, and I'm one myself. This causes problems with pronouns, among other things.

Over cocktails back in Pietermaritzburg, my mother tells the story, approvingly, of a local woman who owned an expensive dress shop but refused to allow black or Indian women to try on the clothes. They could buy but not try. When the local newspaper made an issue of this, she emigrated to Australia rather than change her policy.

There used to be red buses and green buses (red for whites, and green, jam-packed, for blacks). Now there are only red buses, jam-packed, for everyone.

Just when I think this is the only kind of change I'm going to see, I spend ten days in Johannesburg with my brother, who manages the Market Theatre. The Market is an island in the worst part of the city, a small, miraculous world where the future, somehow, has already happened. It is a bubble with enough air for me to breathe: three performance spaces, an art gallery, a shopping area, a restaurant, a jazz club (where Mandela celebrated his seventy-third birthday), and a pub, the Yard of Ale, where, if you hang out long enough, you'll meet everybody in politics and the arts.

My brother has a black boss, black staff, black friends. He treats them with genuine color-blindness (which I would have thought impossible in a white South African raised as we were: at the very least, I'd expect a hint of self-congratulation). The more time I spend talking and listening in the warm, crowded Yard of Ale, the less I can recapture the sour, sealed world my parents inhabit.

Which is South Africa? (As in, "So, how was South Africa?"—the question I'm supposed to be able to answer when I get back to the States.)

I go back to Pietermaritzburg, where my mother, a nervous driver, is involved in a near miss with the car. Shaken, she crawls home at twenty miles an hour and tells us the story again and again over cups of strong tea. She keeps emphasizing that everything happened so quickly she didn't even catch a glimpse of the other driver's face. At first I assume this detail is for dramatic effect, but on the fourth or fifth telling she rephrases it: "It happened so quickly I couldn't even see if the driver was black or white." Then I realize that without this piece of information, my mother is unable to interpret what has happened to her. Without it, she cannot make sense of her experience.

On my last day at my parents' house (we're all relieved and exhausted and achingly sad), I say good-bye to Dora and leave her a fairly large tip. When she gets around to counting it, she thinks that I, being unfamiliar with the currency, have miscalculated and that she will somehow get into trouble for accepting so much cash. So she shows it to my mother and asks her what she should do. My mother is outraged, taking my gesture not only as vulgar ostentation but also as a reproach to her (which it is, in a way). Dora is humiliated (again), and I am unmasked in the act of trying to stanch a yawning irreparable guilt—a lifetime's worth—with a wad of paper money.

What did I learn from my return to South Africa?

I learned that I don't have a well-developed sense of place.



By John Callahan. From the Los Angeles Times Magazine.

I learned that I will never understand South Africa because I don't want to: I just want to reject it.

I learned that there are some things that can never be repaired.

[Reflection]

SUMMER STORMS

By Larry Woiwode. From Silent Passengers, *a collection of short stories to be published this month by Atheneum. Woiwode is the author of several novels, including* Beyond the Bedroom Wall *and* Born Brothers. *He lives in North Dakota.*

Now I understand why summer can surprise more than other seasons. It might begin in this way: out of the stillness of a humid afternoon, in the midst of which you sit with a gnat whining at your ear in enhancement of your solitude, you hear a rending like a tree splitting down its middle and then an explosion worse than a crate of dynamite going off. After you recover and begin a tour of the house to close the windows, the rain starts, or the hail, or a combination of them, and you begin to wonder, as you test your inner fear of a tornado, why it is that you've never trained your family to take a quick route to the safest part of the basement when they feel a trembling through the house as if an overloaded locomotive were approaching.

What makes summer storms so pernicious is the resistance in our nature to admit them. We acknowledge the naturalness of storms in the spring, yes, when rain on the roof can assume the sound of a waterfall; or in the winter, with a wind accompanying drifting snow; or even in the fall, when heavy-bodied rain tears off the last of the leaves and pastes them over spearing stubble. But summer is the season we're to be let off, to be free of this, as we expect to be freed from texts and tests and every onerous chore, after the ingrained conditioning of years in school. So summer storms set us outside our expectations and isolate us physically, since we don't take the precautions we do during other seasons, but expect to take the summer off as recklessly as—well, that storm on its way.

But the glory of summer storms is their diversity: heat lightning traveling like networks of nerves through evening clouds; the hazy pin-pricking rains of the Pacific Northwest; bronze-tinged banks of smog over L.A., and the dangerous wind-driven sea south of Santa Catalina Island as the smog blows off; storms of cottonwood pollen along inland rivers, called summer snow by French voyageurs, and the actual, startling August snows of the upper Rockies; firestorms in forests darkening a dozen states with pine-sweet smoke; sleet ticking against derricks and oil drums in Manitoba; the magnetic storm of northern lights over the upper latitudes, igniting the dome of heaven from the north all the way overhead to the south with pulsing currents of gold and pas-

[Brochure]

DIZZYLAND

From promotional material for Maharishi Veda Land, a theme park planned for construction in Niagara Falls, Ontario. The park, which is the creation of magician Doug Henning "under the guidance of the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi," is expected to open by 1996. A press release states that the $1.5 billion park, on 1,400 acres of land, will "combine enlightenment, knowledge, and entertainment."

The Maharishi Veda Land Theme Park—"The Pride of Canada"—will bring enlightenment to visitors as they experience higher states of consciousness. Each of the park's attractions will expand visitors' appreciation of their own infinite potential. They will experience reality and illusion, immortality and change, unity in diversity, infinity within a point, and the universe within the self.

There will be thirty-three original rides and shows, including:

- Magic Flying Chariot Ride—Take a ride deep inside the molecular structure of a rose.
- Corridor of Time—Fly down through history from the beginning of creation to the end of the universe.
- Courtyard of Illusion—See the world's only levitating building, which floats fifteen feet above water, and discover that there is more to reality than your senses can perceive.
- Veda Vision—Experience a spectacular vision of the totality of life as images appear in midair.
- Seven Steps to Enlightenment—Feel enlightened as you visit seven wondrous pavilions radiating out like the spokes of a wheel. Your path has been carefully designed to lead you, in an entertaining way, step-by-step to enlightenment.

The park's attractions will answer those eternal questions in the minds of men: "What is my connection to the infinitely expanding universe? Where is the stream of life flowing as we spiral down the corridor of time? Who am I?"

tels; a cloudburst descending from a lime-green sky on the Texas Gulf—a gullywasher in which torn-off leaves skate down a clay-brown current laced with bubbling foam; the windstorms, called "monsoons" by local Arizonans, that assault the desert in late July and pile up such towering clouds of dusty silica that the dimmed sun shimmers like a coppery star; the tropical rains of south Florida that come like clockwork, every day near noon, falling dollops of drops large as quarters, and then rise in steamy humidity to fall at the same hour the next day; those atmospheric inversions over Chicago and the stilled, muffled air that tastes of ozone; the rains that transform New York into an equatorial capital in August, when even the potted ferns outside hotels appear to wilt in the sticky texture and all of the best psychiatrists, even those who served residencies in Vietnam, take off for Europe or Cape Cod.

And there is the summer storm that most of us have experienced at least once. You rent a house or cabin at the ocean or on a lake or cape or bayou or bay and arrive with the whole family, one of the few opportunities you'll have to enjoy summer together. The first night, as you lie in bed trying to sleep, you become aware of a sound like squirrels scrabbling on the roof. Rain.

You fall asleep to the sound and wake to blue light and go to the window; it hasn't let up. It's a gentle summer rain, such a dallying drizzle you can scarcely make out the drops, the kind of rain you look forward to for your lawn's sake—but not here. The children are arguing. You get out the picture puzzles in their broken and taped boxes, reproduced in the garish colors of the Forties, pull an old murder mystery from the bookshelf, and crawl back into bed to wait this out.

It doesn't let up. At the grocery or general store the locals are exultant; this will be great for the crops, they crow. Such a *gentle* summer rain, they say. Back at the rented place, your wife complains that you're making the drinks too stiff and having one after the other. The children won't stop arguing. You suggest that they run out and play in the rain, splash in puddles, and at their looks you realize how much they've aged —as you have. Then you remember that it's in the spring, anyway, that puddles attract them; by the summer they want the real thing. They're *bored*, they say, and you wonder why it is that when you talked for weeks about this vacation, you found it necessary, like a bland travel poster, to emphasize the sun.

You go to the window once more and experience the perverse joy of the natives; there is no sign of this letting up, and the grass and leaves everywhere look bejeweled with billions of drops. To break up the worst of the children's fights you take down a chess set and call a son to you at the card table they've set up. The rain continues overhead until the last day of your rental.

Out on the beach, finally in the sun, you're grudgingly grateful at least for this, and you realize that the time has been instructive. You'll have to stop drinking. Your wife, you've learned, wants a new car, since it's largely fallen to her to transport the children everywhere; and your youngest son, about whom you've harbored a secret fear of his being slow, is more than your equal at chess, and has perhaps always only needed your encouragement. And the daughter you thought was becoming a slugabed actually gets up as early as always but now spends an hour each morning at the reading you've recommended, and then another hour at the mirror. Of all of the children, she is the one who has matured the most—suddenly a young woman—and you might have missed this, along with the way she's beginning to take on your mannerisms and characteristics, if it hadn't been for this season of enforced closeness caused by the gentlest of summer rains.

[Poem]

ONE IS THE POINT

"One Is the Point, Two the Line, Three the Triangle, Four the Pyramid," by H. L. Hix, from the Winter 1992 issue of The Georgia Review. *Hix is a professor at the Kansas City Art Institute.*

"One is the point, two the line,
three the triangle, four the pyramid."
—*Speusippus, on Pythagoras*

Five is the hobbled praying mantis,
Six the sunning cat stretched across a sidewalk.
Seven is where the cat was
That disappeared before you looked back.
Eight is the tiny piece
Of another world in the mirror of a passing car,
Nine the same cat somewhere else—
Eyes closed, tongue stroking and stroking its fur.
Ten is the end of summer:
The way leaves in the wind sound when they
are brittle
And then turn black in the gutter,
What the sun warms from its new angle,
How crushed crabapples clutter
The sidewalks with their bloodstains and sweet
rotting smell.

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[Story]

WEEKEND

By Amy Hempel. Hempel read this story last summer at the New York State Summer Writers Institute, in Saratoga Springs. She is the author of the short-story collections Reasons to Live *and* At the Gates of the Animal Kingdom.

The game was called on account of dogs—Hunter in the infield, Tucker in the infield, Bosco and Boone at first base. First-grader Donald sat down on second base, and Kirsten grabbed her brother's arm and wouldn't let him leave third to make his first run.

"Unfair!" her brother screamed, and the dogs, roving umpires, ran to third.

"Good power!" their uncle yelled, when Joy, in a leg cast, swung the bat and missed. "Now put some wood to it."

And when she did, Joy's designated runner, Cousin Zeke, ran to first, the ice cubes in his gin and tonic clacking like dog tags in the glass.

And when Kelly broke free from Kirsten and this time came in to make the run, members of the Kelly team made Tucker in the infield dance on his hind legs.

"It's not who wins—" their coach began, and was shouted down by one of the boys, "There's *first* and there's *forget it.*"

Then Hunter retrieved a foul ball and carried it off in the direction of the river.

The other dogs followed—barking, mutinous.

◆

Dinner was a simple picnic on the porch, paper plates in laps, the only conversation a debate as to which was the better grip for throwing shoes.

After dinner, the horseshoes were handed out, the post pounded in, the rules reviewed with a new rule added due to falling-down shorts. The new rule: Have attire.

The women smoked on the porch, the smoke repelling mosquitoes, and the men and children played on even after dusk when it got so dark that a candle was rigged to balance on top of the post, and was knocked off and blown out by every single almost-ringer.

Then the children went to bed, or at least went upstairs, and the men joined the women for a cigarette on the porch, absently picking ticks engorged like grapes off the sleeping dogs. And when the men kissed the women good night, and their weekend whiskers scratched the women's cheeks, the women did not think *shave*, they thought: *stay*.

[Essay]

ON NOT THINKING ABOUT NATURE

From "Fried Sausage," an essay by Charles Simic in the Winter Ohio Review. *Simic's most recent book is* Hotel Insomnia, *a volume of poetry. His memoir "One Man's Eats" appeared in the November 1992* Harper's Magazine.

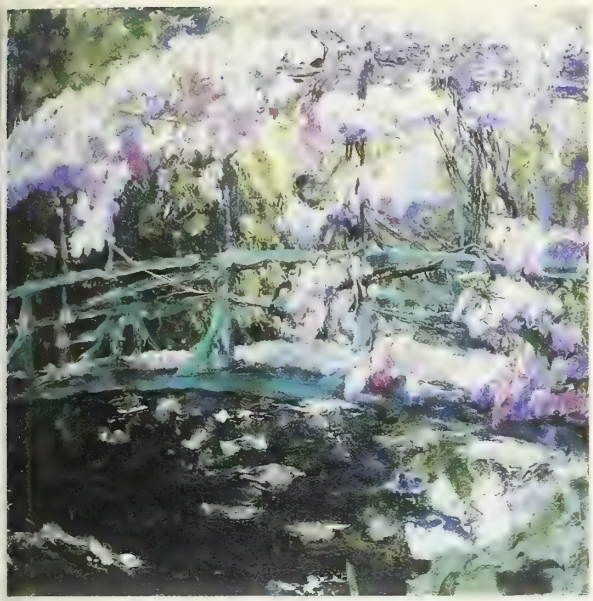
> It is a fact, you singers of the
> lilies of the field, that the smell of
> fried sausage means nothing to you.
>
> —*Unknown author*

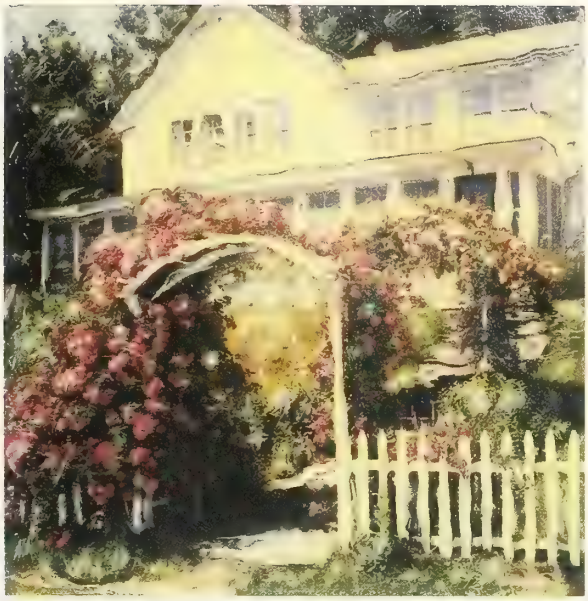
The word "nature" has always had for me, a city boy, unpleasant didactic connotations. It was the place where our mothers and our schools took us occasionally so we could get some fresh air. We'd be led to a spot with lots of trees and a pretty view, where we would be ordered to breathe deeply and cleanse our lungs of the foul city air. "Isn't nature beautiful?" my mother or my schoolteacher would exclaim. And we pretended to agree, thinking meanwhile: Times Square on a Saturday night is the place to be. A city, with its crowds, traffic, movies, saloons, jazz clubs, beggars, muggers, and, yes, the smell of fried sausage, has always been more attractive to me. Nature is where yokels lived, "idiotikos," as ancient Greeks used to call the unfortunates who lived outside the polis. I don't mind the middle of the ocean, or a garden choked with hot peppers, eggplants, and tomatoes, but idealized nature has always struck me as a fool's paradise.

> The cow lets fall an even
> Golden stream of shit,
> Terence, you lie under
> And never mind a bit of it.

I forget where I read this gem, but these verses always come to mind when I read pastoral poetry. Very nice, one says to oneself, but what about the farmer beyond that gorgeous meadow who works seven days a week from morning to night and is still starving? What about his sickly wife and their boy, who tortures cats? If country living was any good, all these cities would not be so packed, my father used to say.

Now, of course, I live in the boonies. I have been in New Hampshire almost twenty years, and in my walks through the woods I regularly bump into Emerson and Thoreau. We nod to each other in a friendly manner and go our separate ways. It's true I've often made fun of them behind their backs. I imagined Waldo as the cow certain poets milk. I guffawed at some of Henry's rhapsodizing. I could never free myself from the





"The Tangled Flowering Green Footbridge" (left) and "Rose Bowers Lead Home" (right), by Elizabeth Murray. From Painterly Photography: Awakening the Artist Within, *a collection of altered photographs by Murray, published by Pomegranate Artbooks, in Rohnert Park, California. Murray created these images by taking Polaroid photographs and then manipulating the still-liquid emulsions with a toothpick; in some cases she also painted on the photographs. The footbridge is in Monet's garden in Giverny, France; the house is in Harborside, Maine.*

thought that Nature is that which is slowly killing me. In addition, any philosophy of Nature that doesn't include nude picnics and rolling in the hay leaves me cold.

This is how I see it. There are three ways of thinking about the world. You can think about the Cosmos (as Greeks did), you can think about History (as Hebrews did), and since the late eighteenth century you can think about Nature. The choice is yours. Where do you prefer to find or not find the meaning of your life? I myself fancy the cosmic angle. The brain-chilling infinities and silences of modern astronomy and Pascalian thought impress me deeply, except I'm also a child of History. I've seen tanks, piles of corpses, and people strung from lampposts with my own eyes. As for so-called Nature, it's a product of Romantic utopias: noble savage, Rousseau, earthly paradise in the manner of Gauguin, the projects of Charles Fourier, our Transcendentalists, and so forth. No longer the golden city, but a lush meadow where happy humans and sheep gambol.

Most American writers on Nature partake of the utopian strain and its Manichaeanism. It's always machine versus the garden, freedom versus confinement, God in Nature and devil in the city. The city with its contradictions, its history, its freedom and exhilaration is Godless and un-American. Only a few of our poets have praised it. Frank O'Hara comes to mind, but while he sipped beer at the Cedar Tavern, it seems like all his contemporaries were fishing.

Can we have modern literature without a city? Can we write about history without quarreling with Nature? Plenty of poets think we can, but I doubt it.

Until we resolve these questions, a nap in a hammock on a summer afternoon is highly recommended.

"A sausage of angel and beast," Nicanor Parra called human beings. Is that why the sows are sighing in the afternoon heat in their pens across the road? If a sow can still in rare moments ponder, what tragic Shakespearean peaks it must reach. As a late twentieth-century sufferer of all the unforeseen consequences of all the utopian projects of the last two hundred years, I have a horror of generalizations, especially when they come wrapped with good intentions. Nature as experience—making a tomato salad, say, with young mozzarella, fresh basil leaves, and olive oil—is better than any idea about Nature.

"It is a bone on which reason breaks its teeth," Antonio Machado said of the otherness of everything we see. Not only reason, I want to shout, but our hearts too. When it comes to Being and Nature and even History, all of us are toothless. In the meantime, here's a Polish song to sing in a hammock while falling asleep and dreaming of that tomato salad:

> Down the road the children go,
> a sister and a brother,
> and they cannot help but wonder
> at the beauty of the world.

THE NEXT LAST FRONTIER

A newcomer's journey through the Pacific Northwes

By Jonathan Raban

In the spring of 1990 I packed up as much of my life in London as would fit into four tea chests and flew to Seattle to set up house. It was a selfish and irregular move. I had "met someone" and liked what I'd seen of the Pacific Northwest during a two-month stay there in the autumn of 1989: the aquarium lighting, the sawtooth alps forested with black firs, the compact cities encrusted in Romanesque stucco. Most of all, I liked the place's wateriness. At forty-seven I felt cracked and dry. My new home territory was as rainy as Ireland, puddled with lakes and veined with big rivers. Seattle was built out on pilings over the sea, and at high tide the whole city seemed to come afloat like a ship lifting free from a mud berth and swaying in its chains.

We took a house on the wrong side of Queen Anne, the innermost of Seattle's hilltop suburbs. The tall wooden house, built like a boat from massive scantlings of Douglas fir, carvel-planked with cedar, had been put up in 1906, in the wake of the Yukon gold rush, when the hill was logged. It had warped and settled through a string of minor earthquakes: the floors sloped, doors hung askew in their frames. In the silence of the night, the house groaned and whiffled like a sleeping dog.

Barely a mile from the new banking and insurance skyscrapers of downtown, the house felt hidden away in the woods. Shaggy conifers, survivors of the original forest, darkened the views from every window. The study looked down over the Ship Canal, where trawlers stalked through an avenue of poplars on their way to the Alaskan fishing grounds, eight hundred miles to the north. From the deck on the top floor, one could see out over the pale suburbs, like shell middens, to the serrated line of the Cascade mountains, still snowcapped in May.

Jonathan Raban is the author of numerous books, including Old Glory, Foreign Land, Coasting, *and* Hunting Mister Heartbreak.

For someone fresh off the plane from Lon it was a big prospect to take in, and a hard o which to make oneself at home. It had been to be a tourist in this landscape, when I had enjoyably awed by its far-western heights an tances; but now that I'd signed up as a perma resident, the view from the window seeme ly to reflect my own displacement here.

Even the very near-at-hand was strange. I Peterson's *Western Birds* and the Audubon S ety's *Western Forests* by the typewriter. I made and pinned them to the wall. *Redwood, cedar press, dogwood, laurel, madrona, maple,* I w trying to distinguish individual personaliti the jumble of damp and muddy greens frame the window. I took the tree book down to the den and matched the real-life barks with t pictures; the peeling, fish-scale skin of the lo pole pine, the frayed hemp rope of the coast wood. It took a month, at least, to be abl see the black-crested Steller's jay in the mad with something like the comfortable indi ence with which I'd used to notice a song th in the sycamore in Battersea. It took a good longer to adjust to the way the rufous h mingbird, like a tiny thrashing autogiro, re posed itself in space, zapping from point to p too fast for the eye to follow. Glancing up fr the typewriter, stuck for a phrase, I'd sight a eagle, circling on a thermal over the Ship Ca on huge stiff ragged wings, and lose the log the sentence to another bout of ornitholog

The German word for "uncanny," as in Fre famous essay on the Uncanny, is *unheimlic* unhomely. The tourist thrives on the unca moving happily through a phenomenal wor effects without causes. This world, in whic has no experience and no memory, is prese to him as a supernatural domain: the langua travel advertising hawks the uncanny as pa

leal. Experience the *magic* of Bali! the *won-* of Hawaii! the *enchantment* of Bavaria!
it for the newly arrived immigrant, this mag- ff is like a curse. He's faced at every turn with nhomelikeness of things, in an uncanny n where the familiar house sparrows have ed, to be replaced by hummingbirds and ea- The immigrant needs to grow a memory, and it fast. Somehow or other, he must learn to ert the uncanny into the homely, in order id a stable footing in his new land.
he shock of the stupendous unhomelikeness is landscape drove my countryman George couver into a pit of what now appears to been clinical depression. Between May and of 1792, as he probed the inlets 'ashington and British Columbia, ent from dizzy elation to sullen ncholy—and wrote his chang- moods into the permanent no- clature of the region. To begin , he was high on his discoveries: was "the most lovely country that be imagined." He saw Devon- e; imagined orderly villages with ches and manors laid out between wooded hills. At this stage of the age, the names he gave to the llands, bays, and fjords were up- : Discovery Bay, Protection Is- l, Restoration Point.
May turned into June. As Vancou- sailed north, the mountains grew per, the inlets narrower, the woods e impenetrable. His lieutenant, er Puget, who kept a parallel jour- was increasingly excited by the antic sublimity of what he saw: a years younger than Vancouver, he was much e in tune with the rising generation's taste for l nature. For Puget, the unfolding landscape was ajestic" and full of "grandeur"; for Vancouver, as increasingly "dreary," "unpleasant," "deso- ," "gloomy," "dismal," and "awful"—the words per his descriptions, often being used twice in same sentence. Five minutes north of the fifti- parallel, Vancouver brought his ship to a "drea- nd unpleasant anchorage": "Our residence e was truly forlorn; an awful silence pervaded gloomy forests, whilst animated nature seemed ave deserted the neighbouring country . . ." He ed the place Desolation Sound.
Thirteen years after the Vancouver expedi- n, in the autumn of 1805, Lewis and Clark ched the Columbia River valley from the ntinental interior, after climbing to the head- ters of the Missouri and crossing the Rocky untains in what is now Montana. Clark, with botched spellings and childish exclamation rks, was a resoundingly lively presence on the page. He was an original vernacular narrator as he confided his discomforts, "Dear Diary"–style, to his journal. "O! how horriable is the day—" he wrote, when the tidal Columbia cut up rough in a westerly gale and waves drenched the explorers' camp. "We are all wet and disagreeable."

Like every newcomer to the Northwest, Clark was incredulous at the monotonous fall rains that soaked the country west of the Cascades. Day after day it rained, hour after hour—with the fine-sifted thoroughness and regularity of a gigantic lawn sprinkler. "This morning Cloudy and drisley." "Rained all the last night we are all wet." "Rain as usial." "Rained without intermition." "A blustering rainey day." "A hard rain all the last night we again get wet." "Rained verry hard." The swollen river carried with it the trunks of uprooted trees, "maney of them nearly 200 feet long"; spinning on the current, they threatened to capsize the expedition's canoes. "Those monsterous trees—" wrote Clark, summoning the vocabulary of the uncanny to convey the gross abundance of this landscape.



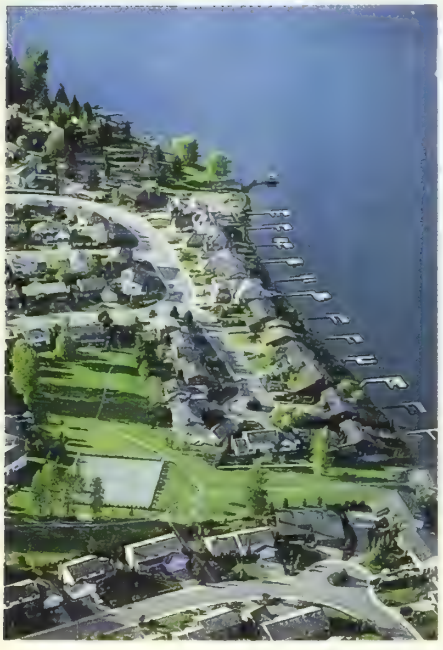
November 1992 and the snow level, said Harry Wappler, our TV weatherman, was down to 3,500 feet and dropping fast. In a week the mountain passes would be tricky and the back roads closed for the winter. I dug out of storage my never-used box of tire chains and set off on a wide swing around the neighborhood.

It was high time to make the trip: though I had been living in Seattle for more than two years, I was still confused as to its whereabouts. I knew the city better than its cabdrivers (a very modest boast), but I'd barely begun to work out how

tograph by Tim Thompson / Allstock

Seattle fitted into the larger story. A long drive, on empty western roads where it's still possible to think with one's foot down, would, with luck, thread the oddly assorted bits of the Pacific Northwest onto one string and set them in narrative order.

The afternoon rush hour had started by the time I got away, and on Interstate 90 heading east, the cars were locked bumper-to-bumper on the floating bridge over Lake Washington. The sky was lightless, and the windshield wipers scraped on the glass in the fall moisture, typical of these parts, that was something more than mist and less than rain. The traffic jam was typical of these parts, too: a ceremonious procession, like a funeral, of VWs with ski racks on their tops and I'D RATHER BE SAILING stickers on their rear ends. A lot of higher education was stuck on the bridge that afternoon. The names of the universities from which the drivers had graduated were posted in their back windows—faraway schools, mostly, like Syracuse, M.I.T., Columbia, Missouri, Michigan.



My own car, a low-slung, thirsty, black Dodge Daytona with a working ashtray, marked me out as a Yahoo among the Houyhnhnms—too old, dirty, and wasteful to pass as a member of Seattle's uniquely refined middle class. Stuffed into the book bag beside the work of the northwestern writers whom I had brought along for the ride (Richard Hugo, Ursula K. Le Guin, Raymond Carver, Katherine Dunn, William Stafford, Norman Maclean, James Welch, James Crumley) was a bottle of Teacher's, two-thirds full, which would have been okay by the northwestern writers but thought a very low touch by these northwestern drivers. In Seattle, a double shot of non-decaffeinated espresso was thought to be pushing the boat out farther than was wise.

In shifts and starts, we lurched into Eastside Seattle, Houyhnhnm country, where the VWs began to peel off to the Bellevue exits. Bellevue and its satellites were not suburbs so much as—in the rising term—an "edge city," with its own economy, sociology, and architecture. Things made on the Eastside were odorless, labor-intensive, and credit-card thin, like computer software and aerospace-related electronics gear. They were assembled in low, tree-shaded facto whose grounds were known as "campuses" in Bellevue all work was graduate work, an jargon of college leaked naturally into the p place. Seen from an elevated-freeway dist Bellevue looked like one of its own produ giant circuit board of color-coded diodes a sistors, connected by a mazy grid of filame

· During the presidential campaign, Bill ton had jetted around the country, callin the advent of the "high-growth, high-v smart-work society"—a fair description of B vue, with its lightly rooted, highly trained w force, its safe streets, its scented malls sprayed composerless light orchestral music, its bland good conscience. Bellevue was the and hopeful face of American capitalism, a had a strongly Japanese cast to its features one- and two-story campuses with their r walkways reflected a style of business ma ment that was closer to the industrial colle of Tokyo than to the moribund hierarch Detroit and the American Rust Belt.

The place looked like somebody's utopia, a model city than an actual one, and it wa habited by the kinds of people whom arch like to place as strolling figures in the foregro of watercolor sketches of their projects. Wh er the eye wandered in Bellevue, it lit on a er 31 3/4-year-old, with a master's if not a docto dressed for work in hiking shoes and ch sweater. Thousands of these diagrammatic pe were housed along I-90 in white-painted, shi faux–New England condo blocks called "villa Lakefront Village . . . Redwood Village . . . Towne Village . . . communities in which th lagers met in the evenings at neighboring cycles in the village health club or at a breakfast tee-off on the village driving rang

Eastside Seattle was a new kind of Ame city, though it had a lot in common with long-established retirement paradises of Fl and southern California. People in their twe and thirties were now moving (as their pa had done only toward the ends of their live the sake of the climate and the natural amen of a place rather than just for the jobs of there. They were coming to Seattle in much same way as people had gone to Venice, Ca nia, and to Miami Beach; the difference was they were coming at the beginnings of the reers. So they arrived, as kayakers, hikers, loonists, bird-watchers, skiers, and moun bikers who also happened to have degre math and marketing and computer science. T Pacific Northwest was really a civic park, ro ly the same size as France, equipped with courses, hiking trails, rock-climbing routes, launch ramps, ski lifts, campgrounds, and s overlooks. This great migration of open-air

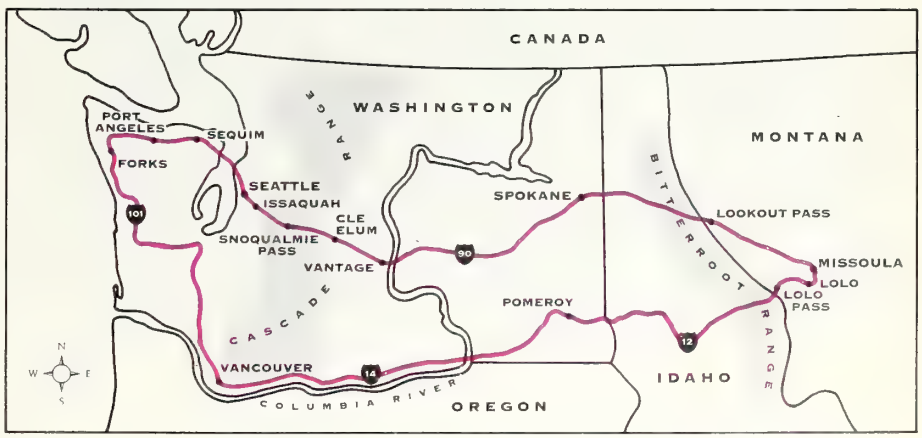
Photograph by Charles Krebs / A

s (which dated from about 1980—the early
an years) had won Seattle a curious niche in
n history, as the first big city to which peo-
ad fled in order to be closer to nature.
xteen miles out of Seattle the eastward
h of the city was stopped in its tracks by
oothills of the Cascades. Beyond Issaquah the
c cliffs of the forest began, and the social
acter of the road abruptly changed, as the last
ie VWs melted into the last of the white
lo blocks. Up till now I'd been in the fast
no longer. Mud-slathered pickups with jum-
res charged past the Dodge wearing angry slo-
s on their tailgates: JOBS BEFORE OWLS.
ORT THE TIMBER INDUSTRY. SAVE A LOGGER—
OT AN OWL. Behind the glass of a cab window,
opo lighter flashed in the gloaming.
nall charcoal-colored clouds were snagged
ie firs. We were climbing steadily now, the
wet, the light failing fast. Each bend in the
opened on another wall of Douglas fir, the
s as dense and regularly spaced as the bris-
on a broom.
his wasn't true forest; it was a "tree farm"—a
nd- or third-growth plantation, now ready
harvesting." The terms were those of the in-
ry, and after two years of seeing them in use,
I found myself putting quotation marks around
n in my head. To me, farm and harvest meant
vo-acre wheat field in Essex, with rabbits
pering from between the cornstalks, and the
ds refused to stick when I tried to attach them
n mountain range with 150-
trees, where bears and cougars
out in place of rabbits and
n-rotor helicopters served as
ng machines. Though my per-
ctive was altering: each time I
ught of the half-timbered farm-
ises of the Dengie Marshes,
ir checkerboard crops neatly
ged and ditched, they looked
like farms and more like cot-
e gardens.
The road veered left around a
ping wall of rock and disclosed
arvest. *Harvest*? It was like a
amited factory chimney or a
ised housing project blown to
thereens. It was magnificent. A rectangle of for-
a mile square had been shaved from the face
he mountain: the straight lines of the clear-cut
re contemptuous of the natural bulges and fis-
es of the landscape; they sliced through gully
d ridge as cleanly as if someone had done the
with a ruler and an X-acto knife. Every tree was
ne.
In close-up, where the bottom edge of the clear-
grazed the next hairpin turn, one saw the mess
it: the blackened stumps and upended root sys-
tems, the yawning mud craters, their outlines soft-
ening now with a healing overgrowth of blackberry
and salal, with, here and there, the green spike of
a sapling fir breaking through. It looked like pho-
tos of the Flanders battlefields in 1918; a whole
world of burnings, explosions, amputations, ran-
dom excavations. It wanted only the tin hats of the
dead to be hung on the blasted stumps. Then it was
gone, this enormous combat zone between man
and nature, borne away by the fast-swerving road.

Not long ago I saw the
word "clear-cutting" in a list
of wanton evils that culmi-
nated in "genocide": utter
abhorrence is the politically
correct response to the
miles of razored forest. Yet
it was only yesterday after-
noon that the logger was the
greatest of all American folk
heroes, his activities hymned
as the moral triumphs of civilization over the un-
ruly wilderness. Even now, American children
are being raised on the stories of the craggy giant
Paul Bunyan, with his lopsided lantern-jawed
grin, whose blue ox, Babe, measured forty-two ax
handles and one Star tobacco tin from eye to eye.

A LONG DRIVE ON WESTERN ROADS WOULD THREAD THE BITS OF THE NORTHWEST ONTO A STRING AND SET THEM IN NARRATIVE ORDER

Bunyan is the embodiment of unbridled mas-
culine power. In Wisconsin one December he
felled "100 million feet of lumber" to find a suit-
ably tall Christmas tree; he logged Minnesota
with a saw half a mile in length. The clear-cut was



a true-life Paul Bunyan story—exuberant, exag-
gerated, so far out of fashion that it was criminal.
It stood for an American way of thinking and
feeling about nature that was not easily going to
be wiped out by a generation's worth of environ-
mentalist education. For more than four hun-
dred years of white settlement, this was what you
did with the wild—tamed it with bold rectangles
and straight lines. There was a stirring kind of
American poetry in the rifle-shot road; the am-
bitiously projected grid of the infant city, its num-

bered streets-to-be laid out across the swamp; the single-file march of power pylons over a mountain; the rigid outline of the clear-cut. This was order, reason, discipline imposed on an adversarial and unregenerate nature. By the last quarter of the twentieth century, Americans had come within sight of the end of wild nature—but the habit of mind, bred in Protestant theology, was as embedded in the national character as an instinct. If I were a logger, I thought, I'd brim with pride at what I had done to that mountain, and I would hate with a passion the whining townies who were trying to demonize my kind. Save a logger, shoot an owl!

The road got darker and darker as it climbed toward the blue snowfields on the peaks. The car's automatic transmission kept on flubbing its gear changes as the gradient steepened. National Public Radio, lost since Issaquah, returned, on the top of Snoqualmie Pass, with the news that John Major had carried the motion on the Maastricht Treaty in the House of Commons by the skin of his teeth. In England, I thought with a sudden unexpected twinge of homesickness, it was Bonfire Night.

I KEPT ON DRIVING PAST THE SAME FARM, SAME TRAILER HOME, SAME CHAINED YELLOW DOG, SAME GREAT TILTED SATELLITE DISH

Bowling downhill, east of the summit, I ran out of the rain into a cold dry night with a waxing lemony quarter-moon overhead. The trees began to shrink in height and there were lightsome spaces between them, for the climate of eastern Washington, in the lee of the Cascades, is arid. At one end of the state there's a rain forest, at the other a desert, and the Cascade Ridge splits the state in two, giving geographical reality to Washington's schizoid personality, its fierce divisions between wet liberals and dry conservatives.

Much of Washington State politics consisted of the angry exchange of ballot initiatives between the two sides of the mountains. From the urban corridor of western Washington, one of the great liberal enclaves of the nation, came measures to protect gay rights, the right to choose, and the right of the terminally ill to die. The east responded with initiatives designed to combat "homosexuality," to ban abortion, to rid the syllabus of blasphemous and immoral teaching materials, and to promote creationist lecturers in high schools. The west of the state tried to apply a brake to the ethical authoritarianism of the east, while the east saw it as its mission to curb the godless and licentious tendencies of Seattle and its fellow-traveling cities.

Politicians who tried to represent the interests of the whole state had to fudge. The House Speaker, Tom Foley, was a Democrat who stood for an eastern Washington congressional district (his power base lay in the city of Spokane, but he ed a proportion of the farm vote). On most he was thought of as a generally liberal figur on gun control he was a live-free-or-die Nati Rifle Association man. Washington had a penalty, and used it—but there was an odd to the law in the state. Sentenced to die, you accorded the right to choose the mea your execution. Death by hanging lethal injection? Take your pick.

At Cle Elum, down at the foot of the r I pulled off the highway and stopped for a d The small town's too-wide main street was ty of people. The air was icy. But there was a bar: in the rancid fog of cigarette smoke, a of broad-brimmed hats, broad buttocks, an plaid jackets. Conversation, which had brisk when I walked in, stopped dead wh hoisted myself onto the only vacant stool.

"Hi. Mind if I—?"

I got a fishy stare for an answer. Then a resumed the interrupted sentence he'd been sp ing to his neighbor: "... like I was saying, the some over in Wenatchee ..." I was caught i crossfire of the war between the country an city. Too late in the season to be a hiker, toc ly to be a skier, I was a likely member of most despicable of all urban species, the l watchers.

It wasn't so much that the spotted ow were the direct cause of the closed sawm the bankrupted log-hauling companies, and rest of the miseries of the timber industry. W rankled most deeply in the depressed tow the Cascades was the righteous triumphalis the owlers as they rejoiced in the industry' cline. That the owlers came (or so the tim interests surmised) from the environs of B vue, which appeared to grow fatter, richer, smugger by the day, was the final affront.

Sipping without pleasure at my beer, I sa the bar mirror the man who was sitting on stool—a "fern kisser," a "prairie fairy," a "wa melon" (green on the outside, red on the side). A sumbitch preservationist. The D parked on the street was marginally in my vor, but Peterson's *Western Bi* parked on the passenger seat, was

Next morning a kindly fog filled the va It shrouded the outline of the Super 8 m built and furnished like a low-security pri where I had spent the night, and hid the w of the blood-and-mustard gas-station architec around the highway. I tucked the Dodge beh a slow-moving truck with Pennsylvania pl (I-90 is an epic; it starts in downtown Sea and finishes at Boston Harbor) and followe blindly into the gray.

he last rags of fog faded into the air and sud- y one could see for miles: a huge tract of un- ved ocher under an empty ice-blue sky. At :age, the road crossed the mile-wide Columbia :r, yet even here there was no vegetation to k of. The river, bigger even than my memo- f the Mississippi, ran through a cutting of -crumbled rock. Furrowed by a wind I hadn't ced until I saw the water, the Columbia was king like a sea. Until that moment I had ight that someday I'd like to ride a boat down 1,214-mile-long river, an ambition canceled sight. It was the most impossible-looking ch of inland water I'd ever seen—no shading s, no riverside bars, no islands; nothing but d and shale, and between the two an enormous bad-tempered black canal.

he plateau was dead level from horizon to izon; the road tapered evenly to a dot in the dle distance. Half a dozen small farms went by. hough this land was parched, its soil was rich. ad been a desert until the 1950s, when the nd Coulee Dam on the Columbia was tapped ring a network of water pipes and gation ditches to eastern Washing- , and homesteaders moved in on this ikely, monochrome terrain.

kept on driving past the same farm: ie trailer home parked on the same ty plot; same Chevy pickup; same ined yellow dog; same great tilted er satellite dish collecting messages n the heavens. The best-kept farms ounced themselves from several miles with a lone poplar tree, four times as as the telephone poles that were oth- ise the most commanding feature of landscape. The plateau was dotted h these flagstaff poplars, each one a al of someone's long-standing resi- ce and patient husbandry.

It was a big thing to raise a tree here, ere nothing grew naturally except nted sagebrush. A Seattle friend, who d been visiting eastern Washington ce his childhood in the 1940s, told me w the tree was known on these farms as The e; whenever the dishes were washed or a bath s taken, the dirty water was carried out and fed derly to The Tree, whose inch-by-inch growth s monitored like a child's.

On a road so straight, through a landscape so t, distance dissolves into time and time de- lerates to the speed of a watched kettle. The ms seemed to come to a standstill as the car got ck beside the same telephone pole. Looking wn to find the radio on/off button, I noticed at the speedometer needle was securely lodged tween 105 and 110. I lifted my foot from the s pedal and watched the needle drop slowly through the numbers: at 55, the next mailbox appeared to be slightly receding, as if the car were failing to keep up with the rotation of the earth.

The Idaho-Montana state line crossed Lookout Pass just under five thousand feet, and for more than a hundred miles I-90 ran down the back side of the Bitterroot Range, to Missoula. It looped round crags, skirted shale falls, switched promiscuously from river course to river course in its search for the low ground. As dusk settled, the hills dissolved into clouds of swirling soot. Light spilled over the wet road from the Dodge's headlights, making driving a tense and headachy business. The car plowed through the dazzle at a breakneck 45. Trucks rolled past like speeding ships, leaving the Dodge floundering in their wake. I ate the unpleasant remains of a cellophane-wrapped ham sandwich, bought before the beginning of Idaho, and counted the miles down to the safe haven of Missoula.

It took a long time coming. Then it was



there—a sackful of lights scattered over a broad, flat valley bottom below the highway. I was tired and road-shocked, and it seemed that there was something not quite right about the place. As soon as the car passed under the railroad bridge that marked the beginning of the town, one could taste the complex industrial flavor of carbons in the air. The streetlights all wore smoggy halos and the dark brick architecture was slightly out of focus. Expecting a winter resort town—something along the lines of Aspen, Colorado—I had the powerful impression that I had driven deep into the Rocky Mountains and somehow arrived in Rotherham or Barnsley.

otograph by Charles Krebs / Allstock

Berthed in a motel room, with a finger of Teacher's in a tooth glass, I called home. The five-hundred-mile distance between Seattle and Missoula felt as long as if we were talking across a continent. We were in different time zones. The temperature here was in the twenties; on Queen Anne Hill it was in the fifties and there was still a tomato-red sunset over Puget Sound. I was saying "the mountains!" "the desert!" "the Christians!" like any traveler in a foreign land, and it was disconcerting to discover that my wife, Jean, seemed to think that I was just around the corner.



"If you're coming back through Portland, can you stop by at Powell's?"

Pick up a pint of milk at the shop on your way home, will you?

Next morning the air was clear and thin; in cold sunshine, the buildings of Missoula seemed to have drifted apart during the night. The huge spaces of the landscape had infected the architecture of the town: courthouse, bank, department store were like lonely mountain peaks, with low-lying plains between them, while the snow-dusted sides of real mountains rose almost sheer above Missoula, boxing it in around the Clark Fork River. The effect was unsettling: the streets were too open for comfort, the town too closed-in, inducing mild claustrophobia and agoraphobia at the same time.

The river that ran through it was quick and trouty. It spilled noisily over boulders and the trunks of fallen trees, baffling the sound of the traffic in the streets. The walkway along the riverbank was busy with promenading hoboes. Men with bedrolls and sun-bleached beards strolled in ones and twos, reclined full-length on public benches, and studied the river w the narrowed eyes of anglers watching for pewtery underwater wink of a feeding fish. gravel shore was littered with the remain small neat driftwood fires.

The hoboes rode in on the boxcars of Northern Pacific Railroad, drawn to Missoul its reputation as a kindly town. A meal, a sh er, a bed for the night could be had at the Pov lo Center on Ryman. Word had gone around transients could find work here. Other Mont towns, like Butte and Helena, were said t sewn up tight by the labor unions, Missoula was still "open," and so hopefuls kept showing up, despite fact that homelessness and unemp ment were now endemic in Misso Winter was coming, and I wouldn't to be caught with a backpack ar bedroll in a place where the Jan temperature was likely to sink to tw ty below or worse. Yet famously ki towns are few and far between, and presence of these shambling, ami men said a lot for Missoula as a plac which you could still take your mis tunes and have a sporting chanc redeeming them.

It had all the useful amenities t go with low wages and hard times: c with coffee for twenty-five cents (re free); thrift shops on every corner s ing J. C. Penney business suits at $7 a throw; a dozen pawnshops, stacke their ceilings with accordions, f tools, fob watches, and stereophonic junk. Sta ing in front of one of these dusty treas houses, eyeing an elderly Bausch & Lomb croscope and trying not to give in to the impu to rescue it, I was joined at the window by a h He looked like a man with nothing to pawn no money to buy. Maybe he was making a se mental visit to one of his own old possessions. gether we stared wordlessly into the window u the silence seemed rude.

I said lamely, "Whole lot of pawnshops in town . . ."

"Yup," he said. "You want to buy an guitar or a gun, Missoula's the pl to be."

Over the river, past the university, a road led up a smooth and snowy hillside that once formed the bank of the great emptied la A red-tailed hawk (the bird book was back play) was crouched on top of a telephone p looking down into Missoula, waiting for a ra break cover on the lake floor. I opened the door gently, but the hawk took fright. It scra bled untidily off its perch and sailed away

Photograph by Tom Dietrich / Alls

ed-flat chestnut wings. Minutes later it was in sight, quartering the air over the town in nt circles, ready to drop like a thunderbolt of the sky on the next thing that moved.

om up here, Missoula looked more like an size trailer park than a city with a few thousand pastel-colored houses loosely strewn across the y. A minor tremor in the local geology—a t resettling of the crust, a rise of a few feet in level of the river—would be enough to wipe oula clean off the map. Above and behind own, mountains climbed on mountains' backs succession of shelving snowfields and walls of k rock—and these enormous fractures and upvals looked dangerously raw, as if there might nore of them later today or early tomorrow ning. I thought: If I lived in Missoula, I'd lie ke at night listening to the earth creak.

he valley trended westward. After a couple iles or so, the squat buildings of Missoula pe- d out, and then there was just the intermit- glint of the river, like a twist of wire, running haze and distance. It was a long, long way n there to Seattle. Yet Seattle was Missoula's city. If you needed the London papers (two s old) or a bone-marrow transplant, if you nted to see a major-league baseball game or dinner in a French restaurant, you had to ke the journey to Seattle. Its nearest rival Minneapolis, a thousand miles back over Rockies and in another regional world.

People went. They took the plane or skipped ight's sleep to make the drive. They went for Seahawks, the Mariners, the Sonics; for the ttle Symphony, the Rep, the Pacific Northst Ballet. Every big city is sustained by its hinland: it offers services that are too specialized d expensive for even a metropolitan popula- n to support on its own. Seattle had a gigan- hinterland for such a small big city. It was provincial capital of places like Missoula, as all the charmless one-gas-station towns and ely farms halfway up mountainsides that lay between; and, in their turn, the places like Mis- la strongly colored Seattle with their own pectations of what a big city ought to be.

Squinting into the haze at the far end of the lley, one could almost see Seattle—at least, e could sense the faint but definite magnetic g of the city. And from this distance I got the int of Seattle's habit of grandiloquent self-adrtisement, its preoccupation (which I had tak- to be merely neurotic) with structures that re the biggest, or just the damnedest, things of eir kind "west of the Mississippi," in the cant rase. Its romance with the monumental had be- n with the timber-baron Roman Empire style the downtown architecture; with the nowinty office building that had once been the llest building w. of the M.; with the absurdly haughty expressions of the terra-cotta walruses that condescended from the facade of the Arctic Club. It was a city of bizarre novelties and grandiose follies. Its sports stadium, the Kingdome, was famous for defying the laws of physics and the canons of good taste. Its most arresting landmark, put up for the 1962 World's Fair, was the Space Needle—a stout radio mast whimsically surmounted by an intergalactic flying saucer, drawn from a 1950s sci-fi comic. Living with the Space Needle on the other side of Queen Anne Hill was rather like having to put up with a black-velvet portrait of Jesus on one's living-room wall; but here on this hillside, five hundred miles off, I thought I understood what the Space Needle was *for*. It was designed to beam the message of Seattle's capital status across the hinterland—and for the message to reach out to Missoula, the signal had to be inordinately strong.

"A windey dark raney disagreeable morning." The wind and rain lashed at the fast-food pagodas and bunting-hung car dealerships of suburban Missoula and flung around the overhead stoplights on their wires. With a full tank, a pint of gas-station coffee, and a Merle Haggard tape to ward off the FM evangelists, I drove out of town on U.S. 93. The swish and slap of the windshield wipers kept good time with the banjos as Haggard and his combo sang lachrymose patriotic songs in exaggerated stereo. Both weather and music seemed right for a day on which I meant to follow the route taken by Lewis and Clark on their journey from the Continental Divide to the Columbia River in the fall of 1805.

The Lewis and Clark expedition was the crowning detail of Jefferson's grand design for westward expansion. Though Jefferson himself never got much farther west than Staunton, Virginia, on the edge of the Appalachians, he devised the western landscape in which I now lived. He wrote the original draft of the Land Ordinance of 1785—the document that was responsible for the checkerboard rectangularity of the western states. Jefferson drew the grid.

WITH A TANK OF GAS, A PINT OF GAS-STATION COFFEE, AND A MERLE HAGGARD TAPE, I FOLLOWED THE ROUTE TAKEN BY LEWIS AND CLARK

It was a construction typical of Jefferson's rationalist, Enlightenment-*philosophe* habits of thought. No one yet knew how the land lay beyond the Mississippi. Jefferson believed that North America was probably made up of two matching halves, like a spatchcocked hen split open around the breastbone of the Mississippi basin. So there should be a range of mountains in the western territories much like the Alleghenies in the East—

up to about five thousand feet high, with a narrow watershed, a short portage, between the rivers that ran into the Gulf of Mexico and those that ran into the Pacific. This was Jefferson's imagined West, but his grid could cope with any topographical eventuality since it was grounded in a magnificent disregard for empirical geography.

It started at an arbitrary point on the north bank of the Ohio River on the western edge of Pennsylvania, on the river's high-water line. From here, Jefferson projected a north-south meridian and a westward-running baseline as the master axes of the grid. He then spread over the undiscovered country a ghostly reticule of six-mile squares named "townships." They stretched away across an infinity of western space, imposing a tight social order on what had been (until the passage of the ordinance through Congress on May 20, 1785) a speculative void. Every township was subdivided into thirty-six "sections" or "lots," each a mile square, or 640 acres, and the lots were numbered from No. 1 in the southeast corner of the township to No. 36 in the northwest. Lot No. 16 (the northeasterly of the four central squares) was reserved for the building of a school or college, and Lot Nos. 8, 11, 26, and 29 were set aside for agencies of the U.S. government. The remaining lots were to be sold by auction at not less than $1 an acre in hard-money currency, and the 640-acre section was to be the smallest land unit sold by the government.

IN LOLO, TRUCKERS WERE WORKING ON A LINE OF VEGAS-STYLE SLOT MACHINES, AND THERE WAS A LARGE DISPLAY OF STAY-AWAKE PILLS

Even on the frontier, 640 acres was a big parcel, and few settlers could raise the $640 minimum to buy a lot. To Jefferson, who farmed 10,000 acres in Virginia, both the size and price of the lots must have seemed paltry. America was destined to be socially as well as geographically symmetrical: beyond the mirror-Alleghenies, Jefferson could see a mirror-Virginia populated by gentlemen farmers of means like himself.

By 1800, when Jefferson was elected president, the Rectangular Survey was moving steadily over the ground, with townships and lots staked out as far west as the Ohio-Indiana line and south into the Mississippi territory. The Far West was now a habitable idea. What it lacked was contour lines, weather, soil, flora, mineral deposits, birds, animals, and Indian nations. In June 1803, Jefferson commissioned Lewis and Clark to furnish the West with credible detail as they sounded out the best route from St. Louis to the Columbia River.

Jefferson was the West's idealist architect; Lewis and Clark were its pioneer realists. The Rockies were so horribly unlike the Alleghenies that the travelers could hardly believe their eyes at the loom of the distant mountains over the Missouri valley. There was no narrow waters [illegible] no short portage. Lewis and Clark had b[illegible] dysentery, septic cuts, skin eruptions, and [illegible] feet. Men on the expedition suffered from syp[illegible] and doses of clap. They dragged their tor[illegible] gear up the headwaters of the Missouri and [illegible] the Continental Divide at Lemhi Pass. [illegible] September 9, 1805, they camped at a place t[illegible] named Traveler's Rest, ten miles s[illegible] of Missoula.

The name Traveler's Rest hadn't stuc[illegible] was Lolo now, with a conspicuous gas statio[illegible] the truckers on U.S. 93. When I looked in, [illegible] truckers were working intently on a line of [illegible] Vegas–style slot machines, and there w[illegible] counter display of a dozen rival brands of s[illegible] awake pill. I threw out the colored Missoula [illegible] ter with which I'd started and replaced it wi[illegible] pint of black and bitter truckers' coffee.

Across from the gas station, U.S. 12, the L[illegible] and Clark route, branched off from the h[illegible] way—a narrow blacktop on a straight-ar[illegible] course through a bedraggled landscape of sa[illegible] off stumps and sapling firs. Mine was the only [illegible] in sight. In ten miles I met one logging tr[illegible] and, thoughts elsewhere, was startled by the [illegible] approving myopic glare of its headlights in [illegible] rain. The road began to wind and climb or[illegible] way up to Lolo Pass through the Bitterroots.

"4 miles assend a Steep ruged mountain p[illegible] ing over high Stoney knobs maney parts bar[illegible] timber [the Indians] having burnt it down." N[illegible] of the early white visitors to the Northwest w[illegible] struck by the Indians' special reverence for t[illegible] environment; on the contrary, they were impre[illegible] by the amount of damage that the Indians, desp[illegible] their limited numbers, had managed to inflict [illegible] it. On Puget Sound, George Vancouver watch[illegible] "eighty or one hundred men, women and c[illegible] dren ... busily engaged like swine, rooting up t[illegible] beautiful verdant meadow in quest of a specie[illegible] wild onion." James G. Swan, a mid-nineteen[illegible] century settler on the Olympic Peninsula, wr[illegible] that coastal navigation in late summer and e[illegible] fall was made extremely difficult by the pal[illegible] smoke that lay over the water from the Colum[illegible] to Nootka Sound, caused by Indian forest f[illegible] that had run out of control. Driving through [illegible] slash-and-burn operations of the timber indus[illegible] I found myself clinging to the fact that even [illegible] 1805 this was not virgin forest. When Willi[illegible] Clark rounded this bend in the trail, he saw op[illegible] ing ahead an acrid wasteland of black stumps a[illegible] sodden ash. My view exactly.

"Emince Dificuelt Knobs Stones much fall [illegible] timber and emencely Steep ... Several hor[illegible] Sliped and roled down Steep hills which h[illegible] them verry much ..." The crossing of Lolo Pass w[illegible] even tougher than the crossing of the Contin[illegible]

ivide. The climate was much colder then now: in mid-September the snow was al- deep here. "We are continually covered Snow, I have been as wet and as cold in ev- art as I ever was in my life, indeed I was at one fearfull my feet would freeze in the thin ersons which I wore . . ."

eyond the summit, I pulled into a broad d overlook, a Lewis and Clark rest area with wn metal historic marker. Though the road empty and hardly wider than a lane, it was tuated with these huge rest areas, each big gh, in summer, to take a couple of tour bus- d a dozen cars at a time—a measure of Lewis Clark's heroic status in the highly selective heon of American popular culture.

f course their journey was important—it e the West real; but there was more to it that. No other figures in American history so endearing. Partly it was their language, h jumped off the page with its undated plain- enness. You could imagine bumping into is and Clark at a bar, and getting on with n—whereas George Vancouver, say, would e you as a very weird old windbag with an ac- . Most of all, though, it was the relationship veen them that put them so easily within h. Lewis and Clark were America's foremost e couple. Before Queequeg & Ishmael, be- Huck & Jim, there were Lewis & Clark.

heir joint command was an extraordinary suc- . There seems never to have been a cross word veen them. When one fell ill, the other so- ously nursed him back to health. Sometimes is fussed over Clark ("Capt. Clark is . . . still very guid and complains of a general soarness in all limbs. I prevailed on him to take the barks ch he has done and eate tolerably freely of good venison"); sometimes Clark fussed over is ("Capt. Lewis out all night, we arrived at his np to brackfast, he was without a blanket"). ach was protective of the other's weakness. vis, who'd served as Jefferson's aide, was the iny one, Clark the better woodsman. Clark, an husiastic cartographer, could draw a beautiful p, but when it came to writing, he was all fists. couldn't spell, and the grammar of the simplest tence had a habit of raveling itself up on him a bird's-nest tangle. So he got help from Lewis. here the two journals run in daily parallel, one see exactly how they were composed. Lewis ote his entry first, then passed the elk- n–bound notebook to Clark, who copied what was written there into his own journal.

n Idaho now, the road began to tumble ough the forest like the river whose course it lowed, swerving away at the last moment from tical chimneys or gray rock, eddying out and doubling back. My ears popped as the car lost height. The river grew—like everything else here—prodigiously. One minute it was a crack of light in the rocks beside the road; the next, its white-water rapids were louder than the Dodge's engine; the next, it swirled darkly from deep pool to deep pool, dimpling over sunken boulders, its surface scored with lines of current, like penknife doodles in the wax polish of a tabletop.

The road leveled as it entered Nez Percé Indian country. The river grew broad and placid enough to float a ship on. Fir gave way to stands of ash and maple in soggy, unkempt meadows by the water's edge. The most prominent building in many miles was a sky-blue shack, padlocked for the winter, with WILD BILLS FIREWORKS painted on it in careful four-foot-high letters, each *i* dotted with a circle like a halo. Standing alone in the deep sticks of Idaho, the blue shack looked like crazy hopefulness on Wild Bill's part. The grass and thistles surrounding it were untrodden: no one had yet beaten a path to its door.



All over the Northwest, Indians exploited their separate-nation status by dealing on reservations in goods and services that were prohibited to their white neighbors. Where the reservations were near big towns or abutted on major highways, there were Indian casinos and bingo halls and pungent open-air fireworks markets, each called Boom City. You could buy only the most puny rockets and Catherine wheels from the state-licensed white dealers, but at a Boom City you could get fifty-foot strings of firecrackers and three-inch-mortar skyrockets that would climb two thousand feet before going off like something out of the Gulf War.

For Lewis and Clark the West was an unexplored wilderness, and they were full of the novelty and drama of their own first footsteps in the landscape; yet wherever they went they were moving across a grid whose lines, though wavier and more irregular, were far more substantial than those of Jefferson's projected checkerboard.

As Lewis and Clark passed from one national territory to the next, they changed guides at each frontier. Even on the roughest passages, they were led, or directed, along paths that they referred to in their journals as "roads." "I found great difficulty in finding the road in the evining as the Snow had fallen," wrote Clark, on his

tograph by Steve Firebaugh / Allstock

Jim directs a small (and rather tight-lipped) security operation. He has six people (we've been told) who patrol an undisclosed number of square miles somewhere in the continental United States.

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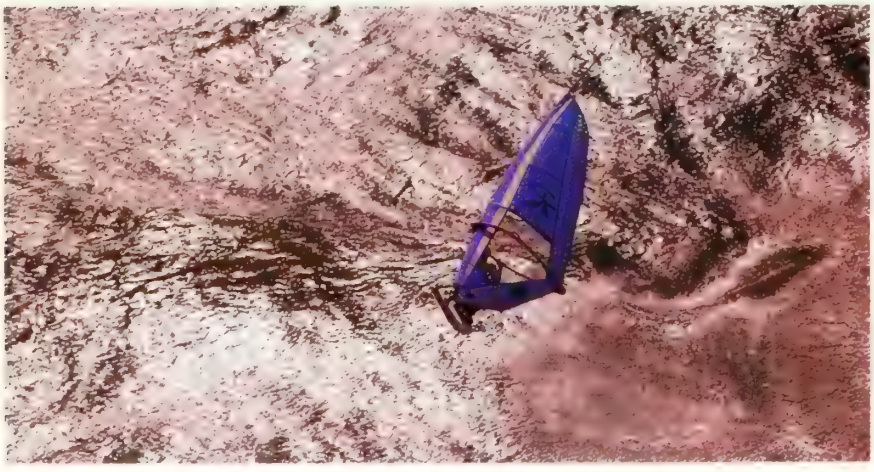
Manufacturer's suggested retail price for the 1993 Saturn SL-1 is [illegible]. Jim Burk is pictured with the Boone International Security Service. 1991 by [illegible] Saturn SL/E at 107,000 [illegible] Corporation.

way down the budding track of U.S. 12; "road bad as usual." There is a big difference between a country with poor roads and a country with no roads at all; in Lewis and Clark's Northwest, the roads were bad but they were definitely there.

At Lolo Pass, the explorers crossed from Flathead to Nez Percé territory and met a band of Nez Percé men who were looking for stolen horses. Clark gave the Indians fishhooks and tied a colored ribbon in each man's hair, "which appeared to please them verry much." Lewis gave them "a Steel & a little Powder to make fire." In pantomime, the Indians explained that they lived in a village in a valley to the west, "five sleeps" away; a six-day hike. (This was the original of the shanty- and trailer-town at Kooskia.) From there, the men said, they had convenient access to the Columbia, which was safely navigable to the Pacific.

Lewis blew his nose, and the Indians were excited by the sight of his handkerchief. It was, they said, almost exactly like the handkerchiefs given to some relatives of theirs by an old white man who was camping on an ocean beach near the mouth of the Columbia.

This talk of handkerchiefs took place 480 miles as the crow flies—more than 600 miles by crooked trails and looping river courses—from the Pacific, and it takes some thinking about. Who in, say, Oxfordshire, in 1805, would have been able to gossip knowledgeably about someone seen in Genoa or Turin? Yet Lewis in his journal



doesn't seem to be overly impressed by his conversation with the Indians; he records it without comment before going on to describe the men as being "of large stature and comely form."

Lewis and Clark had arrived in a country that was already well mapped and well traveled. Goods and news were transmitted across an immense geographical space and over a large number of heavily policed tribal boundaries. When the caravan of trinket-bearing white men came stumbling down the main road from the mountains, no one seems to have been much surprised: sin 1792, at least, the Indians had been getting creasingly used to the presence of eccent tourists with designs on their hor lands.

With the pedal on the floor, the car shot fr the valley of the Lochsa River to the valley of t Clearwater to the valley of the Snake at a stea cruising speed of five miles a word. Slowing as it entered the state of Washington, it climbed ir the bare and rumpled hills of the Palouse, their si as smooth as gray suede. Their baldness led one expect nothing of the summit except sagebr and snow, but as the Dodge crested the last hill three thousand feet, it came out onto a steppe rich farm country. I stopped to stretch my legs a take in the surprise of it. The sky was an em duck-egg blue, but the soil was damp from rec rain, and the colors of the land had the unr paint-box freshness of the last few minutes bef a fiery sunset. Between an enormous undulati field of buttery corn stubble and an enormous u dulating field of emerald winter wheat, th marched a herd of twenty piebald cattle in sin file. It was so quiet and still that one could alm hear the cows moving, half a mile off. In the far d tance, steepling aluminum grain elevators did t job of churches, landmarking and subordinating t sprawling patchwork of the plateau.

There were no other cars on the road, and t only tractor in sight, up to its axles chocolate earth, had a sleepy and f gotten look. The big, lonely geog phy of the Northwest made it easy succumb to Lewis and Clarkery— the sensation of being the first to c cover an already well-discovered lar Even here, on territory so obviou occupied and cultivated, the nati of the place seemed to have onl skin-deep tenure of it. In England, land looks owned. Hundreds of years continuous possession, of wills and c tailments and codicils, are visibly th in the fabric of the place, where m of what you see is the work of de people and their builders, gardene plowmen, and lawyers. In Washingt State, the land looks squatted on, as if tomorr it might have quite different tenants putting it an altogether different purpose.

More than in any place I'd ever lived, it felt right to be a stranger here. I was happy in t Northwest not because I felt at home but beca no one else seemed to be entirely at home eith When people said that they went "way back" Washington, they meant two generations, th at most. Though they liked to affect a propriet air toward the landscape, they hadn't yet had ti

Photograph by Randy Wells—Allst

ally make it their own. I liked their gimcrack
ıships because they looked as if they'd been
inside the reach of my own memory, and
by people whose skills as architects and car-
ers were not much better than my own. Driv-
ırough Pomeroy ("The Key to Friendly Family
ıg," pop. 1,415), I could recognize it as exactly
ort of town I might construct myself, if I were
g it in the evenings and on weekends and
ng for it as I went along.

ır as long as whites had been coming here, the
hwest had tended to attract last-chancers
eir forties and fifties: it was a region where
ttledness and solitude were part of the nor-
fabric of things. In their turn, the migrants
written their own morose character onto the
of the country, with lonely, inward-looking
ses, hedged, ditched, and electric-fenced
nst unwelcome advances. Set far back from
road in acres of land for land's sake, they
looked less like homes than gun em-
placements.

The water was agitated in a most Shock-
manner boils Swell & whorl pools, we passed
ı great risque."

uffeted by a strong headwind, the car sped
t along the bare, ribbed valley of the Co-
bia. Lewis and Clark's river, with its Indian
ing lodges and canoe-swallowing rapids, lay
ıy feet underwater now. Locked and dammed
e the 1930s, the Columbia had been turned
ı a staircase of epic lakes. The surface of the
er was chipped and furrowed, streaked with
drows of scud. By the side of the road (another
erted blacktop, Route 14, on the Washington
re), stalks of dry sagebrush stood quivering on
stony ground. This miserable, gale-torment-
ılant had been new to the explorers, who re-
ed to it, doubtfully, as "whins" and "wild
ıp."

The feelings of the early settlers, trying to find
ds to convey the extraordinary barrenness of
valley, were plain from the names on the
p. To the north, Sand Ridge; to the south,
erty Ridge. There was a hamlet called, with
rimly literal eye for the landscape's salient
ture, Sage. Beyond Sage was Dead Canyon.
ond Dead Canyon was Golgotha Butte.

The West was named, in English, at a time
en almost every frontier sod house and log
ın contained a copy of *Pilgrim's Progress*,
ısed next to the Bible. Huckleberry Finn no-
es the book in the Grangerford house:

> There was some books, too, piled up perfectly ex-
> act, on each corner of the table. One was a big fam-
> ly Bible full of pictures. One was *Pilgrim's Progress*,
> about a man that left his family, it didn't say why. I
> read considerable in it now and then. The state-
> ments was interesting, but tough.

The fur trappers, farmers, fishermen, and loggers were comfortable with Bunyan's landscape of allegory. (Was Paul Bunyan's name meant as a respectful nod to John Bunyan? Certainly the Bunyan stories have a distinct *Pilgrim's Progress* flavor.) The settlers were used to a topography in which places had names like the Slough of Despond, the Hill of Difficulty, the Delectable Mountains, Lucre Hill, the River of the Water of Life, and the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Western names! Migrants to the West found themselves living in a landscape that must have seemed more like the country described in *Pilgrim's Progress* (or the Book of Revelation) than anywhere in the conventional realistic world. It looked allegorical, and allegorical names came to attach themselves to it: Damnation Peak, Mount Despair, Lucky Canyon, Starvation Point. When Lewis called the Jefferson River's twin forks Philanthropy and Wisdom, he began to create a world in which the pilgrim Christian might wander as he does through Bunyan's book.

> IN THE NORTHWEST IT WAS EASY TO SUCCUMB TO LEWIS AND CLARKERY—THE FEELING OF BEING FIRST TO DISCOVER A WELL-DISCOVERED LAND

Past Golgotha Butte, the windsurfers began. The Columbia Gorge gathers in the westerly winds of the Pacific and focuses them like a nozzle. It is one of the great wind funnels of the world, and its effect is exaggerated by the way the sun-dried desert land east of the Cascades forms a pressure vacuum that sucks in the cool wet oceanic air. So an almost continuous westerly gale blows through the lower Columbia valley, burnishing the rock bluffs and keeping the sagebrush down to a thin and close-cropped fur. It made the going rough for the explorers. "Wind hard from the west all the last night and this morning . . . a verry windy night . . . a windey morning . . . a Violent wind. . . ." Their canoes lurched and pounded through the lop on the river, often taking in water.

But the surfers loved the windiness of it. They came from all over. I first heard about this roaring chasm in the bar of the Isle of Man Yacht Club, where a windsurfing bank clerk told me it was his ambition to spend a long season crisscrossing one short patch of water on the Columbia River. He showed me a picture of the place in a magazine: I barely glanced at it but nodded politely, thinking him an amiable madman who required humoring.

Now I saw his point. Each wet-suited windsurfer had the rigid crouch of a toy gladiator as he skidded hard across the wind on his psychedelic wing. The people made sudden, happy

sense of the harsh topography: for a moment, they made the Columbia look homely, in a solitary, northwestern sort of way. There were at least a dozen of them in view, but there was no apparent relation between them. They weren't racing; it wasn't a regatta. Everyone was striking out on a free-lance course of his or her own, each at a different angle to the wind, sailing as people lived here, unsociably and at cross-purposes.

I thought of the Manxman, slow-spoken and somber. During the year I spent on the island, he quit his job at the bank and broke up with his fiancée in order to devote himself to his sailboard. Driving on the coast road to Douglas in the dead of winter, past a sea of blown spume and boiling milk, I'd catch sight of a triangular scrap of rainbow in the storm—the ex–bank clerk at his devotions. The beef-pink, horse-faced loner was made for the Pacific Northwest: put him in a shack at the mouth of Melancholy Canyon and he'd pass as a native of the place.

GO DRIVING LONG ENOUGH IN THE DEEP STICKS AND YOU MAY TUNE IN TO FIND COKIE ROBERTS INTERVIEWING JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

As the Cascade mountains began to crowd around the river, the color of the landscape slowly changed from tan to green. The first fir tree came and went; sparse woodland thickened into forest, and National Public Radio was back on the air, broadcasting from Portland. For the past few days I had been living in a chronological fog, and it came as no particular surprise to learn that the man in the news today was Warren Christopher—a name I hadn't heard for so many years that it sounded as if it belonged to the historical archives. Go driving long enough in the deep sticks and you might tune in to find Cokie Roberts interviewing John Quincy Adams.

The road ran abruptly and unambiguously into the fall of 1992, with a lumber mill pumping steam into the overcast, some muddy acres of building lots and show homes, a tangle of concrete ramps and two freeways, straddling the Columbia on high bridges. The whole landscape was permeated with the flatulent reek of the timber industry. I had meant to stop in Portland but took the wrong ramp and found myself headed north on Interstate 5, bound for Seattle and Vancouver. At the next exit I kept on going, and left the gassy city far astern.

Even on this Sunday afternoon I-5 was clogged. It was the main Mexico-to-Canada highway west of the Rocky Mountains, a 1,300-mile-long concrete duct that had been a marvel in its time but was now an end-to-end traffic jam. I made a slot for myself in the slow-moving stream and settled in. It was restful to hav more landscape to look at for a while, just weather-stained back of a big truck, like a grimy blank page.

I quit the interstate and headed northwe the Olympic Peninsula and the Pacific c The road was a dead-straight furrow thr rolling plantations of black firs—an enor canopy of darkness held up by bare gray trunks, standing as thick on the ground as s of wheat. The trees were of the kind that tim industry people call "pecker poles"—all height no circumference, like hundred-foot broomst Over their tops was spread a smothering sl oily-looking rain clouds like a dirty eiderd These were the foothills of the razor-e Olympics, but from the road one could no guess at the existence of the mountains than could tell the time of day. Mile after mile sli of the same dank, unpeopled lightlessness lieved by the occasional patch of clear-cutt

Great tracts of the Pacific Northwest, like one, resembled the interior landscape of m depression. They ran through the same hausting cycle. For days on end there'd jus gloom and dripping water in this natural dun where things grew like some fungal runa mold. Then, without warning, the sky w clear and you'd find yourself suddenly open t high white heights, and watch as the w changed color in an instant, from vegetable b to brilliant moss green.

Foot down through the forest, I kept going til at last the ocean showed, like the ultim clear-cut, as a lightsome vacancy beyond trees. I parked the Dodge and walked down t beach. The sky was higher and thinner here, there was even a meager ration of evening light, enough to make the big, half-sunken logs cast distinct shadows on the sand. Th there was barely enough wind to keep the needles in motion, the sea drummed and rum like the traffic on an overhead expressway as incoming swell broke on the beach.

I sat on a log and listened to the sea.

"The Sea which is imedeately in front roars a repeeted roling thunder," wrote Clark, "and rored in that way ever Since our arrival in its ders which is now 24 Days Since we arrive Sight of the Great Western Ocian, I cant say P ic as Since I have Seen it, it has been the reve

The Pacific rollers came bursting onto the b like exploding snowdrifts. Each one started o an unambitious crease, a pencil line on the sm water a hundred and fifty yards out, where swell tripped on the shallowing sand bottom. V ponderous slowness, the crease sharpened built into a translucent crest, through which dying sunlight showed as through bubbled g

-glass. Now the whole wave was really on the
id-up. Sixty or seventy yards off, it sprouted
white handlebar mustache, which widened
ly along its lip. It kept on climbing. And
ing. The force of gravity appeared to have
suspended to enable its magnificent ascent.
arched wave hung in space, as thick and vis-
looking as a tower of treacle. Then came
reak—a ground-shaking crash that you could
in your bowels, as the sea collapsed into
powder, then reformed itself back in-
to water again.

hat night I put up at a motel in Forks, twelve
s inland, on the slope of the invisible
npics. It was a timber town, and a minor
ic in its genre. I had been driving through
er towns all day and seen them at every
of their evolution. Forks was the most high-
olved version so far.
ne lowest form of timber-industry social life was
np of trailers parked in line along the roadside.
came a town with a name when the trailers
joined by three or four prefab-
ed ranch-style bungalows and a
even convenience store with a
ump out front. The next stage
ne ladder required the addition
gas station with a "deli" (which
hese parts meant not a deli-
ssen but a basic horseshoe-
ater diner, serving steak-and-egg
kfasts and sandwiches). Serious
ambitions set in with the arrival
ne video store and the motel. Af-
hat came the sculpture.
he sculpture was as formalized
s way as the statue of the bronze
ntryman atop the war memori-
small English market towns. I'd
a dozen variants of it in Ore-
, Washington, and British Co-
bia. It was carved from a sec-
of old-growth Douglas fir of
sive diameter, and it represent-
in heavy relief, sometimes paint-
nd sometimes in bare varnished
od, a logger with an ax cutting
n an old-growth Douglas fir.
he example outside the motel
a beauty, for Forks was the
ropolis of the logging camps—a mile-long
p of neon business signs, with three stoplights
l a string of tenebrous beer joints. But the
ved and painted logger, a figure of heroic pas-
l, was way out of tune with his real-life coun-
parts, who gloomed disconsolately over their
ks in the bars. None were Paul Bunyan types.
e loggers were journeyman employees of bil-
n-dollar outfits like the Weyerhaeuser Cor-
poration, and they gave off the sour smell of years of negative profits, evaporating cash flows, and hard bottom lines.

They were now the endangered species. They put up homemade signs on their lawns that said THIS FAMILY LIVES ON TIMBER DOLLARS—and I'd find myself peering in at the windows of these houses as if, indeed, I might catch a glimpse of some rare owlish birds pecking at a tray of timber dollars while *Wheel of Fortune* played in the background.

The sculptures (and all the ones I saw were recently carved) were part of the counter-preservationist movement. They owed a lot to the carved totemic ravens and thunderbirds with which the local Indian tribes announced their special status. They made the assertion that timber-industry workers, like the Indians, had, in one of the hardest-worked American phrases of the late twentieth century, a unique and historic *culture*. Deny me my job, and you deny me my culture, my past, my ethnic identity. So the logging communities were busy manufacturing craft objects that gave them a tribal history and the right to be regarded as yet another beleaguered minority threatened with extinction.



It took some imaginative effort to identify the Weyerhaeuser fork-lift operators and helicopter crews with the carved figures of lone brawny woodsmen swinging axes. The sculptures seemed to me to be self-defeating: they came across as sentimental tributes to a past so long gone that it

ograph by Jim Corwin / Allstock

was far beyond the reach of preservation.

I picked at a meal in an overlit, almost empty restaurant. The view through the window was of pickups and logging trucks plowing through the wet and dark. The chicken and French fries tasted of sawdust and wood pulp. The only other customer removed his teeth and pocketed them after he'd finished dining. Forks in the rain was an unlovely place.

An elderly blue VW Beetle was stopped at the light. Its back end was pasted over with slogans that looked misplaced in Forks: anti-nuke, Clinton/Gore, and the brightest piece of folk wisdom that I'd yet seen on the tribulations of the timber industry, SAVE A LOGGER & A WHALE—SINK A JAPANESE SHIP.

The north shore of the peninsula, a hillocky strip of mixed woods and farmland, looked out over the hazy Strait of Juan de Fuca to the stranded thundercloud of Vancouver Island. A big ebb tide was running: one could see the westward drift of the level, tan-colored water, frosted with cat's-paws of wind.

The land here had been settled at the turn of the century by handy and versatile people. First they had been loggers. They cleared their plots and sold the timber to the mills in Port Angeles. Then they pulled the stumps out of the ground and planted it with grain, or turned it over to pasture. When the salmon were running in the strait, the settlers became fishermen, and supplied the canning factories. As hunters, they sold venison to Seattle butchers. They lived much like the Makah Indians whom they had supplanted, except that the whites lived, penny-wise, on their surpluses, selling everything they could chop down, raise, catch, grow, pick, or shoot.



These busy small capitalists—lately the poor of Sweden, Germany, and the British Isles—had left their names on the map. Bagley, Charley, Macdonald, Morse, Petersen, Sadie were creeks; Dan Kelly, Dempsey, Durrwachter, Grossett, Liljedahl, Pearson were roads; Snider, Stolzenberg, Ellis, Muller were hills. The landscape was dotted with derelict farms—barns and windowless houses going down on their knees, their timbers splayed, their roofs collapsing under a heavy thatch of moss.

Few of the names on the map now matched the names of living residents, but Schmidt Road, by Whiskey Creek, still led to the Schmidt hous
little way down the unpaved trail, I disturb
pair of skinny coyotes, who loped unhurr
away from the Dodge, heads down, tails at
mast. At the road's end was a small sandy
with a cathedral-like cedar A-frame perche
the edge of the water. Bud Schmidt was ho

We'd been introduced a couple of month
fore, when I had come this way with a frien
ex–towboat captain who knew everybody.
stopped here for tea, and Mr. Schmidt had d
ered an eloquent and memorious tirade that
me ache for a pen and notebook. I had aske
could return sometime, professionally equip

I said I'd seen the coyotes—my first at
close quarters.

"Coyotes," Mr. Schmidt said, pronouncin
word as one might say "crack dealers." "Oh,
see coyotes. The coyotes will be cleaning up
every last damn thing is gone." He led the wa
to the house, a bulky septuagenarian in b
overalls. He was stooped with arthritis and m
with the stealth of a burglar, trying to hid
intentions from his own easily alarmed join

The Schmidt living room was un-Americ
cozy. It was full of ordinary things, slowly
mulated over the best part of a hundred y
Though this house had been built quite rec
by Bud Schmidt, he had been born "on the p
erty," and the room, warmed by pine logs g
bling in the potbellied stove, felt as old a
century; an easygoing, patched-at-the-ell
place, full of old photographs, old papers, old
with a loudly ticking clock and the kettle o
stove just coming to the boil. Its big picture
dow gave onto the bay—the woods crowdi
the water, the ruffled strait, gulls doing a
stunts in the clearing blue, and the far loo
forested hills on the Canadian shore. A b
bound telescope on a tripod pointed out to

Standing by the window, I exclaimed abou
view and heard myself sound like an out-of-
trol realtor. Mr. Schmidt, settling himself
tiously into a rocker, allowed that it might
pretty to an uneducated eye.

"People now, they talk about how clea
water is—how you can see right to the bot
Used to be it was all *milky* here. You couldn
more than a few inches down. Then you'd
a little closer, and you'd see that milkiness wa
It was things swimming. It was all kinds of
sea life. Now all that life's gone. It's getting c
er all the time. Used to be, you'd look out
on a day like this and all you'd see woul
salmon jumping. Any one moment, there'd
thousand splashes out there—many, many
than you could take in with your eye. That w
sea was alive with salmon. Now . . ." He laugh
a sour, small, knowledgeable laugh, an au
shrug, with no amusement in it at all.

Photograph by James Randklev / A

r. Schmidt's hands moved impatiently in ap of his overalls. His fingers were swollen knotted. He looked at them rather than at nd spoke in a voice insistent and repetitive, a rusty hinge.

We had a tremendous lot of little animals and that aren't here anymore. We had blue—there is none. We had killdeer snipe—gone. We had whippoorwill—he's gone. We a huge amount of woodpeckers—they're all . We had grouse, we had quail, we had rabve had several different kinds of weasels. We mink, we had otter, we had muskrats. There swamps then—they hadn't built the road nes back then—and we had birds in the ps. Ducks. We had peregrine falcons eating e ducks, we had ospreys eating off the salmon. ad God knows how many little parasite ans like mice, and different things like that—'re all gone. We had two different kinds of k, the spotted one and the striped one. We frogs, we had toads, we had salamanders, and ad some of those green tree frogs, and in the ew years they've all disappeared—"

rs. Schmidt had come in from the kitchen, re she was cooking lunch. She listened to her and for a moment, as if to check which part is recital he had reached so far, and said, t all of them, Bud—not quite all . . ."

We had bears in the creek, they're all gone." e blamed the timber industry for most of what happened. Clear-cutting in the hills above midt Road had destroyed the natural drainage rn. Either water poured off the sides of the hills sh floods or the creeks went dry. Floods washed y the gravel shallows where the salmon had to spawn, and there was rarely enough water e creek for the fish to swim up from the sea. When you do one thing, it takes a very round-house way. Like you get hit from several s, not one blow on the head. When they cut n on the creek so you didn't get many fish, t meant there wasn't a whole lot of dead non coming out into the strait. Well—there t the crabs, see? When the salmon went n, it disposed of a whole cycle of food: it n't just fish that went, it was bear, it was n, it was eagles and sea gulls and crows and k and otter and skunk and weasel . . ."

His tone was sorrowing but not entirely so. It tinged with the modest satisfaction of the phet who has correctly foretold the earthke, the plagues of hail and scorpions, the s coming out of the mouth of the dragon, sea of fire—and who still has the scarlet re of Babylon up his sleeve.

When did this breakdown start?"

We knew things were wrong by the 1950s—knew it then. But it wasn't until the 1970s t people began to say that we should turn this around. And then it was only talk. Now . . ." He vented his unamused, prophet's laugh. "It's sad. But that's the way the world is."

I was back at the window, looking out.

"Used to be, you'd see as many eagles out there as you can see gulls now."

This time I laughed.

"Well—something like that."

Lunch was ready. As Mrs. Schmidt brought the dishes to the table, I saw that she'd been mounting her own counterargument in the kitchen. The meal said *Not all, Bud. Not quite . . .* : everything came from the Schmidt property, from the venison and the vegetables to the apples in the apple pie. It was a meal to write home about—the great American meal, which provided the main substance of thousands of letters home to Europe at the turn of the century. This was how the emigrant cousins were rumored to live—like noblemen, on oysters, smoked salmon, game, and strawberries. It was tales of meals like this that made the rural poor of Europe pile into transatlantic steamers.

SEATTLE WAS A CITY BUILT IN A WILDERNESS AND DESIGNED AS PROOF THAT WESTERN LIFE COULD BE DIGNIFIED, CULTURED, PERMANENT

Eating like a king, Bud Schmidt nodded at the strait where no fish jumped, at least not at that precise second. It wasn't so long ago, he said, since the gill-netters used to form a continuous boat-to-net-to-boat fence across the strait, all the way from here to Vancouver Island. You'd watch them lying lower and lower in the water until only a few inches of gunwale amidships showed above the surface; then they'd peel off to the canning factories on both the American and Canadian sides of the water. He remembered one boat slowly going down, in a flat calm, under the preposterous load of eleven thousand salmon; the three fishermen shouting and splashing in the bloody welter of dead and dying fish.

He made a clean plate and clasped his hands in front of him on the table. Eyeing his swollen finger joints, he said, "The creek now, it's this *puddle*. And no life in it."

Mrs. Schmidt, slicing into the apple pie, said nothing, but Mr. Schmidt turned on her as if she'd contradicted him. "Even the loons are gone."

Back on the road, laden with lunch and homeward bound, I tried out the wizened view for size and saw coyote country. The dozen miles between Port Angeles and Sequim were turning fast into a continuous strip of car dealerships, chain drug and hardware stores, Kmart plazas, and hamburger drive-thrus. A few hundred yards ahead there was a happy thing—a sun-bleached timber grain silo, rising like an ancient church

tower over the one-story slum of pastel cinder block, Sheetrock, and aluminum cladding. As it drew closer it showed itself to be a grain silo no longer: it had been colonized by a Mexican restaurant chain and now it was all-you-can-eat tacos and nachos. A sign flashed past: WILD BIRD SEED—CHEEP! CHEEP! 25 LBS $5.50. Even the birds—those that remained—were on fast food here.

Halted at a stoplight, though, I found my gaze drifting: to the left, and the strait, like a bolt of green shot-silk; to the right, and the Olympic Mountains, their snowfields turning rosy in the afternoon sun. The strip of development appeared to be no more than a long scratch—not even a flesh wound—on the face of the country. If you searched the sky, you'd see eagles circling there; if you went for a walk in the high woods, you'd find the scat of mountain lions and black bears. If the people were to leave, the trees would cover the scratch tomorrow: Kmart's concrete roof would craze and split open as the spear-tipped Douglas firs poked through, and Walgreen's would sink gracefully into mossy ruin. *Tomorrow.*

I thought of Mr. Schmidt. When he looked out from his fastness in the deep countryside, all he saw were absences and all he heard was the incriminating silence of the sandy beach at his feet and the empty branches over his head. Yet it was no less true a fact that when I looked out from our upstairs living room in the city, I marveled, time and again, at the profusion of nature in the Northwest. The list of birds watched from our urban deck now ran to ospreys and eagles, cedar waxwings, red-shafted flickers, pine siskins, varied thrushes, nuthatches, ruby-crowned kinglets . . . Of course Mr. Schmidt was right; but so was I. Hopefulness is always callow when it rubs up against well-informed pessimism, yet I couldn't kill the stubborn gut feeling that—abused and damaged as it was—this was still, just, the most *possible* landscape in which I'd ever traveled.

Not all, Bud. Not quite. Not yet.

Past Sequim the road bent south, back into the inky green of fir and hemlock, and dusk returned the tree farms to the towering darkness of original forest. The northern spotted owl might disdain it (too few dead branches in which to set up home, too few voles and flying squirrels on which to dine), but a plantation of forty-year-old trees after nightfall is as deep, and looms as witchily, as any forest in a German fairy tale. A harvested break in the woods framed a sea of creased black oilskin, under the low and growing moon.

I caught the 7:40 ferry from Bainbridge across Puget Sound to Seattle seconds before it was unshackled from the dock. Up in the lounge a sprinkling of commuters sat in withdrawn silence like subway passengers. Puget Sound was a time, not a place: it was twenty-five minutes, and the ferry was six minutes late.

The wind was blowing out of the south a lumpy sea was running. Seattle, five mile now, was a sweep of light, like a spontan bloom of luminous plankton in the water, a p phorescent city. It had a watery depth and a tery brilliance—a great floating exhibitio glowing silver office towers and glowing ar streets. After the miles of woody darkness, I f myself quite unprepared for the dizzy splend Seattle, climbing and spreading round the as it plowed across the sound at eighteen kr

Seattle was a western city, built in a wilder and designed to dazzle. To get it right you meant to approach like this, as a fisherman from the Gulf of Alaska, a logger coming in the forest, or a salesman returning from his and far-flung territory, and you were meant to an explosion of pride in the sheer brazen likeliness of it—this sky-high glittering metr lis in a hilly clearing in the firs.

Country life in the West, around the mill cannery, the logging camp, was slovenly, and settlements were ramshackle affairs, throwr gether in a hurry because people needed to liv the job. Seattle was intended as a spectac proof that western life could be dignified, tured, *permanent;* the city was everything tha country was not. Wood was the material of th ral outback; Seattle (after the fire of 1889, w destroyed the first, mainly wooden city) cr marble, granite, sandstone, and brick—as it cr height, to set itself apart from the single-story lages of its hinterland. The city was a heroi tempt to create, in a wild and remote place, al appearances of a long civilized past. It was a j ble of allusions—to the storybook history of sical empires, to the famous monuments of Eur to such fragments of the recent past as a fav park, a chophouse, a New York apartment bl

It was a homesick city, full of memories Stockholm and Copenhagen, as of the high of Manhattan—and its most basic tone was of a determinedly bright letter home. . . . W *doing fine here. We eat with knives and forks . . go to the theater and see the very latest things the East only a few months after you . . . You w be amazed by Henry's office—on the 28th floo We're kept so busy here! . . . Honestly, we're a fine! . . . Please write soon. . . .*

As the ferry passed from the sound into El Bay, the city lights closed round it, enfolding ship in their ambit, and I was proud of Seattl one was meant to be. I followed the swar house lights up Queen Anne Hill, to the TV ers on the summit with their slowly winking aerobeacons. The lights of our house were out of sight, over the brow of the hill, an seemed, in the moments before the ferry locke to its berth, that this was always how it was here, to be so far abroad, so nearly home.

ENCLOSED. ENCYCLOPEDIC. ENDURED.

One week at the Mall of America

By David Guterson

Last April, on a visit to the new Mall of America near Minneapolis, I carried with me the public-relations press kit provided for the benefit of reporters. It included an assortment of "fun facts" about the mall: 140,000 hot dogs sold each week, 10,000 permanent jobs, 44 escalators and 17 elevators, 12,750 parking places, 13,300 short tons of steel, $1 million in cash disbursed weekly from 8 automatic-teller machines. Opened in the summer of 1992, the mall was built on the 78-acre site of the former Metropolitan Stadium, a five-minute drive from the Minneapolis–St. Paul International Airport. With 4.2 million square feet of floor space—including twenty-two times the retail footage of the average American shopping center—the Mall of America was "the largest fully enclosed combination retail and family entertainment complex in the United States."



Eleven thousand articles, the press kit warned me, had already been written on the mall. Four hundred trees had been planted in its gardens, $625 million had been spent to build it, 350 stores had been leased. Three thousand bus tours were anticipated each year along with a half-million Canadian visitors and 200,000 Japanese tourists. Sales were projected at $650 million for 1993 and at $1 billion for 1996. Donny and Marie Osmond had visited the mall, as had Janet Jackson and Sally Jesse Raphael, Arnold Schwarzenegger, and the 1994 Winter Olympic Committee. The mall was five times larger than Red Square and twenty times larger than St. Peter's Basilica; it incorporated 2.3 miles of hallways and almost twice as much steel as the Eiffel Tower. It was also home to the nation's largest indoor theme park, a place called Knott's Camp Snoopy.

On the night I arrived, a Saturday, the mall was spotlit dramatically in the manner of a Las Vegas casino. It resembled, from the outside, a castle or fort, the Emerald City or Never-Never Land, impossibly large and vaguely unreal, an unbroken, windowless multi-storied edifice the size of an airport terminal. Surrounded by parking lots and new freeway ramps, monolithic and imposing in the manner of a walled city, it loomed brightly against the Minnesota night sky with the disturbing magnetism of a mirage.

I knew already that the Mall of America had been imagined by its creators not merely as a marketplace but as a national tourist attraction, an immense zone of entertainments. Such a conceit raised provocative questions, for our archi-

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Photographs by Judy Griesedieck / Contact Press Images

tecture testifies to our view of ourselves and to the condition of our souls. Large buildings stand as markers in the lives of nations and in the stream of a people's history. Thus I could only ask myself: Here was a new structure that had cost more than half a billion dollars to erect—what might it tell us about ourselves? If the Mall of America was part of America, what was that going to mean?

I passed through one of the mall's enormous entranceways and took myself inside. Although from a distance the Mall of America had appeared menacing—exuding the ambience of a monstrous hallucination—within it turned out to be simply a shopping mall, certainly more vast than other malls but in tone and aspect, design and feel, not readily distinguishable from them. Its nuances were instantly familiar as the generic features of the American shopping mall at the tail end of the twentieth century: polished stone, polished tile, shiny chrome and brass, terrazzo floors, gazebos. From third-floor vistas, across vaulted spaces, the Mall of America felt endlessly textured—glass-enclosed elevators, neon-tube lighting, bridges, balconies, gas lamps, vaulted skylights—and densely crowded with hordes of people circumambulating in an endless promenade. Yet despite the mall's expansiveness, it elicited claustrophobia, sensory deprivation, and an unnerving disorientation. Everywhere I went I spied other pilgrims who had found, like me, that the straight way was lost and that the YOU ARE HERE landmarks on the map kiosks referred to nothing in particular.



Getting lost, feeling lost, being lost—these states of mind are intentional features of the mall's psychological terrain. There are, one[s] tices, no clocks or windows, nothing to dist[ract] the shopper's psyche from the alternate reality[y] mall conjures. Here we are free to wander [a]lessly and to furtively watch our fellow wan[d]ers, thousands upon thousands of milling strar[g]who have come with the intent of losing th[em]selves in the mall's grand, stimulating des[ert]. For a few hours we share some common groun[d] a fantasy of infinite commodities and comfor[t] and then we drift apart forever. The mall exp[ress] our acquisitive instincts without honoring [our] communal requirements, our eternal desire [for] discourse and intimacy, needs that until [the] twentieth century were traditionally met in [the] marketplaces but that are not me[t] all in giant shopping malls.

On this evening a few thousand young [a]ple had descended on the mall in pursuit o[f] cohol and entertainment. They had com[e] Gators, Hooters, and Knuckleheads, Puzzles [II], Tuesday, and Ltl Ditty's. At Players, a sports[-]the woman beside me introduced herself as [a] pregnant wife of an Iowa pig farmer" and [ex]plained that she had driven five hours [to] friends to "do the mall party sc[ene] together." She left and was repla[ced] by Kathleen from Minneto[nka] who claimed to have "a real sh[op]ping thing—I can't go a week w[ith]out buying new clothes. I'm [not] fulfilled until I buy something."

Later a woman named Laur[a] rived, with whom Kathleen [was] acquainted. "I *am* the mall," [she] announced ecstatically upon [dis]covering I was a reporter. "I'd n[ever] in here if I could bring my d[og]" she added. "This place is hea[ven]—it's a *mecca*."

"We egg each other on," [she] plained Kathleen, calmly puf[fing] on a cigarette. "It's like, sort of [an] addiction."

"You want the truth?" La[ura] asked. "I'm constantly suffe[ring] from megamall withdrawal. I c[an't] here all the time."

Kathleen: "It's a sickness. It's [like] cocaine or something; it's a drug."

Laura: "Kathleen's got this thing about buy[ing] but I just need to *be* here. If I buy somethin[g] an added bonus."

Kathleen: "She buys stuff all the time; don't [be] ten."

Laura: "Seriously, I feel sorry for other m[alls] They're so small and *boring*."

Kathleen seemed to think about this: "Rich[ard] Mall," she blurted finally. She rolled her eyes

ed with her cigarette. my God, Laura. Why did we even *go* there?"

here is, of course, noth- aturally abhorrent in uman impulse to dwell rketplaces or the urge y, sell, and trade. Rural ricans traditionally d forward to the ex- ient and sensuality of et day; Native Ameri- traveled long distances ter and trade at sprawl- festive encampments. rsian bazaars and in the ent Greek agoras the soul of the community preserved and could be felt, heard, and smelled as it might be here else. All over the planet the humblest ople have always gone to market with hope eir hearts and in expectation of something nd mere goods—seeking a place where hu- ty is temporarily in ascendance, a palette for enses, one another.

it the illicit possibilities of the marketplace have long been acknowledged. The Persian ar was closed at sundown; the Greek agora off-limits to those who had been charged certain crimes. One myth of the Old West ill carry with us is that market day presup- s danger; the faithful were advised to make hases quickly and repair without delay to arm, lest their attraction to the pleasures of narketplace erode their purity of spirit.

our collective discourse the shopping mall ars with the tract house, the freeway, and the yard barbecue as a product of the American war years, a testament to contemporary ne- ties and desires and an invention not only liarly American but peculiarly of our own era Yet the mall's varied and far-flung prede- ors—the covered bazaars of the Middle East, stately arcades of Victorian England, Italy's ted and skylit gallerias, Asia's monsoon-pro- ed urban markets—all suggest that the ritu- f indoor shopping, although in their nuances often like our own, are nevertheless broad- nown. The late twentieth-century Ameri- contribution has been to transform the losed bazaar into an economic institution is vastly profitable yet socially enervated, one redefines in fundamental ways the human re- onship to the marketplace. At the Mall of erica—an extreme example—we discover elves thoroughly lost among strangers in a ketplace intentionally designed to serve



no community needs.

In the strict sense the Mall of America is not a marketplace at all—the soul of a community expressed as a *place*—but rather a tourist attraction. Its promoters have peddled it to the world at large as something more profound than a local marketplace and as a destination with deep implications. "I believe we can make Mall of America stand for all of America," asserted the mall's general manager, John Wheeler, in a promotional video entitled *There's a Place for Fun in Your Life*. "I believe there's a shopper in all of us," added the director of marketing, Maureen Hooley. The mall has memorialized its opening-day proceedings by producing a celebratory videotape: Ray Charles singing "America the Beautiful," a laser show followed by fireworks, "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "The Stars and Stripes Forever," the Gatlin Brothers, and Peter Graves. "Mall of America . . . ," its narrator intoned. "The name alone conjures up images of greatness, of a retail complex so magnificent it could only happen in America."

Indeed, on the day the mall opened, Miss America visited. The mall's logo—a red, white, and blue star bisected by a red, white, and blue ribbon—decorated everything from the mall itself to coffee mugs and the flanks of buses. The idea, director of tourism Colleen Hayes told me, was to position America's largest mall as an institution on the scale of Disneyland or the Grand Canyon, a place simultaneously iconic and totemic, a revered symbol of the United States and a mecca to which the faithful would flock in pursuit of all things purchasable.

THE IDEA WAS TO POSITION AMERICA'S LARGEST MALL AS AN INSTITUTION ON THE SCALE OF DISNEYLAND OR THE GRAND CANYON

On Sunday I wandered the hallways of the pleasure dome with the sensation that I had entered an M. C. Escher drawing—there was no such thing as up or down, and the escalators all ran backward. A 1993 Ford Probe GT was displayed as if popping out of a giant packing box; a full-size home, complete with artificial lawn, had been built in the mall's rotunda. At the Michael Ricker Pewter

Gallery I came across a miniature tableau of a pewter dog peeing on a pewter man's leg; at Hologram Land I pondered 3-D hallucinations of the Medusa and Marilyn Monroe. I passed a kiosk called The Sportsman's Wife; I stood beside a life-size statue of the Hamm's Bear, carved out of pine and available for $1,395 at a store called Minnesot-ah! At Pueblo Spirit I examined a "dream catcher"—a small hoop made from deer sinew and willow twigs and designed to be hung over its owner's bed as a tactic for filtering bad dreams. For a while I sat in front of Glamour Shots and watched while women were groomed and brushed for photo sessions yielding high-fashion self-portraits at $34.95 each. There was no stopping, no slowing down. I passed Mug Me, Queen for a Day, and Barnyard Buddies, and stood in the Brookstone store examining a catalogue: a gopher "eliminator" for $40 (it's a vibrating, anodized-aluminum stake), a "no-stoop" shoehorn for $10, a nose-hair trimmer for $18. At the arcade inside Knott's Camp Snoopy I watched while teenagers played Guardians of the 'Hood, Total Carnage, Final Fight, and Varth Operation Thunderstorm; a small crowd of them had gathered around a lean, cool character who stood calmly shooting video cowpokes in a game called Mad Dog McCree. Left thumb on his silver belt buckle, biceps pulsing, he banged away without remorse while dozens of his enemies crumpled and died in alleyways and dusty streets.



At Amazing Pictures a teenage boy had his photograph taken as a bodybuilder—his face smoothly grafted onto a rippling body—then proceeded to purchase this pleasing image on a poster, a sweatshirt, and a coffee mug. At Painted Tipi there was wild rice for sale, hand-harvested from Leech Lake, Minnesota. At Animalia I came across a polyresin figurine of a turtle retailing for $3,200. At Bloomingdale's I pondered a denim shirt with its sleeves ripped away, the sort of thing available at used-clothing stores (the "grunge look," a Bloomingdale's employee explained), on sale for $125. Finally, at a gift shop in Knott's Camp Snoopy, I came across a [illegible] called Electronic Mall Madness, put out by [illegible] ton Bradley. On the box, three twelve-yea[illegible] girls with good features happily vied to bea[illegible] another to the game-board mall's best sale[illegible]

At last I achieved an enforced self-arrest[illegible] choring myself against a bench while the mal[illegible] ed on its axis. Two pubescent girls in retainer[illegible] braces sat beside me sipping coffees topped [illegible] whipped cream and chocolate sprinkles, [illegible] shopping bags gathered tightly around their[illegible] their eyes fixed on the passing crowds. [illegible] came, they said, [illegible] Shakopee—"It'[illegible] where," one of [illegible] explained. The r[illegible] mall, she added [illegible] "a buzz at first[illegible] now it seems p[illegible] normal. 'Cept m[illegible] ents are like Tw[illegible] Questions every [illegible] I want to come [illegible] 'Specially since[illegible] shooting."

On a Sunday [illegible] she elaborated, [illegible] people had [illegible] wounded when [illegible] were fired in a[illegible] pute over a San[illegible] Sharks jacket. "I[illegible] *mall*," her frien[illegible] minded me. "F[illegible] here at megama[illegible] shooting."

"It's like nowh[illegible] safe," the first a[illegible]

They sipped [illegible] coffees and explic[illegible] for me the plot[illegible] film they saw as relevant, a horror movie c[illegible] *Dawn of the Dead*, which they had each vi[illegible] a half-dozen times. In the film, they explai[illegible] apocalypse had come, and the survivors ha[illegible] paired to a shopping mall as the most likely [illegible] to make their last stand in a poisoned, imp[illegible] ble world. And this would have been perfec[illegible] right, they insisted, except that the place[illegible] also attracted hordes of the infamous l[illegible] dead—sentient corpses who had not relinqu[illegible] their attraction to indoor shopping.

I moved on and contemplated a compute[illegible] cash register in the infant's section of the N[illegible] strom store: "The Answer Is Yes!!!" its m[illegible] reminded clerks. "Customer Service Is Our N[illegible] ber One Priority!" Then back at Blooming[illegible] I contemplated a bank of televisions playin[illegible] cessantly an advertisement for Egoïste, a [illegible] cologne from Chanel. In the ad a woman [illegible]

ght-iron balcony tossed her black hair about
screamed long and passionately; then there
many women screaming passionately, too,
hrowing balcony shutters open and closed,
his was all followed by a bottle of the cologne
ayed where I could get a good look at it. The
brief, strange drama repeated itself until I could no longer stand it.

merica's first fully enclosed shopping cen-
-Southdale Center, in Edina, Minnesota—
en-minute drive from the Mall of America
hirty-six years its senior. (It is no coincidence
the Twin Cities area is such a prominent
r in mall history: Minnesota is subject to the
of severe weather that makes climate-con-
ed shopping seductive.) Opened in 1956,
hdale spawned an era of fervid mall con-
tion and generated a vast new industry.
pping centers proliferated so rapidly that by
nd of 1992, says the National Research Bu-
, there were nearly 39,000 of them operat-
everywhere across the country. But while
s recorded a much-ballyhooed success in the
rica of the 1970s and early 1980s, they grad-
y became less profitable to run as the ex-
sted and overwhelmed American worker
itably lost interest in leisure shopping. Pressed
ime and short on money, shoppers turned to
ry outlet centers, catalogue purchasing, and
egory killers" (specialty stores such as Home
ot and Price Club) at the expense of shop-
malls. The industry, unnerved, re-invented
f, relying on smaller and more convenient lo-
centers—especially the familiar neighbor-
d strip mall—and building far fewer large
nal malls in an effort to stay afloat through
bled times. With the advent of cable televi-
's Home Shopping Network and the prolif-
ion of specialty catalogue retailers (whose
ss to computerized market research has made
n, in the Nineties, powerful competitors),
mall industry reeled yet further. According
he International Council of Shopping Cen-
, new mall construction in 1992 was a third
hat it had been in 1989, and the value of
l-construction contracts dropped 60 percent
he same three-year period.

Anticipating a future in which millions of
ericans will prefer to shop in the security of
ir living rooms—conveniently accessing on-
retail companies as a form of quiet evening
rtainment—the mall industry, after less than
y years, experienced a full-blown mid-life cri-
It was necessary for the industry to re-invent
lf once more, this time with greater atten-
ness to the qualities that would allow it to en-
e relentless change. Anxiety-ridden and
ped of vitality, mall builders fell back on an
ient truth, one capable of sustaining them through troubled seasons: they discovered what humanity had always understood, that shopping and frivolity go hand in hand and are inherently symbiotic. *If you build it fun, they will come.*

The new bread-and-circuses approach to mall building was first ventured in 1985 by the four Ghermezian brothers—Raphael, Nader, Bahman, and Eskandar—builders of Canada's $750 million West Edmonton Mall, which included a water slide, an artificial lake, a miniature-golf course, a hockey rink, and forty-seven rides in an amusement park known as Fantasyland. The complex quickly generated sales revenues at twice the rate per square foot of retail space that could be squeezed from a conventional outlet mall, mostly by developing its own shopping synergy: people came for a variety of reasons and to do a variety of things. West Edmonton's carnival atmosphere, it gradually emerged, lubricated pocketbooks and inspired the sort of impulse buying on which malls everywhere thrive. To put the matter another way, it was time for a shopping-and-pleasure palace to be attempted in the United States.

After selling the Mall of America concept to Minnesotans in 1985, the Ghermezians joined forces with their American counterparts—Mel and Herb Simon of Indianapolis, owners of the NBA's Indiana Pacers and the nation's second-largest developers of shopping malls. The idea, in the beginning, was to outdo West Edmonton by building a mall far larger and more expensive—something visionary, a wonder of the world—and to include such attractions as fashionable hotels, an elaborate tour de force aquarium, and a monorail to the Minneapolis–St. Paul airport. Eventually the project was downscaled substantially: a million square feet of floor space was eliminated, the construction budget was cut, and the aquarium and hotels were never built (reserved, said marketing director Maureen Hooley, for "phase two" of the mall's development). Japan's Mitsubishi Bank, Mitsui Trust, and Chuo Trust together put up a reported $400 million to finance the cost of construction, and Teachers Insurance and Annuity Association (the majority owner of the Mall of America) came through with another $225 million. At a total bill of $625 million, the mall was ultimately a less ambitious project than its forebear up north on the Canadian plains, and neither as large nor as gaudy. Reflecting the economy's downturn, the parent companies of three of the mall's anchor tenants—Sears, Macy's, and Bloomingdale's—were battling serious financial trouble and needed substantial transfusions from

MALL BUILDERS FELL BACK ON A TRUTH THAT HUMANITY HAD ALWAYS UNDERSTOOD: BUILD IT FUN, THEY WILL COME

mall developers to have their stores ready by opening day.

The mall expects to spend millions on marketing itself during its initial year of operation and has lined up the usual corporate sponsors—Ford, Pepsi, US West—in an effort to build powerful alliances. Its public-relations representatives travel to towns such as Rapid City, South Dakota, and Sioux City, Iowa, in order to drum up interest within the Farm Belt. Northwest Airlines, another corporate sponsor, offers package deals from London and Tokyo and fare adjustments for those willing to come from Bismarck, North Dakota; Cedar Rapids, Iowa; and Kalamazoo or Grand Rapids, Michigan. Calling itself a "premier tourism destination," the mall draws from a primary tourist market that incorporates the eleven Midwest states (and two Canadian provinces) lying within a day's drive of its parking lots. It also estimates that in its first six months of operation, 5.3 million out of 16 million visitors came from beyond the Twin Cities metropolitan area.

The mall has forecast a much-doubted figure of 46 million annual visits by 1996—four times the number of annual visits to Disneyland, for example, and twelve times the visits to the Grand Canyon. The number, Maureen Hooley explained, seems far less absurd when one takes into account that mall pilgrims make far more repeat visits—as many as eighty in a single year—than visitors to theme parks such as Disneyland. Relentless advertising and shrewd promotion, abetted by the work of journalists like myself, assure the mall that visitors will come in droves—at least for the time being. The national media have comported themselves as if the new mall were a place of light and promise, full of hope and possibility. Meanwhile the Twin Cities' media have been shameless: on opening night Minneapolis's WCCO-TV aired a one-hour mall special, hosted by local news anchors Don Shelby and Colleen Needles, and the *St. Paul Pioneer Press* (which was named an "official" sponsor of the opening) dedicated both a phone line and a weekly column to answering esoteric mall questions. Not to be outdone, the *Minneapolis Star Tribune* developed a special graphic to draw readers to mall stories and printed a vast Sunday supplement before opening day under the heading A WHOLE NEW MALLGAME. By the following Wednesday all perspective was in eclipse: the local press reported that at 9:05 A.M., the mall's Victoria's Secret outlet had recorded its first sale, a pair of blue/green silk men's boxer shorts; that mall developers Mel and Herb Simon ate black-bean soup for lunch at 12:30 P.M.; t Kimberly Levis, four years old, constructe rectangular column nineteen bricks high at mall's Lego Imagination Center; and that officials had retained a plumber on standb case difficulties arose with the mall's toilets

THE CONCEPT OF SHOPPING IN A GIGANTIC FRIVOLOUS ATMOSPHERE IS POISED TO PROLIFERATE GLOBALLY

From all of this coverage—and from words you now read—the mall gains status phenomenon worthy of our time and consi ation: place as celebrity. The media encou us to visit our megamall in the obligatory f ion we flock to *Jurassic Park*—because it is th all glitter and glow, a piece of the terrain, a son's diversion, an assumption on the cult landscape. All of us will want to be in on conversation and, despite oursel we will go.

Lost in the fun house I shopped ti dropped, but the scale of the mall eventu overwhelmed me and I was unable to mak purchase. Finally I met Chuck Brand o bench in Knott's Camp Snoopy; he was sev ty-two and, in his personal assessment of it, lost at least 25 percent of his mind. "It's being a doozy," he confessed to me. "The sec ty cops got me figured and keep their distanc don't get hassled for hanging out, not shopp Because the deal is, when you're seventy-t man, you're just about all done shopping."

After forty-seven years of selling house Minneapolis, Chuck comes to the mall ev day. He carries a business card with his picture it, his company name and phone number de ed and replaced by his pager code. His wife d him at the mall at 10:00 A.M. each morning picks him up again at six; in between he sits watches. "I can't sit home and do nothing," insisted. When I stood to go he assured me he derstood: I was young and had things I had to "Listen," he added, "thanks for talking to man. I've been sitting in this mall for four mor now and nobody ever said nothing."

The next day I descended into the mall's en mous basement, where its business offices are cated. "I'm sorry to have to bring this up," prearranged mall guide, Michelle Biesiada, gr ed me. "But you were seen talking to one of housekeepers—one of the people who empty garbage?—and really, you aren't supposed t that."

Later we sat in the mall's security cente subterranean computerized command post wh two uniformed officers manned a bank of tele sion screens. The Mall of America, it emerg employed 109 surveillance cameras to monitor various activities of its guests, and had plans to yet more. There were cameras in the food co and parking lots, in the hallways and in Kn Camp Snoopy. From where we sat, it was po

monitor thirty-six locations simultane-
it was also possible, with the use of a zoom
e, to narrow in on an object as small as a
a license plate, or a wallet.
ıile we sat in the darkness of the security
enjoying the voyeuristic pleasures it al-
(I, for one, felt a giddy sense of power), a
ty guard noted something of interest oc-
ıg in one of the parking lots. The guard en-
a camera's zoom feature, and soon we were
to understand that a couple of bored shop-
ere enjoying themselves by fornicating in
ont seat of a parked car. An officer was dis-
ed to knock on their door and discreetly sug-
hat they move themselves along; the Mall
nerica was no place for this. "If they want
ve sex they'll have to go elsewhere," a se-
officer told me. "We don't have anything
st sex, per se, but we don't want it hap-
ıg in our parking lots."
eft soon afterward for a tour of the mall's
nent, a place of perpetual concrete corri-
and home to a much-touted recyclery.
ıring itself "the most environmentally con-
s shopping center in the industry," the
of America claims to recycle up to 80 per-
of its considerable refuse and points to its
e-of-the-art" recycling system as a symbol
dedication to Mother Earth. Yet Rick
ing of Browning-Ferris Industries—the
pany contracted to manage the mall's 700
of monthly garbage—described the on-site
ty as primarily a public-relations gambit
actually recycles only a third of the mall's
ıt waste and little of what is discarded by
ıousands of visitors; furthermore, he ad-
d, the venture is unprofitable to Browning-
, which would find it far cheaper to recycle
nall's refuse somewhere other than in its
nent.
third-floor "RecycleNOW Center," located
to Macy's and featuring educational ex-
s, is designed to enhance the mall's self-
d image as a national recycling leader. Yet
e the mall's developers gave Macy's $35 mil-
to cover most of its "build-out" expenses
cost of transforming the mall's basic struc-
into finished, customer-ready floor space),
ning-Ferris got nothing in build-out costs
operates the center at a total loss, paying
equivalent to that paid by the mall's retail-
As a result, the company has had to look
ays to keep its costs to a minimum, and the
's garbage is now sorted by developmental-
sabled adults working a conveyor belt in the
ment. Doering and I stood watching them as
picked at a stream of paper and plastic bot-
when I asked about their pay, he flinched and
aced, then deflected me toward another su-
isor, who said that wages were based on dai-
ly productivity. Did this mean that they made less than minimum wage? I inquired. The answer was yes.

Upstairs once again, I hoped for relief from the basement's oppressive, concrete gloom, but the mall felt densely crowded and with panicked urgency I made an effort to leave. I ended up instead at Knott's Camp Snoopy—the seven-acre theme park at the center of the complex—a place intended to alleviate claustrophobia by "bringing the outdoors indoors." Its interior landscape, the press kit claims, "was inspired by Minnesota's natural habitat—forests, meadows, river banks, and marshes . . ." And "everything you see, feel, smell and hear adds to the illusion that it's summertime, seventy degrees and you're outside enjoying the awesome splendor of the Minnesota woods."

Creators of this illusion had much to contend with, including sixteen carnival-style midway rides, such as the Pepsi Ripsaw, the Screaming Yellow Eagle, Paul Bunyan's Log Chute by Brawny, Tumbler, Truckin', and Huff 'n' Puff; fifteen places for visitors to eat, such as Funnel Cakes, Stick Dogs and Campfire Burgers, Taters, Pizza Oven, and Wilderness Barbecue; seven shops with names like Snoopy's Boutique, Joe Cool's Hot Shop, and Camp Snoopy Toys; and such assorted attractions as Pan for Gold, Hunter's Paradise Shooting Gallery, the Snoopy Fountain, and the video arcade that includes the game Mad Dog McCree.

As if all this were not enough to cast a serious pall over the Minnesota woods illusion, the theme park's designers had to contend with the fact that they could use few plants native to Minnesota. At a constant temperature of seventy degrees, the mall lends itself almost exclusively to tropical varieties—orange jasmine, black olive, oleander, hibiscus—and not at all to the conifers of Minnesota, which require a cold dormancy period. Deferring ineluctably to this troubling reality, Knott's Camp Snoopy brought in 526 tons of plants—tropical rhododendrons, willow figs, buddhist pines, azaleas—from such places as Florida, Georgia, and Mississippi.

Anne Pryor, a Camp Snoopy marketing representative, explained to me that these plants were cared for via something called "integrated pest management," which meant the use of predators such as ladybugs instead of pesticides. Yet every member of the landscape staff I spoke to described a campaign of late-night pesticide spraying as a means of controlling the theme park's enemies—mealybugs, aphids, and spider mites. Two said they had argued for integrated pest management as a more environmentally sound method of controlling insects but that to date it had not been tried.

Even granting that Camp Snoopy is what it

claims to be—an authentic version of Minnesota's north woods tended by environmentally correct means—the question remains whether it makes sense to place a forest in the middle of the country's largest shopping complex. Isn't it true that if people want woods, they are better off not going to a mall?

On Valentine's Day last February—cashing in on the promotional scheme of a local radio station—ninety-two couples were married en masse in a ceremony at the Mall of America. They rode the roller coaster and the Screaming Yellow Eagle and were photographed beside a frolicking Snoopy, who wore an immaculate tuxedo. "As we stand here together at the Mall of America," presiding district judge Richard Spicer declared, "we are reminded that there is a place for fun in your life and you have found it in each other." Six months earlier, the Reverend Leith Anderson of the Wooddale Church in Eden Prairie conducted services in the mall's rotunda. Six thousand people had congregated by 10:00 A.M., and Reverend Anderson delivered a sermon entitled "The Unknown God of the Mall." Characterizing the mall as a "direct descendant" of the ancient Greek agoras, the reverend pointed out that, like the Greeks before us, we Americans have many gods. Afterward, of course, the flock went shopping, much to the chagrin of Reverend Delton Krueger, president of the Mall Area Religious Council, who told the *Minneapolis Star Tribune* that as a site for church services, the mall may trivialize religion. "A good many people in the churches," said Krueger, "feel a lot of the trouble in the world is because of materialism."

But a good many people in the mall business today apparently think the trouble lies elsewhere. They are moving forward aggressively on the premise that the dawning era of electronic shopping does not preclude the building of shopping-and-pleasure palaces all around the globe. Japanese developers, in a joint venture with the Ghermezians known as International Malls Incorporated, are planning a $400 million Mall of Japan, with an ice rink, a water park, a fantasy-theme hotel, three breweries, waterfalls, and a sports center. We might shortly predict, too, a Mall of Europe, a Mall of New England, a Mall of California, and perhaps even a Mall of the World. The concept of shopping in a frivolous atmosphere, concocted to loosen consumers' wallets, is poised to proliferate globally. We will soon see monster malls everywhere, rooted in the soil of every nation and offering a preposterous, impossible variety of commodities and entertainments.

The new malls will be planets unto themselves, closed off from this world in the n
ner of space stations or of science fiction's
derground cities. Like the Mall of America
West Edmonton Mall—prototypes for a
generation of shopping centers—they will
ject a separate and distinct reality in whic
"outdoor café" is not outdoors, a "bubb
brook" is a concrete watercourse, and a "
pentine street" is a hallway. Safe, surreal,
outside of time and space, they will offer
mind a potent dreamscape from which the
no present waking. This carefully contro
fantasy—now operable in Minnesota—i
powerful as to inspire psychological addic
or to elicit in visitors a catatonic obses
with the mall's various hallucinations.
new malls will be theatrical, high-tech
sions capable of attracting enormous cro
from distant points and foreign ports. T
psychology has not yet been tried pervasi
on the scale of the Mall of America, nor h
been perfected. But in time our marketpla
all over the world, will be in essential ways
terchangeable, so thoroughly divorced f
the communities in which they sit that they
appear to rest like permanently docked sp
ships against the landscape, windowless
turned in upon their own affairs. The affl
will travel as tourists to each, visiting the
sites and taking photographs in the cataco
of far-flung temples.

Just as Victorian England is acutely reve
beneath the grandiose domes of its overwro
train stations, so is contemporary America
understood from the upper vistas of its sh
ping malls, places without either window
clocks where the temperature is forever sev
ty degrees. It is facile to believe, from this
tage point, that the endless circumambulati
of tens of thousands of strangers—all loa
down with the detritus of commerce—res
ble anything akin to community. The shopp
mall is not, as the architecture critic Wit
Rybczynski has concluded, "poised to becom
real urban place" with "a variety of commer
and noncommercial functions." On the c
trary, it is poised to multiply around the w
as an institution offering only a desolate sub
tute for the rich, communal lifeblood of the
ditional marketplace, which will not survi
onslaught.

Standing on the Mall of America's roof, wh
I had ventured to inspect its massive ventilat
units, I finally achieved a full sense of its vastn
of how it overwhelmed the surrounding terrai
the last sheep farm in sight, the Mississippi R
incidental in the distance. Then I peered thro
the skylights down into Camp Snoopy, wh
throngs of my fellow citizens caroused happil
the vast entrails of the beast.

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FALL 1993

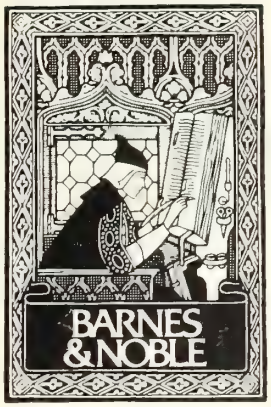
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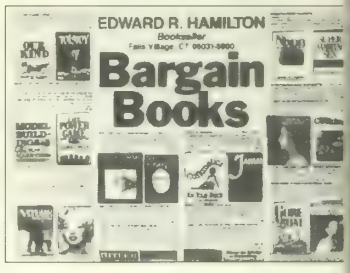
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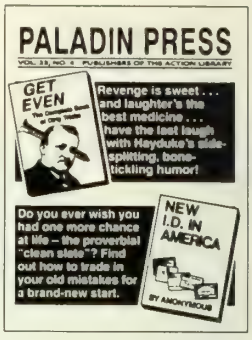


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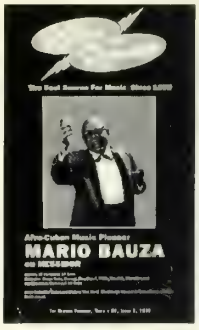
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MULTICULTURALISM'S SILENT PARTNER

It's the newly globalized consumer economy, stupid

By David Rieff



The debate over multiculturalism continues, seemingly unstanchable, with Gerald Graff's *Beyond the Culture Wars*, Charles Sykes's *A Nation of Victims*, and, most valuably, Robert Hughes's *Culture of Complaint* adding, respectively, to the left, right, and center of an already crowded shelf: Eagleton, Gates, Bromwich, Schlesinger, Paglia, Lehman, D'Souza, Kimball, Bloom, and more. The ongoing arguments about race and gender, the canon and deconstruction, values, victims, and sensitivities represent a growth industry, unlikely to face a downturn anytime soon. Campus life would be emptied of excitement, if not of subject matter, without these debates. For, it seems, there is nothing more bracing, more thrilling, more bedazzling to an academic intellectual—be she or he a neo-conservative, a feminist, or a new historicist—than a struggle that seems to exist, at present anyway, almost purely in the realm of ideas. Here, for once, there is no competition from the "real world." Ideas clang against one another like unbuffered neurons, and when the din momentarily subsides, those who deploy them have risked nothing, at least if they've achieved tenure.

But what if multiculturalism were not simply an idea, sprung from the minds of intellectuals, but rather a by-product or corollary of a specific material integument? If intellectual history teaches anything, it is that few theoretical debates, from Aquinas to Foucault, have been simply theoretical. Even allowing for its heightened esotericism, there is no reason to suppose that the advent of multiculturalism is any more separable from the society in which it has arisen than, say, the philosophy of the Enlightenment was from the rapidly secularizing and industrializing world that gave birth to it. The share many systems of belie ter every era; it is int era's deeper structures we have to look in ord explain why one set of and mores triumphs an other fades.

Intellectuals, of co beg to differ, and the at tion of the multicultu debate for both the R and the Left is the way i been framed—the assu tion that what argum about the canon pro that here (yes!) we *m* In this legend it is a thing that intellectuals to Left are able to agree that Mar along with Soviet state Commu died in 1989. For an application of the methods of "vulgar" Mar then at least of those (related) m of understanding that are to be f on the business pages of the b newspapers might produce a ra more grounded sense of what w talking about when we talk and about multiculturalism. Despite denials and mystifications of th telligentsia, multiculturalism is a nomenon with a silent partner: broad and radical change now ta place within world capitalism.

Self-evidently, it is in the inter all those who labor in the cultur dustry to insist that ideas either c

David Rieff is a contributing editor of Harper's Magazine. *His new book,* The Exile, *will be published this month by Simon & Schuster.*

Illustration by Anthony

han economic structures or, in-
ıre the agents out of which these
ıres are fashioned. But it is a
\merican habit as well. There
nse in which the intellectuals
nmersed in the multicultural-
:bate are actually returning to
untry's oldest spiritual assump-
:mbodied by those first cultural
, the preachers and ministers.
, after all, the Protestant con-
n that words really were things:
ınial expectations might just
on the millennium. This is the
or the assertion of multicultur-
words define reality. And the
ɔnservatives accede to the point,
is why they are so fierce in their
tion to what is going on on cam-
these days.

s an astonishing situation. On
'e of this, the real, not the figu-
, millennium, with the Soviet
ı a receding memory and the
ı revolution, that last reposito-
ɔolitical romanticism, in its end-
we find the seemingly radical-
ed taking refuge not simply in
ıglish and anthropology depart-
s but in a deep, pre-Marxist cur-
ɔf interpretation. Behind them
ɔnservatives come capering. And
s rarefied stratosphere the mul-
uralist debate, which is without
ion the central intellectual ar-
nt of our moment, is joined—a
à deux in which one side could
ırvive without the other.

ose offering seminars in, say,
studies together with those lam-
ıg such programs in the pages of
Vew Criterion both overstate and
ate their cases. All insist that the
ıt of multiculturalism is a critical
shed in American history. And
ree that the debate is a zero-sum
in which either the status quo
it Western civilization or white
hegemony, according to your
? will be maintained or some rad-
ıew understanding (describe it as
:e or barbarism, as you will) will
tablished. What faith in the pow-
ideas! As if ours were a culture in
h historical memory stretched all
vay back to Periclean Athens or
naraudıng Hyksos. That aca-
cs can find crucial the question,
d by Martin Bernal in his book
: *Athena*, of whether the roots of classical Greek culture were or were not African is almost touching in a society in which most high-school students could not be counted on to name the principal belligerents of World War II.

Reality is elsewhere. For better or worse (probably both), ours is a culture of consumerism and spectacle, of things and *not* ideas. Most Americans understand this on some level and are comfortable, even happy, with the fact. Which makes the assumptions embraced by our intellectuals debating multiculturalism—particularly the assumption that words define reality—all the stranger. In a country of Kmarts and "material girls," what is all this anguish about the canon?

Can conservatives really believe that a few curriculum changes will undermine a system that could not be weakened by the Comintern or the Soviet Black Sea fleet? As for our campus revolutionaries: How can they insist on the emancipatory power of multiculturalism when during the 1980s—the very decade in which multiculturalism became the dominant intellectual current in elite sectors of academia—the conditions of the poor, of working-class women, and of America's non-white citizens deteriorated dramatically? If multiculturalism is what its proponents claim it is, why has its moment seen the richest 1 percent of Americans grow richer and the deunionization of the American workplace? There is something wrong with this picture.

This is not to say that multiculturalism is unimportant; it is enormously important, just not in the way either its champions or its detractors suppose. Indeed, the curiousness of the situation is that both sides have misconstrued the power of multiculturalism in precisely the same way: as a threat to the capitalist system. In reality, it is nothing of the sort, as becomes clear the moment one stops looking at multiculturalism in ideologized, millenarian terms—as if it were some kind of pure, homegrown manifestation of the Zeitgeist—and instead sees it as perhaps the most salient cultural epiphenomenon of an increasingly globalized capitalist system.

If multiculturalism is understood in such a way, some rather puzzling aspects of the debate begin to make sense. Take the readiness of administrators of Ivy League colleges to accept what is, by any standard, a sweeping overhaul of history, philosophy, and literature curricula. Conservatives tend to deploy their Spengler and attribute this to a failure of will, or to the success of the campus radicals from the Sixties in burrowing their way into academia and imposing their agenda. While it would be naive to imagine that there are not some academics who think they have "infiltrated the Establishment" (and who have retroactively persuaded themselves that that is what they had been doing from graduate school on), one would be credulous indeed to think that the men and women who run universities—many of which are, for all intents and purposes, enormous companies complete with vast real-estate holdings and stock portfolios—do not know a real threat when they see one. The equanimity these university bureaucrats display in the face of multiculturalism is not some cowardly attempt to avoid student demonstrations—let students call for universities to divest themselves of *all* stocks and bonds rather than of interests in companies doing business in South Africa and they will discover that their deans and trustees are not nearly as conciliatory as they may have seemed. Nor are trustees and provosts reluctantly accepting some radical agenda they lack the will, or ideas, to thwart.

Behind the embrace of multiculturalism among college administrators is the belief that there is no incongruity in simultaneously subsidizing an English department made up of feminists and poststructuralists, a physics department that is up to its eyeballs in research grants from the federal government, and an enormous (and enormously profitable) quasi-professional sports establishment, complete with athletes who are students only in the technical sense. Once administrators have decided that the university will be a kind of department store, then each new course offering becomes little more than another product line, and department chairpersons [illegible] store's buyers. [illegible]

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the provost if his professional advisers think the institution should start recruiting Chicano-studies experts and let Chaucerians gradually go out of stock? People make decisions like this in corporate America every day; indeed, these are the decisions CEOs are paid to make. There are cultural consequences, to be sure, but the radicals on campus are no more dangerous than a display of Mao caps and jackets would be at Bloomingdale's.

Besides, there is a caustic sense in which multiculturalism is only the most recent manifestation of the diversification and specialization of academic work. About this, administrators and radical professors are of one mind. As a firmly multiculturalist pamphlet, "Speaking for the Humanities," put the matter a few years ago, "Professionalization makes thought possible." And since the multiculturalists are firmly convinced that what they are doing is the virtuous empowerment of all the marginalized constituencies in the United States, or some such, they can believe in the syllogism implicit in their enterprise just as easily—namely, that professionalization makes virtue possible.

Virtue, sure . . . okay. But, more important to global economics, multiculturalism helps to legitimize whole new areas of consumerism. Frankly, culture was always a problem for the marketplace. For one thing, despite the fact that one art form, painting, became extremely valuable as a commodity over the course of the twentieth century, there was always a latent antagonism between an economic system ever more dependent on maximizing growth through increased consumption and a high culture in which the old, the long-cherished, and the irreplaceable were held in higher esteem than the new. Most of the great examples of high culture are, quite literally, artifacts. They can be packaged profitably (the success of the modern museum testifies to this), but they cannot be manufactured to meet rising demand.

Multiculturalism is one way of changing all this. One of its central tenets is to undermine the idea of the masterpiece—of the criterion of quality—as anti-democratic. For the multiculturalist, notions such as "quality" are tainted; their real purpose preserve the privileges of a domi group: in the American context, white males. And the multicultur are in command—sort of—of a c of truths: Western culture has cluded many things; art in the t tional sense is anti-egalitarian, in it demands that people judge a g work to be not only subjectively objectively superior to another. the innately hierarchical nature o or even, as they used to say, ar preciation, that sets the multicu alists' teeth on edge—they are picious of hierarchy. For, as they r ly surmise, if there is hierarchy can there be liberation?

So far, so good, radically speak The mistake the multicultura make is in imagining that their ef are in some crucial way bound t dermine the fundamental interes capitalism. The contrary is surely er to the truth: the multicultur mode is what any smart business would prefer. For if all art is deem good as all other art, and, for that ter, if the point of art is not great but the production of works of art reflect the culture and aspiratio various ethnic, sexual, or racial groups within a society, then o in a position to increase supply al at will in order to meet increases i mand.

Instead of being a rare and c thing, culture becomes simultane ly a product, like a car—somet that can be made new every few y —and an abundant resource, well, people. The result is that consumption of culture can inc ingly come to resemble the consu tion of goods. After all, just as cannot say that a preference for si is superior to a preference fo Pepper, what is euphemistically kn as "cultural pluralism" permits a ilar abdication of judgment in t ters of artistic taste. The rules o market are soon in full control. If dents want to read Alice Walker literature class instead of the *I* fine. The publishing *industry* cert ly has no qualms. It knows it can ket Walker more savvily than it market the Greeks. At any rate, not a case, as conservatives alleg the student as barbarian. Rather,

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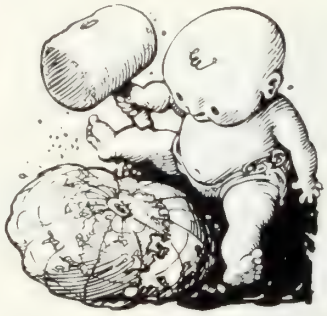
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a case of the student as customer.
in our society—and, increasingly,
societies—the custom
always right.

Universities do not exist in a
uum. In a society like our own, w
the images of popular culture ar
more widespread and easily gra
than those of high art, it should c
as no surprise that these images l
made their way onto the campu
well. To be sure, the academic stu
a pop star like Madonna comes k
out in the arcane rhetoric of acac
ic feminism and under the rubr
some new university subspecialty
"cultural studies." But the underl
reality is that the professors who t
this stuff, however much they l
convinced themselves that they
using popular culture for their
emancipatory ends, have fallen ju
completely under its sway as any
er citizen. Camille Paglia is, in thi
stance anyway, more honest than
when she claims to be *like* Mado
She's a professor who would pref
be a pop star. Her colleagues lik
imagine that they are revolution
who can harness the energies of
music to their own political ends
deep down they want to be stars,

For all their writings on power, h
mony, and oppression, the can
multiculturalists seem indifferen
the question of where they fit
the material scheme of things.
haps it's tenure, with its way of sh
ing the senior staff from the rigo
someone else's bottom-line think
Working for an institution in wh
neither pay nor promotion is c
nected to performance, job securi
guaranteed (after tenure is attain
and pension arrangements are pr
bly the finest in any industry in
country—no wonder a poststr
turalist can easily believe that w
are deeds. She or he can afford
Still, this unwillingness to face u
the connections between multi
turalism and the liberal capitalist w
order is strange, considering tha
much of the multiculturalists' ir
lectual effort has concerned langu
It is precisely in words that the
obvious similarities between the
italist and the multiculturalist er
prises are readily observable.

the multiculturalists truly un-
of how closely their treasured
phrases—"cultural diversity,"
rence," the need to "do away
oundaries"—resemble the stock
es of the modern corporation:
uct diversification," "the global
tplace," and "the boundary-less
any"? In a 1990 issue of the new
icists' most important journal,
sentations, the University of Tor-
aw professor Jennifer Nedelsky
of the need to do away with the
f boundaries, an idea that implies
aration and opposition that does
apture the complex, fertile, and
on-laden interconnection be-
a self and others." This is rather
al multicultural theorizing. But
lifferent is it from Larry Hirsch-
and Thomas Gilmore alluding
r-of-factly last year in the *Har-
Business Review* to the tendency
g corporations to replace tradi-
l "vertical hierarchies with hor-
al networks"? For many execu-
they wrote, "a single metaphor
ome to embody this managerial
enge and to capture the kind of
ization they want to create: the
oration without boundaries.'"
why is Nedelsky radical? Or, per-
, why aren't Hirschhorn and
ore?

Obviously, the two pieces had quite
ent purposes. Nedelsky, a feminist
scholar, was making a critique
operty, whereas Hirschhorn and
ore were attempting to describe
roblems and potential of this new
of corporate thinking. Nonethe-
the rhetorical similarity between
wo visions is astonishing. The
one reads in academic multi-
uralist journals and in business
ications, and the more one con-
s the speeches of CEOs and the
hes of noted multiculturalist aca-
ics, the more one is struck by the
iarities in the way they view the
d. Far from standing in implaca-
ntellectual opposition to each
r, both groups see the same racial
gender transformations in the de-
raphic makeup of the United
es and of the American work
e. That non-white workers will be
key to the twenty-first-century
erican labor market is a given in
t sensible long-range corporate

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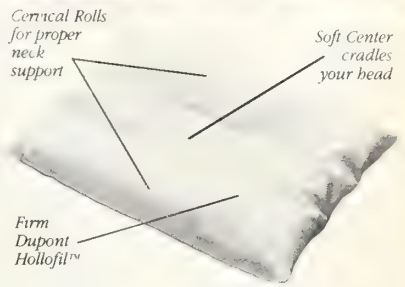
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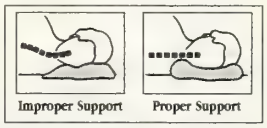
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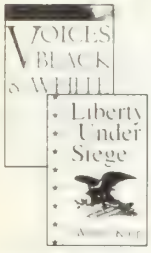
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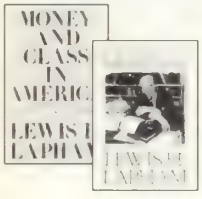


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plans. Like the multiculturalists[?] business elite is similarly aware [of] crucial role of women, and of the [need] to change the workplace in su[ch a] way as to make it more hospitable [to] them. More generally, both CEOs [and] Ph.D.'s insist more and more that [it is] no longer possible to speak in terms [of] the United States as some fixed, [sov]ereign entity. The world has mov[ed] on; capital and labor are mobile [in] with each passing year national [bor]ders, not to speak of national iden[ti]ties, become less relevant either [to] consciousness or to commerce.

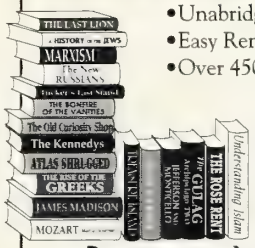
As usual, it is the business comm[u]nity rather than the multiculturali[sts] who have taken the most radical [step] toward acknowledging these new [con]ditions. Surely the academic emph[a]sis on the need to stop dividing [the] world according to antinomies of [self] and other is far less daring, for all [its] millenarian posturing, than the vi[sion] of Ted Turner some years ago [to] ban the use of the word "foreign" [on] the broadcasts of his Cable News [Net]work. Businessmen certainly need [no] lessons from academia on the pitf[alls] of nationalist feeling. In *Hoo[ver's] Handbook of World Business 199[3]*, a reference guide to the 191 most im[por]portant non-U.S. companies, "for[eign] production" is described as a "qu[aint] term . . . used for the Toyota p[lant] down the street, or Sony's owner[ship] of Columbia Pictures." "At the [cash] register," the management consult[ant] Kenichi Ohmae goes on to say, "[we] don't care about country of origin, [only] country of residence."

And, of course, the more astute [glo]italists and careful observers of th[e] understand perfectly well what [the] consequences of an assertion [like] Ohmae's really are. As the manag[e]ment guru Peter Drucker put it in [a] cent interview, "Most of what we [as]sume axiomatically no longer fits [the] reality, lending a surreal air to [our] work and lives. The world seems [to] have dissolved into a series of m[ere] events that appear either bigger th[an] reality or totally formless." These [are] sentences that, without attributio[n], a reader might well assume were [the] product of a radical culture critic, [a] neo-Marcusian, or else a colleague [of] Professor Nedelsky's. Instead, [of] course, they represent the thinkin[g]

who believes himself to be for-
ing the rules for the success of
lism in the twenty-first century.
s probably true that the phrase
c globally, act locally" began as
an of the environmental move-
But its adoption, by companies
ng from Time Warner to AT&T,
d tell us something about what
al ideological applications are.
oducts based on a version of
ew global paradigm are already
introduced. AT&T recently un-
l a foreign-language phone ser-
within the United States that
es visitors to prepay for interna-
news, weather reports, and cur-
-exchange information in a num-
languages.

e multiculturalists may pride
selves on posing a fundamental
to what Professor Henry Giroux
alled "the hegemonic notion that
entric culture is superior to oth-
tures and traditions by virtue of its
nical status as a universal measure
estern civilization." But the real-
that no serious player in the busi-
world has anything but the most
gial or sentimental interest in
ern civilization, as it is roughly
stood by campus radicals and con-
tives alike. What each side's ar-
nt fails to take into account is
capitalism is the bull in the china
of human history. The market
omy, now global in scale, is by its
e corrosive of all established hi-
hies and certainties, up to and in-
ng—in a world now more than
ercent non-white and in which
most promising markets lie in
—white racism and male domi-
on. If any group has embraced the
ng cry "Hey, hey, ho, ho, Western
re's got to go," it is the world busi-
elite. One can go further. Just as
ate Irving Howe, taxed by a radi-
eckler during the late Sixties, could
confidently that he would be a
al long after his interlocutor had
me a dentist, the chances are that
usiness world will be multicultur-
ng after some new fad has gripped
emia. Because, for businessmen,
ething more is at stake than ideas.
centrism makes no *economic* sense
world where, within twenty-five
s, the combined gross national
luct of East Asia will likely be larg-

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er than Europe's and twice that of the United States. In such a world, the notion of the primacy of Western culture will only be an impediment to the chief goal of every company: the maximization of profits.

Obviously, business leaders have become multiculturalists out of these perceived necessities: they are hardly motivated by the altruism or righteous anger that informs the views of the academic multiculturalists. But this does not make their commitment to multiculturalism any less complete. What the campus radicals—and the neo-cons too, for that matter—have failed to recognize is how cold a place the market is, and how radically it has changed over the past thirty years. In the days when a globalized economy largely meant an economy of plantations, as it did in the nineteenth century, or later, when companies set up subsidiaries abroad but had no interest in globally integrating their operations, identifying with the nation-state made sense most of the time—the consumers were Western in taste and locale. But now there are few industries in which long-term planning on the basis of national identity makes sense. Indeed, only multinational, which is to say multicultural, approaches seem sound.

There is no business establishment anymore that is committed, in Giroux's simpleminded phrase, to hegemonic notions of European superiority. In an era when the greatest single financial power to have emerged on the globe is non-white Japan, such a stance would be folly. Our corporate masters are learning to eat sushi like everyone else. This does not mean that Tokyo will replace New York as the center of capitalism in the same way that New York replaced London or London replaced Amsterdam. To the contrary, the model of center versus periphery becomes ever more outmoded in our multicentered world economy. It was valid only as long as the difficulty in communications made one single center necessary. Now, with fiber optics and the rest of the communications revolution, it is hard to say just where the center is anymore, or if we even need one. Moreover, the increasing interpenetration of various national capitalisms, and the fact that it is perfectly possible now to have a multinational with headquarte San Francisco, strategic partne Dortmund and Osaka, factories i ja California Norte and the Do can Republic, and a back office i west of Ireland, means that all no of definable borders give way t tions of flow and reciprocity.

At the same time, the decli the good-paying working-class jo the consequent estrangement o rich from the poor, after a centu the two groups having grown cultu (because economically) closer to er, means that it is just as likely say, a financial broker from New would feel more commonality w broker from Tokyo than he o would with someone from Harle the South Bronx. The collapse of ders, far from being the liberating e that the academic multicultura have envisaged, has brought abou multiculturalism of the market, the multiculturalism of justice. A there is a mystery about all this, that so many people could have pected a different, more lightened" outcome.

There is no question that the k of change multiculturalism entails transform the relationships betw whites and non-whites and betw men and women. The point, howe is that such changes, far from bei threat to capitalism, are, given the mographic facts of our age, an nomic necessity. To insist upon point is neither to underestimate th fects this renegotiation of so man our basic assumptions will have n dismiss the benefits that will accru many women and non-whites abl participate fully in the world capit economy in positions of power for first time. In this, the rise of multi tural capitalism is comparable to a litionism: the slaves were freed w the abolitionists could count on support of economic interests in North, for which an economy b on slavery was an impediment to th ture economic well-being of the U ed States. It was industrial civilizat not justice, that the hardheaded tocrats of New York and New Engl were interested in furthering. And til they were convinced that their interests were at stake, all the orat

erick Douglass, Henry Ward
r, and their colleagues was for
. After they were convinced,
ne oratory seemed to sweep all
t. Marxists used to call such in-
ons "base" and "superstructure,"
e so much of what is valuable
Marxist theory, this idea—which
nic and clear-eyed, not senti-
and uplifting—seems out of fa-
th academic multiculturalists,
their professed respect for the
t "tradition."

then campus radicalism is aw-
lective anyway. Its talk is long
e and gender, short on class.
at is probably just as well, since
rket economy, ready though it
to admit blacks and women, is
likely to sign its own death
it by accepting a radical revi-
class relations. Were such pro-
to be seriously advanced, on
is or elsewhere, the multicul-
ts would soon discover just how
capitalism can be when its
s opposed to its sentimental, in-
are threatened. But that is the
of the academic multicultur-
approach: they can appear to
ical and can feel themselves to
lical, but they can advance a
m that, stripped of its adorning
ic, is little more than a demand
clusion, for a piece of the capi-
pie. And capitalism is not only
singly willing but increasingly
to let in women, blacks, gays,
y other marginalized group. Eu-
more customers!

e can respect the multicultural-
oject from a capitalist or a re-
st point of view, just as long as
oes not confuse it with the attack
wer that so many of its propo-
claim it to be. Were women and
s represented proportionately at
op of corporate America, this
l not change the nature of class
ctions one iota—which is pre-
why capitalism is in no sense
sly opposed to the multicultur-
oject" in American cultural and
lectual life. Conservatives who
ine otherwise should spend less
reading *Commentary* and the rest
more time reading *Barron's* and
ne. It was, in fact, a 1991 cover
in *Fortune* that summed up what
lly going on in American business

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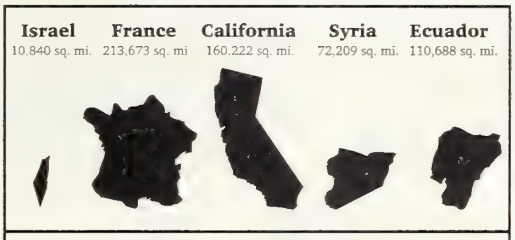
Does it have any relation to reality?

In May of 1989, James Baker, declared in an address to AIPAC (American Israel Public Affairs Committee) that the Jewish state should once and for all forget about "the dream of a greater Israel". It was the first time that this phrase had been heard from the lips of a Western statesman. What does it mean? Does it have any relation to reality?

What are the facts?

Stripes on the flag. Arab propaganda has it that the two stripes on the flag of Israel, above and below the star of David, represent the Nile and the Euphrates River, respectively, and signify Israel's expansionist desire to form an empire that would supposedly reach from Cairo to Baghdad. But that has no basis in fact, of course. Nowhere in any documents of the Jewish state, in any statement by even the most "radical" spokesman can any reference to anything like that be found.

Israel's Borders. "Palestine", part of the Ottoman Empire before World War I, came under British mandate after that war. The Golan Heights were part of Palestine. Israel's current borders are the result of the 1948 War of Independence, in which six Arab armies invaded the new-born state, but were utterly defeated, and the 1967 Six-Day War, in which those same armies once again invaded Israel. In that war, Israel conquered the Gaza Strip, the vast Sinai Peninsula, and the Golan Heights. And Israel also *repossessed* the provinces of Judea/Samaria, (the "West Bank"), and the eastern part of Jerusalem, which had been occupied by the Jordanians nineteen years earlier when they invaded the just new-born Jewish state. In order to achieve peace with Egypt, Israel returned to it all of the Sinai. Israel is and has always been prepared to grant full autonomy to the Arabs living in Judea/Samaria. It is clear to all knowledgeable in military matters that, for immutable strategic reasons, Israel cannot for any foreseeable future abandon or yield military control of Judea/Samaria and of the Golan Heights.



Greater Israel? It's a myth. See for yourself!

The Myth of Greater Israel. Israel is one of the smallest countries in the world. Most people don't realize how small it really is. One wonders whether former Secretary of State Baker was aware of it when he uttered his memorable phrase of "Greater Israel". A look at the map is revealing. Including the vaunted "West Bank", the Gaza Strip and the Golan Heights, the entire area of the country is barely over 10,000 square miles. France is twenty times as large as Israel, California fifteen times as large, Syria about seven times as large, and "tiny" Ecuador ten times as large. Israel is so small that its area is less than half the size of San Bernadino County, California; if it were dropped into Lake Michigan it would disappear from sight without a trace. The Arab countries in contrast are huge—they occupy twice the area of the United States.

It is clear that the concept of "Greater Israel", lacks any validity and has no basis in fact. To apply such a concept to a country as small as Israel would almost seem a mockery. Obviously, Israel has no territorial ambitions. All it wants is to live in peace within secure and defensible borders, just as any other country and as required under U.N. Resolution No. 242. But it seems that the *size* of Israel, whether "greater" or "lesser" is not at all the concern of Israel's implacable Arab enemies. The very *existence* of Israel, of a Jewish state in their midst of whatever size, is unacceptable to the Arabs. And unless that mindset changes, not until the Arab states have become democracies and have come to full acceptance of Israel, are willing to make *true* peace with it, and are prepared to establish normal and friendly relations with Israel can any possible territorial adjustment be considered. As it looks right now, that may still take some time.

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these days. The featured stor
called "Gay in Corporate Am
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titudes Are Changing," and was
pathetic account of gay execu
Another story in the same issu
glossily packaged, told the othe
of capitalism's new politics of
sion. It was titled "The Battle
Benefits," and concerned the n
cut back, in the name of corp
health and wealth, the medica
pension plans of employees.
won't find *that* article on any re
list in "cultural studies.")

In the last twenty-five years,
become possible to discover jus
supple capitalism has become. E
thing is commodifiable, even
centrism (there is money being
on all the Kinte cloths and Kw
paraphernalia that are the rage a
certain segments of the black
munity, and not only the black
munity), bilingualism (currentl
hottest growth market in publish
Spanish-language children's bo
and the other "multicultural"
dencies in American society that
servatives fear so desperately. It
out that when Hollywood sign
black directors such as Spike Lee,
Singleton, or Mario Van Peebl
make movies, those movies make
ey—not as much as exploitation
like *Terminator 3*, perhaps, but
ey just the same. Meanwhile,
nomic relationships go on as they
always gone on. And if the inclu
of new voices and constituencie
nifies anything, it is not that cap
ism is coming to an end but tha
getting its (latest) second wind.

This is not to say that multicu
alism is to blame for these econ
trends. That would be as gross a
tification as the idea that its te
ings will transform the world fo
better. But there is less to the
trine than meets the eye. Mult
turalism is many things, but the
thing it is not is the idea that will
us or bring justice to the world.
hopes can only confuse in this
when, far from standing on the p
of its redemption, our society—
multicultural, global, increasingly
white and non-European society
steadily becoming less democratic
just, and more impoverished.

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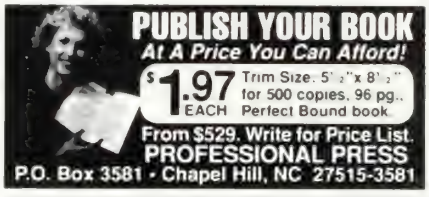
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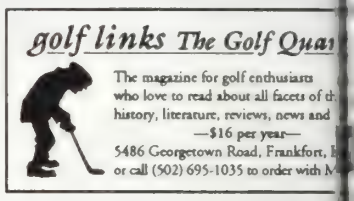
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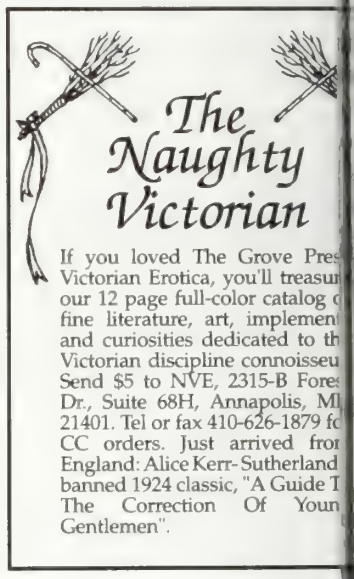
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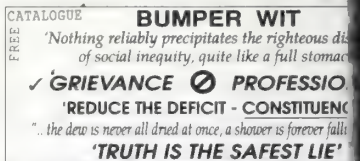
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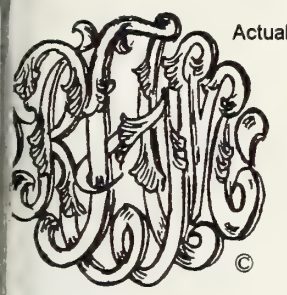
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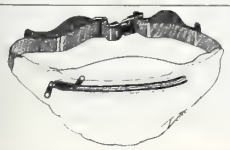
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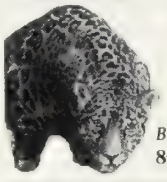
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LETTERS

Continued from page 3

duce. In contrast, closed nations from ancient China to modern-day Mexico atrophied and were eclipsed by freer and more outward-looking societies.

Despite my criticisms, I do find myself in rare agreement with Mead's assertion that economics is not a science and that "we know little about the economy." This fact is precisely the reason, however, that we should spurn the economic proposals of people such as Mead. If we truly rejected the presumption that government economists are somehow more qualified to allocate resources justly and efficiently than individuals participating in a market of voluntary exchange, then we would not tolerate a government that confiscates the product of our labor and even takes out mortgages in our name to pay for programs we oppose.

James A. Kostohryz
Mexico City

Basketball as a Way Out

Darcy Frey's Folio, "The Last Shot" [April], underscores the fact that young black men in America become important to much of society only when they can help fill the coffers of promoters, advertisers, and college athletic departments. That Brooklyn high-school star Russell Thomas can attract the attention of colleges because of his ability to put a ball through a hoop but could not receive sufficient attention to learn to read demonstrates that the educational and social systems of America do not work for most black Americans. Even if Russell Thomas does succeed in becoming as prominent a basketball player as, say, Patrick Ewing or Larry Johnson, his success would be due not to the legitimacy of the system but rather to his ability to participate in a system that emphasizes quick wealth at the expense of true social and economic progress for black America. Many of the people who are interested in recruiting Russell Thomas for their basketball programs would probably cross the street or clutch their wallets if they saw him walking toward them some-



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SOLUTION TO THE JULY PUZZLE

S	P	A	R	R	O	W	A	L	P	I	N	E
U	A	M	I	E	L	A	R	I	A	T	I	N
B	R	E	A	D	I	N	G	R	S	I	N	G
P	I	N	T	E	T	R	E	A	T	S	T	E
A	S	S	A	Y	E	I	N	I	T	I	A	L
R	H	O	S	E	X	T	E	R	I	O	R	S
T	O	M	A	H	A	W	K	I	C	E	S	S
S	M	I	C	E	S	A	N	S	K	R	I	T
V	I	C	A	R	I	O	U	S	S	O	A	R
E	L	E	G	A	N	T	R	C	R	U	D	E
R	I	C	A	R	T	E	L	R	O	R	E	S
M	E	O	W	I	O	P	T	I	M	U	M	S
I	S	M	E	A	N	I	E	M	E	M	O	E
N	E	P	A	L	I	E	X	P	O	U	N	D

NOTES FOR "DOUBLE DEALING"
Note: Anagrams are indicated with an asterisk (*)

SPECIAL CLUES [each of which had two answers]: a. HERA, hidden; I(R-I)S; b. LIRA*, RIAL*; c. A-S-SAY; TE(X-A)S(t); d. ROME-O; PARIS, two meanings; e. ALPINE*, NEPALI*; f. S(how)-IN-G. EXPO-UND; g. S-OAR; SPAR-ROW; h. MICE, hidden; VERMI(celli)-N(ibblers); i. DEMO-N; MEAN*-IE; j RIATA, LARIAT, hidden. ACROSS: 7. AMIE (n-s); 9. B-READING; 11. PI(N)T; 12. STA(E)RT reversed; 13. INITIAL, hidden; 15. RHOS, "rows"; 18. EX-TERIORS*; 19. TO(M-A)-HAWK; 21. (v)ICES; 23. SAN(S)KRIT*; 24. VICAR-IOUS; 27. E-LEGANT*; 28. CRUDE, "crewed"; 29. CAR TEL(ephone); 30. O(RE)S, "so" reversed; 31. M(et)-EOW (reversal); 32. OPTIMU*-MS; 34. MEMO, hidden. DOWN: 1. STRA(PB)US(s) reversed; 2. RED EYE, pun on "pink eye"; 3. WAN, "juan"; 4. PAST, hidden; 5. ITIS, "'tis" not contracted; 6. (st)ENGEL'S; 8. I-NTARSIA* & Lit; 10. GENE, hidden in reverse; 14. TICKS, two meanings; 16. H(O. . .)M-I-LIES; 17. S(AC)AGA-W-EA; 20. K(. . . N)URL*; 22. STRESSED, reversal; 25. (sh)INTO; 26. SCRI(M)P; 29. CO-MP; 33. P(I). . . E.

SOLUTION TO JULY DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 127). (WENDELL) BROWN: BALLAD OF A BUSHMAN. They always greet me as a man./They keep me warm as best they can./They shade me from the blazing sun/And welcome me when day is done./But how long will my bushes stand/As urban growth spreads 'cross the land?/I pray for bushes. Let them be./They make a "home" for now, for me.

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 128, *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Entries must be received by August 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. The solution will be printed in the September issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 126 are Khia and Michael Wrisley, Tucson, Ariz.; Robert S. Stone, Mableton, Ga.; and Charles H. Park, Tinley Park, Ill.

place other than a basketball c
The real tragedy of the myt
basketball is "the only way o
Coney Island and other inne
areas is that blacks living in th
eas have come to believe it. Fu
more, whites and the govern
have stopped believing that
have a moral responsibility t
improve inner-city neighborl
just because a few black bask
players have achieved promi
and financial success. As long a
of America believes that black
can achieve success only in sp
entertainment, Russell Thoma
those who come after him in C
Island and elsewhere will keep d
lieving that putting a ball thro
basket is the most important
they can acquire.

Barry Deonarine
Stanford, Calif.

August Index Sources

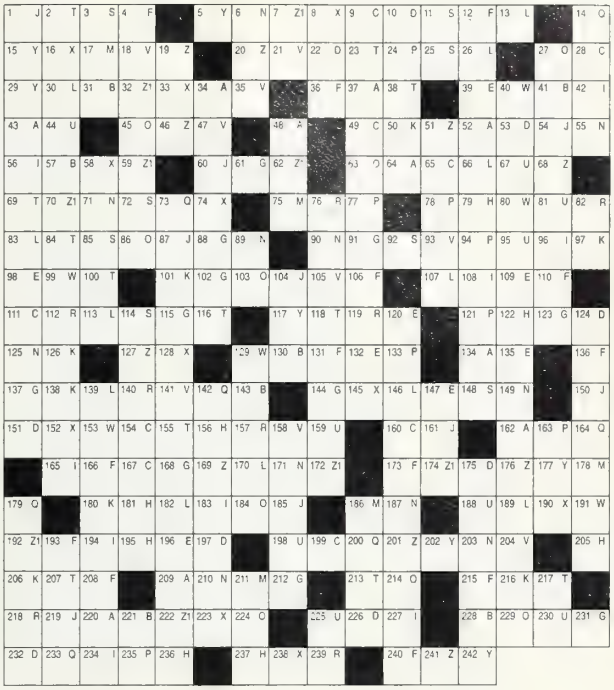
1 American Animal Hospital Assoc
(Denver); **2** Marttila & Kiley (Bost
U.S. General Accounting Office; **4**
ter for Responsive Politics (Washin
5 United We Stand America (Dal
Federal Election Commission (Wa
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NBC News–*Wall Street Journal* poll (
ington); **10,11** *Jane's Sentinel* (Surre
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Associated Press (Taipei, Taiwan); **1**
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Social Expenditures (Washingtor
Committee to Protect Journalists (N
22 U.S. Department of Commerc
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28 *Almanac of American Politics* (
ington); **29** *Congressional Quarterly* (
ington); **30,31** *The Janus Report on*
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Janus (John Wiley and Sons, N.Y.C
Miss Vera's Finishing School for Boys
Want to Be Girls (N.Y.C.); **33** Eroti
seum (Copenhagen); **34** Dr Peppe
seum (Waco, Tex.); **35,36** *Ha*
research; **37** Kraft General Foods (
Plains, N.Y.); **38** John Funari, Am
Oxonian (Hidden Valley, Pa.)/*Harpe*
search; **39** Johnston & Murphy Shoe
pany (Nashville, Tenn.).

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 128

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation om a published work. The numbered squares in the agram correspond to the numbered blanks under the ORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of ich spells the name of the author and the title of the ork from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each quare indicates the WORD containing the letter to be ntered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to ast month's puzzle appear on page 78.



LUES WORDS

. Brains (2 wds.) 52 220 134 64 209 48 162 37 / 34 43

. Fizzy drinks 130 57 228 221 31 143 41

. Skill, know-how, mastery 167 28 49 199 154 9 160 65 / 111

). Rugged; rigid, unyielding 22 53 10 151 124 175 232 226 / 197

. Humidity, moisture 39 109 120 147 98 196 132 135

. Power of the state to purchase private property arbitrarily (2 wds.) 12 166 215 4 173 208 110 193 / 136 106 131 36 240

G. Amends; compensation in money, labor, etc. 137 115 144 123 168 61 212 102 / 91 88 231

H. Legal orders; permits; promises 205 181 79 195 237 122 156 236

I. Exhilaration, intoxication 108 194 165 227 42 183 234 96 / 56

J. Finessed, got the better of 219 150 185 1 87 60 161 54 / 104

K. Miserable; squalid 101 50 97 216 180 206 126 138

L. Preliminary matter to a book 139 26 66 30 189 13 83 170 / 107 113 146 182

M. What "The folk that live in Liverpool" go to hell like, says Chesterton ("Me Heart") 17 75 178 186 211

N. Readily disposable cash (2 wds.) 125 71 210 55 149 90 203 171 / 6 89 187

O. Accomplishes easily (2 wds.) 86 229 224 103 27 63 184 45 / 214

P. Feeling of great well-being 77 121 133 163 94 235 24 78

Q. Eel-like fish with a circular, suctorial mouth 73 200 233 14 142 164 179

R. Eng. soldier-archaeologist-writer (1888–1935) who legally took the name Shaw 112 157 218 76 119 140 82 239

S. Chronological; worldly 114 3 92 72 25 11 85 148

T. "There is no ___ so sad as that of early youth" (Eliot, *The Mill on the Floss*) 2 213 69 100 84 207 155 116 / 23 118 217 38

U. Bound, fettered 67 95 188 198 225 81 230 44 / 159

V. Frugality, stinginess 21 141 47 35 18 93 105 158

W. Discharges, expels from the body in any way 153 129 40 99 80 191 / 204

X. Oppresses, puts great obligations on 128 58 145 223 16 8 238 152 / 74 190 33

Y. Publishes, broadcasts (2 wds.) 29 5 202 117 177 15 242

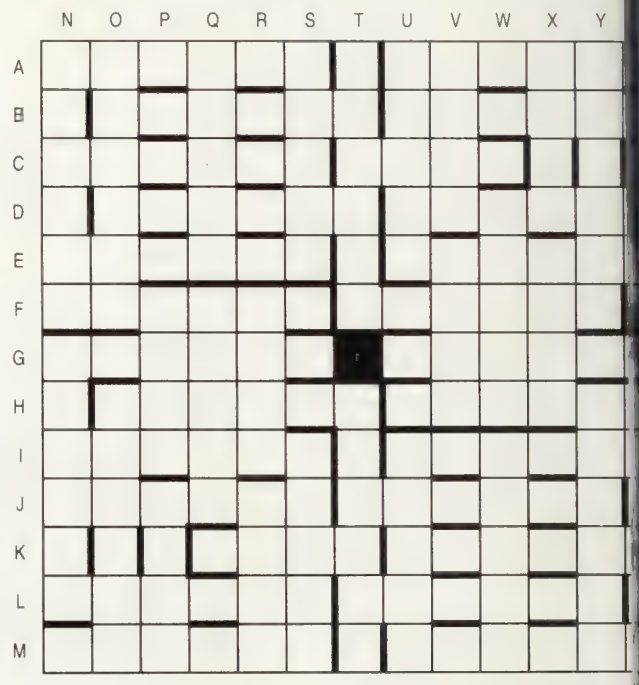
Z. Power of going from place to place 201 51 19 20 68 241 [illegible] / 4[illegible] 1[illegible]6

Z1. Life, being 59 62 192 [illegible] . 222 172 174 / 70

PUZZLE

By the Letters

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.



The lights are clued in pairs in their lettered columns and rows, but when entered in the diagram they do not include their identifying letter wherever it appears. Thus if the clue answers for row F were RUFFLE and FLOOZY, RULE and LOOZY become the lights . . . *and the subsidiary wordplay in the clues treats only these mutilated forms*. The clues in each pair are not necessarily in order of entry.

Clue answers include ten capitalized words and several uncommon words (including the first clued in rows D, I, and J). The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 78.

ACROSS

A. Catholic couple almost shocked by Mexican resort (8)
Married lady, in 2001—normal, just like us (9)

B. Circle wild town (7)
Where the Painted Desert is almost entirely done in French painting style (8)

C. Computer language that was coined by the Greeks? (5)
The German limits outstanding detective when working? (7)

D. For a bit of metrical poetry, it's necessary to grasp one example (7)
American novelist is about . . . is about . . . about . . . (7)

E. Object when turned on by sexy sleepwear (7)
Rejoined leaders of Reserves to oppose regulation to disarm (8)

F. Where to raise the alarm, one about Derek (*Ten*) (7)
Rakes, as rest is disturbed (7)

G. New spell for Merlin, but still a troublemaker (7)
Least worried about Republican's drift from the straight and narrow (8)

H. Munching for part of the flight (7)
Indian of the West is soon dispersed (8)

I. Some members of confab lauded coarse old story (7)
In general, French article is true (7)

J. Mother upset suitor with old piece of mail (7)
Desert rodents, er, snakes (7)

K. Government agency that goes after Democratic stickers? (5)
Model T auto empty . . . it's not in the movie (7)

L. American composer appropriates piano belonging to his wife? (7)
I react badly to something in the paper (7)

M. Stereo playing "Skylights"? (7)
S.A. monkey sprang to top of tree (8)

DOWN

N. When one girl embraces another, subtle indications result (7)
Old traditionalist drama upset Italian (8)

O. Tram's broken down without source of electrical conductor (7)
Part-time athlete beginning to suspect prime has deteriorated (7)

P. South American leader Reno turned inside out (5)
In England, John Bull's first leading blunder (5)

Q. With you finally included, set up to disturb spirits (6)
European language could be usable . . . but not Latin (6)

R. Put up with lounger after church (5)
Plea in court overturned as *immaterial?* Just the opposite! (5)

S. Turned on and embarrassed, made noises in bed (6)
French painter, one taken by loyal backing (6)

T. Dotty or Ken's macramé makers (8)
Not willing to give up facility with nickel (9)

U. He played Flint with mawkish sentimentality, enthralling British (6)
Icy rage of the British (6)

V. Anger love-bird (5)
Show's prelude shortened (5)

W. Part of a tux to be altered, I assumed (6, *two words*)
Certain kind of tents, one with legs (7)

X. He left one half of DNA? (5)
Measurements of light in blue skies (5)

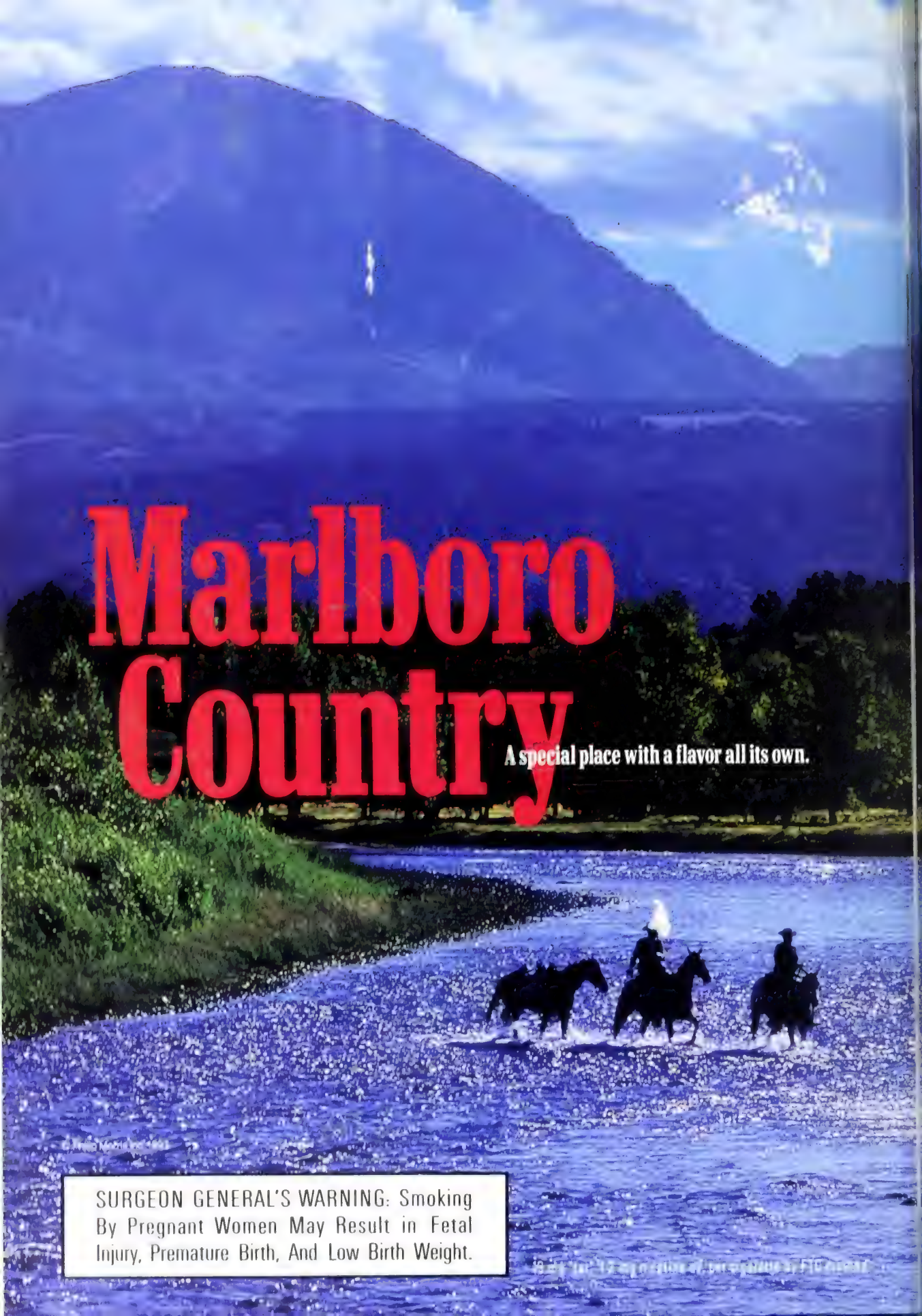
Y. Coast Guard captures some waterfowl (7)
Lacking gravity, Reagan's mistaken for cynic (8)

Z. High constellation on the equator where the earth and sky meet (7)
Gruel's cooked . . . they slurp it down (8)

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "By the Letters," *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. Winners' names will be printed in the October issue. Winners of the June puzzle, "Diametricode," are Warren Hubley, Belchertown, Mass.; Martin J. Drabik, North Olmsted, Ohio; and I. H. Paul, New York, New York.



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Leon Botstein, John Boswell, Joan Blythe, William Kerrigan

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Employment Is One Thing the Global Economy Is *Not* Creating
By Richard J. Barnet

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Did He, as a Navy Pilot, Strafe a Lifeboat?
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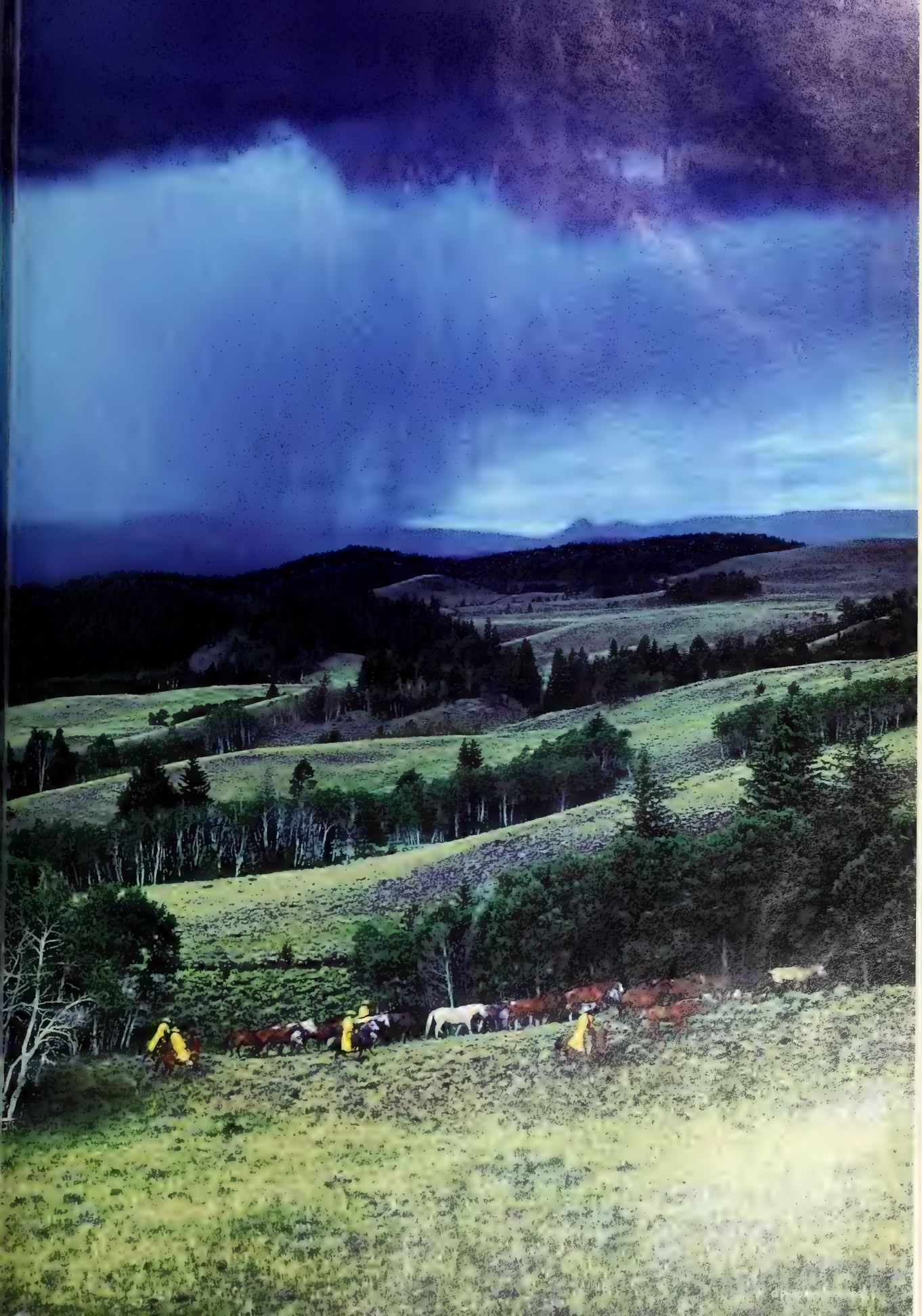
THE AWAKENING OF MY INTEREST IN ANNULAR SYSTEMS
Foster Wallace

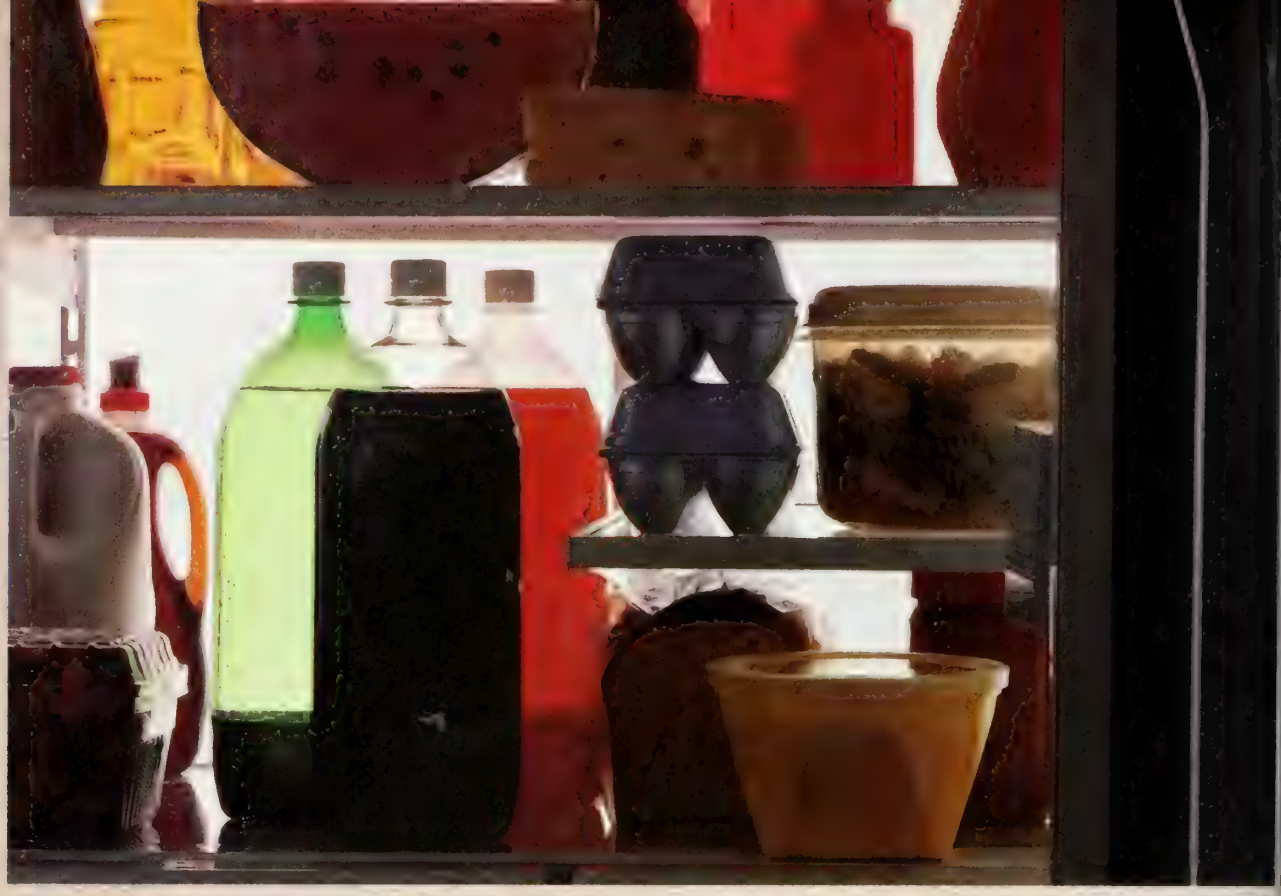
Mario Vargas Llosa,
r washing, Hollywood-style

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SEPTEMBER 1993

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LETTERS

Selling Movies to the Public

Those of us who are fortunate enough to actually make a living by marketing the creations of such directors as Scorsese, Coppola, Redford, Reiner, Streisand, Singleton, Nichols, Marshall, etc., can only laugh at seeing ourselves labeled "auteurs" in *Harper's* June forum ["The New Auteurs"], in which Hollywood movie marketers explain how they would use certain industry stratagems and techniques to salvage an expensive bomb —in this fictional case, *Save the Earth*, an eco-disaster romance starring Steven Seagal and Julia Roberts. By the same logic, a grocer discovering a new way to push yellow peppers in a troubled gourmet market may now be labeled a farmer.

Despite the impression given by the forum, those of us who actually market films know that every time we promise to viewers what we think a film *should* have been instead of what its creators actually intended it to be, alter a movie to fit a mold of proven box-office successes, or advertise heat and deliver smoke and mirrors, we undercut our believability with a shrinking and very savvy audience.

And as for advertising executive Joe Nimziki's suggested line promoting the eco-warrior character played by Seagal, "He's always been a f er, but he's never had so muc fight for," it might well wor worked for Jean-Claude Van Da when I wrote it for the marke campaign for his 1993 movie *No to Run*.

Steve Hull
Los Angeles

As "The New Auteurs" makes d good movies sell themselves by w of mouth and positive reviews. ple such as forum participants M Gill, Jeffrey Godsick, Bob Israel, Joe Nimziki earn their money dling the duds. They do it by dec ing a significant portion of the ulation into buying tickets before word is out. This approach is pa ularly wrongheaded, for the pu is increasingly skeptical of the p uct, and the efforts of Gill et al. r in crowds of people leaving the feeling betrayed and even more ical and angry than when they rived.

Gill admits that the power he his co-conspirators possess is a "ter horrible, scary" thing. In that, at l he's right, though, of course, he do believe it. His "confession" is just other layer of deception. If he tho his role was all that terrible, he'd a way to make a living that perm the return of his lost dignity.

Doug Ingold
Miranda, Calif.

Harper's Magazine welcomes Letters to the Editor. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

iting a train in a New York sub-
ation back in about 1974, I no-
poster for the movie *Zardoz*, a
tic fantasy starring Sean Con-
The copy read something like
Beyond Time. Beyond Space.
nd Human Imagination." A
graffiti artist had appended the
ie with these words: "But Not
d Advertising."
ectors no longer make movies,
nake deals. Today, everything is
le, including the planet. The
iz professionals in the forum
no greater (or smaller) invest-
in selling the proposed story of
lvation of the earth than they
have in hawking beer or face
..

ncerning the marketing of a film,
r Columbia Pictures executive
Steel is quoted in the forum as
g about the stars involved: "Are
uckable?" The June forum sug-
that this is precisely the ques-
mplicitly posed by the movie
try about its audience. The an-
hey come up with would appear
yes.

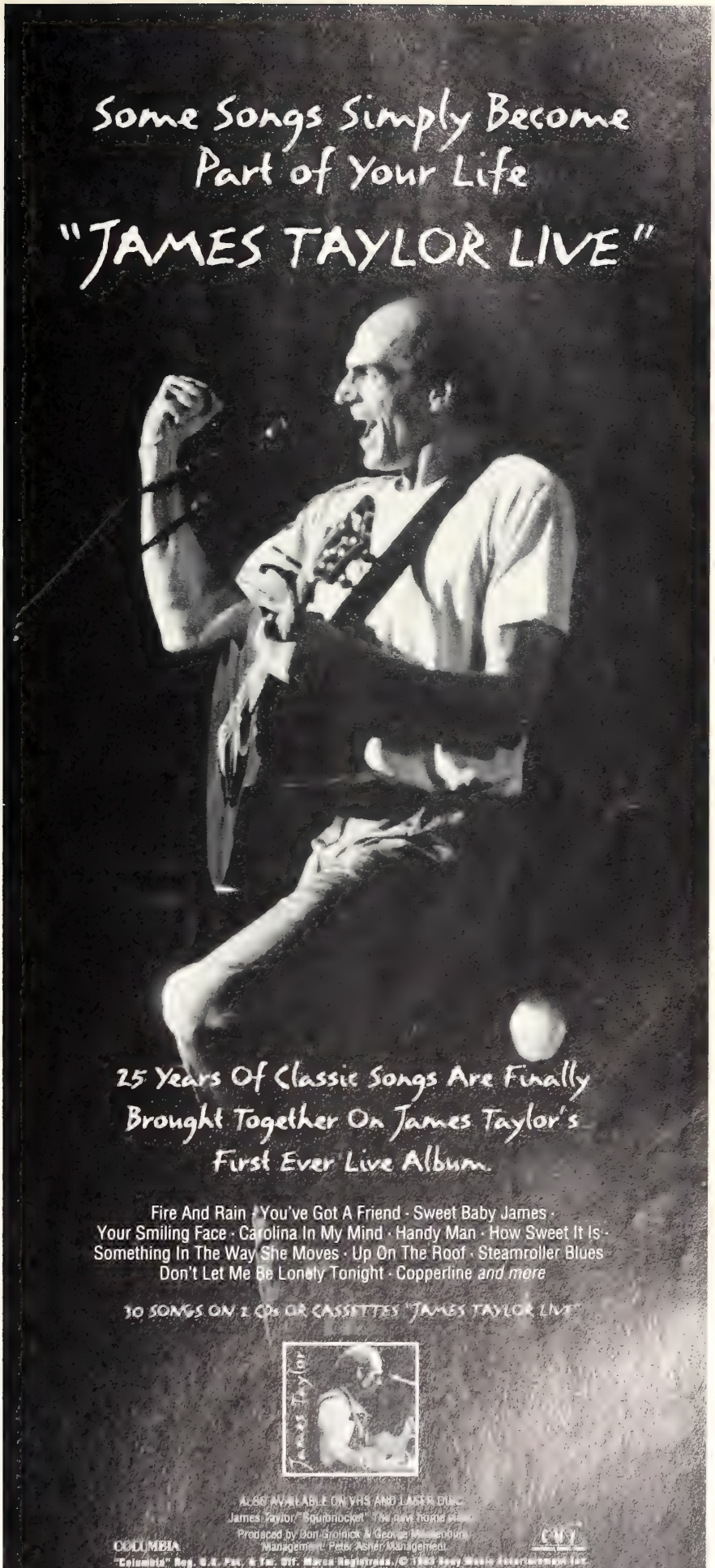
iel Diehl
ngeles

anks a lot, guys! Yeah, that's
–your June issue! You coulda left
us to do "The New Auteurs,"
O! So it's war you want? It's war
et! Look for *MAD* to print some-
with *substance*, something *liter-*
an upcoming issue to rain on
parade . . . parade on your reign?
ever! This is no idle threat! We'll
as soon as we can find a writer ca-
of writing it and an editor ca-
of understanding what the writer
ritten! Hoo Hah!
AD-ly yours (sic . . . sick?),

Meglin
ditor, *MAD* magazine
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Gay Officer the Military

ndre Dubus's touching and
nant memoir about the 1961 sui-
of a fellow naval officer with a
ess record who had been accused
omosexual behavior ["A Quiet
e: The Death and Life of a Gay



Naval Officer," June] should be required reading for anyone who believes that gay men and women of discretion should not be allowed to serve in their country's military. The article is a brilliant testimony for allowing these honored and talented service members to live their private lives as they wish. The fear that the Commander of the Air Group—or CAG, as he was known to the men on the ship—felt, knowing he could be called upon to lead a squadron of pilots to certain death in a nuclear war, must have paled in comparison to the fear that he felt when notified that he would never be allowed to fly for his country again and that court-martial charges were being prepared against him.

Gary Elliott
Miami

I am the shipmate and friend referred to in Andre Dubus's memoir who told him about the Navy's investigation of CAG. Reading the article stunned me: I realized that I never told Dubus the whole story of the charges that led to CAG's suicide. As the assistant legal officer on the aircraft carrier USS *Ranger*, my job was to develop preliminary general court-martial charges based on interviews conducted by the Office of Naval Intelligence [ONI] with sailors from the ship. Part of my job was keeping my mouth shut, and I seem to have done that a little more thoroughly than I realized.

Given the current national debate on homosexual service in the military, I've decided that the rest of the story needs to be told because Dubus's memoir will leave readers with the impression that CAG was threatened with a general court-martial and discharge and driven to suicide simply because he was a homosexual. Without commenting on general Navy practices toward homosexuals, I do know that in this instance a specific precipitating event on the ship brought the ONI aboard. The problem was that CAG did not limit his sex life to private behavior with consenting adults. The problem wasn't mere homosexuality, it was misconduct.

A group of young sailors reported that CAG had invited them to his stateroom and made sexual advances to them. This act obviously violated historic military rules and doctrine restricting fraternization between officers and enlisted men, violated explicit law governing sexual behavior, and, in the civilian parlance used in discussions of sexual harassment, constituted a gross misuse of power and privilege.

The man had served ably and courageously and was a respected military leader. He served honorably as well, except for failing to keep his sexual affairs away from the workplace. My guess is that many of his fellow officers (some of whom, says Dubus, knew of his secret) would have been pleased to have him serve out his career—had he kept his erotic life private. Tragically, he crossed a serious line. Being a proud man and a warrior, CAG sought death over disgrace. Although the ship's executive officer kept him away from his airplane, those involved forgot, when confining him to his quarters, that he still possessed the signal revolver that every pilot carries to deal with disaster.

David C. Roberts
Kensington, Calif.

Mother and Child

I wish I were a thousand women, each of us writing to thank *Harper's* for publishing Louise Erdrich's "A Woman's Work" [May] so that I could be certain the magazine would understand how important her piece was. Erdrich spoke with such accuracy that I was assured that, yes, we had shared the universal experience of motherhood. This great body of women's work has gone silently unacknowledged by this man's world we live in since the days when worship of creative female deities with round bellies was replaced by worship of destructive male deities with outstretched arms.

Erdrich notes that we pump gas, lift weights, head corporations, and tune pianos, yet "our bodies are rounded vases of skin and bones and blood that seem impossibly engineered for birth." In my experience, the job of motherhood so overwhelmingly commands every ounce of our strength that we rarely fight to be appreciated supported, understood, heard by

The experience of pregnancy, not sickening or debilitating, is s and omnipotent that I was con ly surprised at the lack of respe corded me during my state of And then came the discovery th being who emerged took part with her, so that any separatio duced the dull, throbbing ache t amputee feels in his or her pha limb. This kind of love is not the ery, pink affection we women a cused of favoring; it is love so ine and deep that it manifests as o votion to fulfilling every need o other self before any of our own member nursing while sitting o toilet; days in which I ate nothi fore my husband returned from because preparing food require hands and my infant daughter a required a minimum of one; w nine times a night to nurse and s her back into another uselessly trating nap; surrounding an arm with enough magazines and sna fill the two hours she might sle kept her nestled against me, be she refused to nap for longer twenty minutes out of my em sleeping sitting up in the rock her crib when she was sick, he body stretched across my stoma as not to disturb my husband wi tending to her cries throughou night.

Jennie Stein
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Like Louise Erdrich, I too ha steal time—from my children at and from the children who kno as their teacher—in order to be to put a few words down on p One reason there is not a great written about being the mothe new infant is that there is rarely ment to think of anything els the infant's needs, writes Erdri agree—many times I've want write for myself, for other wome my parents, for my husband, an pecially for my children. I would liked to leave a legacy of word plaining what it has meant to twins. Unlike Erdrich, though,

Continued on pa

NOTEBOOK

Cut and paste

By Lewis H. Lapham

y is a bag of tricks that the living n the dead.

—Anonymous

he early twentieth century, the of a new horizon was bound up mages of an unexplored fron- ith expeditions leaving for the Pole or the headwaters of the Nile. The late twentieth centu- nks of theme parks and bungee The future appears in the rear- nirrors of a falsely imagined past, s an experiment with the nos- stage effects, MCA, Inc., the ese entertainment company that Universal Studios, last summer d a new attraction on its lot in an Fernando Valley that trans- the city of Los Angeles into a of Paradise regained. Built at a of $100 million and equipped he services of a shopping mall, Walk is a row of buildings three s long that replicates the archi- al facades of Venice Beach, Mel- Avenue, Olvera Street, and the t Strip. From the far side of the Monica mountains, the studio ted sand and palm trees as well ight lifters, hairstylists, wander- instrels, restaurants (in imita- of Morton's and Spago), and a n of merchants selling celebrity graphs and astrological charts. dispatch in the *New York Times* say whether the studio also sup- replicas of Kevin Costner and a Streisand, but it made the point as between "Los Angeles the " and "Los Angeles the real," the er enjoyed the advantage of being of risk. The studio thoughtfully ed the presence of thieves, gangs, ti, drug dealers, beggars, auto- les, and gunfire. It was a dele- much appreciated by the paying mers, most of whom had no in- on of going to see the original our miles to the south.

The same line of reasoning suggests further uses of the theme park as edited text or preferred reality, and I suspect that a good many people would welcome the chance to inhabit, if only for an afternoon, the simulated experience of what President Bush liked to describe as a kinder, gentler nation. The country's primary institutions stand in as much need of sympathetic revision as its cities and roads, and among the several possibilities that come promptly to mind, I think first of the following:

School Days

An arrangement of Georgian buildings (rust-colored brick, fan-light windows, white cupolas) representing the wholesome American high school, complete with blackboards, cheerleaders, and a winning basketball team. The price of admission entitles the guest to a library card and a sweater or varsity-letter jacket emblazoned with the school colors and shield. The studio imports oak trees and chemistry teachers from northwestern Connecticut. The English teachers know how to parse a compound sentence, and the history teachers make use of maps and dates. The school principal doesn't distribute condoms, and no knife fights take place in the halls. Between classes the students gossip about the likely outcomes of the Saturday-night dance. They wear clean clothes and sing old Frank Sinatra songs. None of them has a record of prior arrests.

Assembly Line

A restored automobile plant in Detroit, circa 1962. The noise is deafening but somehow friendly, as if all present know that they have joined their collective labor in a hymn of egalitarian praise. On arrival at the park, the customers receive union cards, tin lunchboxes, and paycheck stubs indicating that they can expect to earn $40 an hour for a thirty-five-hour week until they retire, at the age of sixty-five, to a lake in northern Michigan. Patient shop stewards, most of whom look like Gene Hackman, demonstrate the homely virtues of the drill presses and the overhead cranes. None of the machinery is new or made in Japan; all of it requires the hand of skilled craftsmen who delight in the beauty of chrome. When the shifts change, the guests drink beer with the departing workmen and exchange opinions about the weather, the World Series, and the cost of outboard engines. The gift shops sell antique socket wrenches.

Community Hospital

Situated among trees and lawns, the theme park consists of comfortable and well-lighted buildings that remind nobody of a prison. All the doctors drive inexpensive cars, and even the night nurses know how to speak English. Admitted as patients come to review the state of their health, the visitors wear hospital gowns made of cloth instead of paper. The first questions put to them by the administrative staff have to do with the nature of their illnesses, and the clerk at the desk doesn't ask about the form of payment until a doctor has stopped the patient's bleeding. The doctors take pains to explain routine medical procedures, their purpose and expected result as well as their frequency and necessary sequence. Patients never have to wait longer than an hour for an aspirin or a glass of water. The food is good, the blood is safe, and the hospital orderlies don't leave unattended corpses in the elevators. When accompanying patients to the operating room, the surgeon doesn't haggle with them about the price of their organs in the event that the operation fails.

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Introduction by Henry Louis Gates, Jr.

◆

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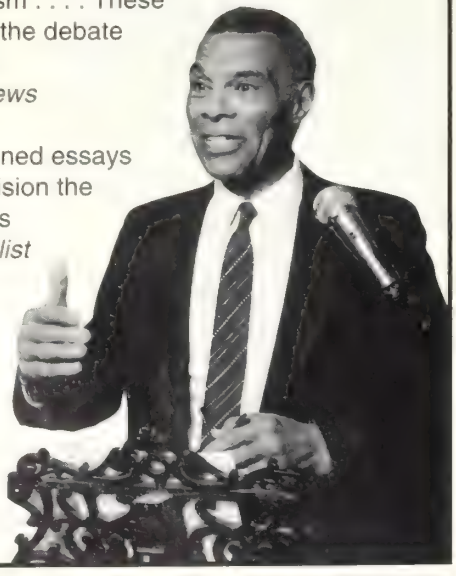
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supporting parts of devoted wife,
ful daughter, and dutiful son. Th
versation follows the comfortin
of least resistance, and the ch
invariably do as they're told.
drugs and alcohol none of them
anything except what they've se
television. The wife remember
having met a feminist in her
year at college, but she has forg
the woman's name. All present
dinner table marvel at father's lat
umph on the stock market or th
course. Everybody laughs at th
jokes and listens, as if for the first
to the familiar stories about the
wreck or the lost fortune or the
Honduras. When the telephone
it is always good news. Every no
then a neighbor drops by to say t
has mended the fence or given
interest in the trombone.

If MCA's experiment at Uni
Studios proves successful (i.e., if
Walk attracts more tourists tha
city of Los Angeles), I can im
Matsushita or Disney multiplyin
means of escape from the sorro
the twentieth century. What is
fer is a rendering of a world car
ly lost behind the screens of
Why not reconstruct the entire c
Philadelphia as it was in the au
of 1776, complete with carriage h
and actors impersonating Th
Jefferson and Benjamin Rush?
not build full-scale replicas of
dieval Paris and ancient Rome?
wealthy fugitives from "St. Loui
real" undoubtedly could be persu
to stay for three weeks or s
months or twenty years. Given
present rates of unemployment i
country, the entertainment comp
shouldn't have much trouble ro
ing up the required number of e
to play the parts of emperors or
captains or galley slaves.

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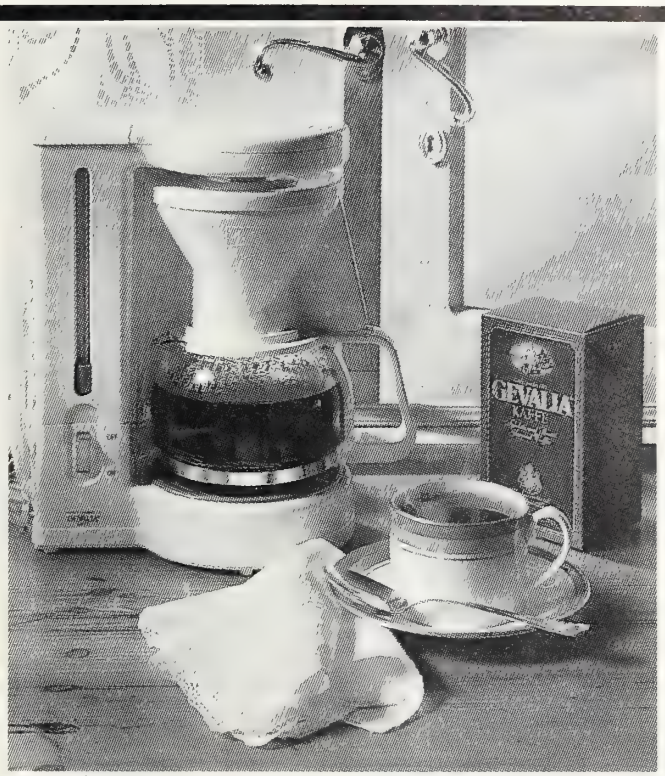


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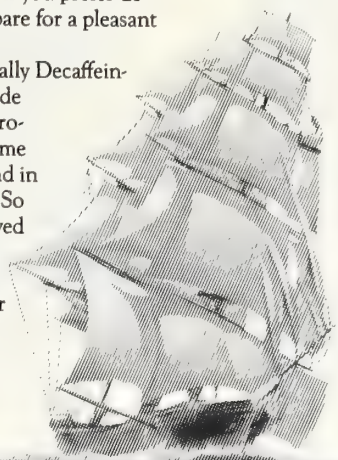


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HARPER'S INDEX

Percentage of the time that Ruth Bader Ginsberg voted with Clarence Thomas on the U.S. Court of Appeals : 91

centage change, since 1991, in the number of on-the-job sexual-harassment complaints filed with the E.E.O.C. : +51

Percentage change in the number of racial-harassment complaints filed : +26

Chances that an American working in the private sector is a union member : 1 in 9 (see page 50)

rcentage of Americans with no health insurance who live in a household headed by a full- or part-time worker : 85

Chances that an American believes that the President's health-care plan will not improve health care : 1 in 3

Amount the Health Insurance Association of America spent last spring on health-care-policy ads : $4,000,000

nber of TV stations that have refused to air a consumer group's ad advocating a Canadian-style health-care system : 8

atio of the number of Canadians who favor a U.S.-style health-care system to those who believe Elvis is alive : 1:2

Average amount an American would be willing to pay to see live dinosaurs : $15

Percentage of Americans who say they would not be willing to pay anything at all : 55

umber of Shemp Howard's canceled checks sold this year by Odyssey Group of Corona, California, for $695 apiece : 37

mber of copies of *The Concept of Honest Poverty* sold each day in Japan since it was published last September : 2,300

Number of Mexicans who became billionaires last year : 7

Number of former U.S. Trade Office employees hired by private companies since 1989 to lobby for NAFTA : 6

Percentage change, since 1990, in direct foreign investment in the United States : –80

Ratio of average daily junk-bond sales this year to average daily sales in 1986 : 2:1

Number of the 37 contested elections for seats in state legislatures this year that were won by Republicans : 23

Number of Americans who have joined Pat Robertson's Christian Coalition since November : 300,000

Number of Americans who have joined the NRA since then : 275,000

Maximum number of handguns a Virginian may purchase per year under the state's new gun-control law : 12

Maximum number of feet at which a car stereo may legally be audible in Fort Wayne, Indiana, as of June : 30

Ratio of the average number of vehicles per mile of road in Europe to the number in the United States : 5:3

Average number of cars per registered driver in Kuwait : 3

Daily wage the Israeli government pays Palestinians banned from working in Israel to sweep the West Bank : $9

Number of brooms the government has sent to the Occupied Territories since the ban took effect in March : 80,000

Ratio of Sudanese, per 100,000, displaced since 1989 to the number of former Yugoslavians displaced : 1:1

atio of the amount the U.N. spent last year on peacekeeping to the amount it spent on economic development : 5:2

Average number of gun-license applications filed in South Africa each day this year : 850

umber of pocket-sized cans of tear gas sold in Hungary this year by Universal Security Associates of Phoenix : 20,000

Percentage change in consumer spending in Russia last year : –38

Percentage change in consumer spending in the United States between 1929 and 1933 : –21

Number of Russian draftees rejected this year because they were underweight : 5,200

Number of East Germans who have joined Weight Watchers since 1990 : 70,000

Estimated number of nuclear reactors it would take to supply the energy consumed by U.S. refrigerators : 25

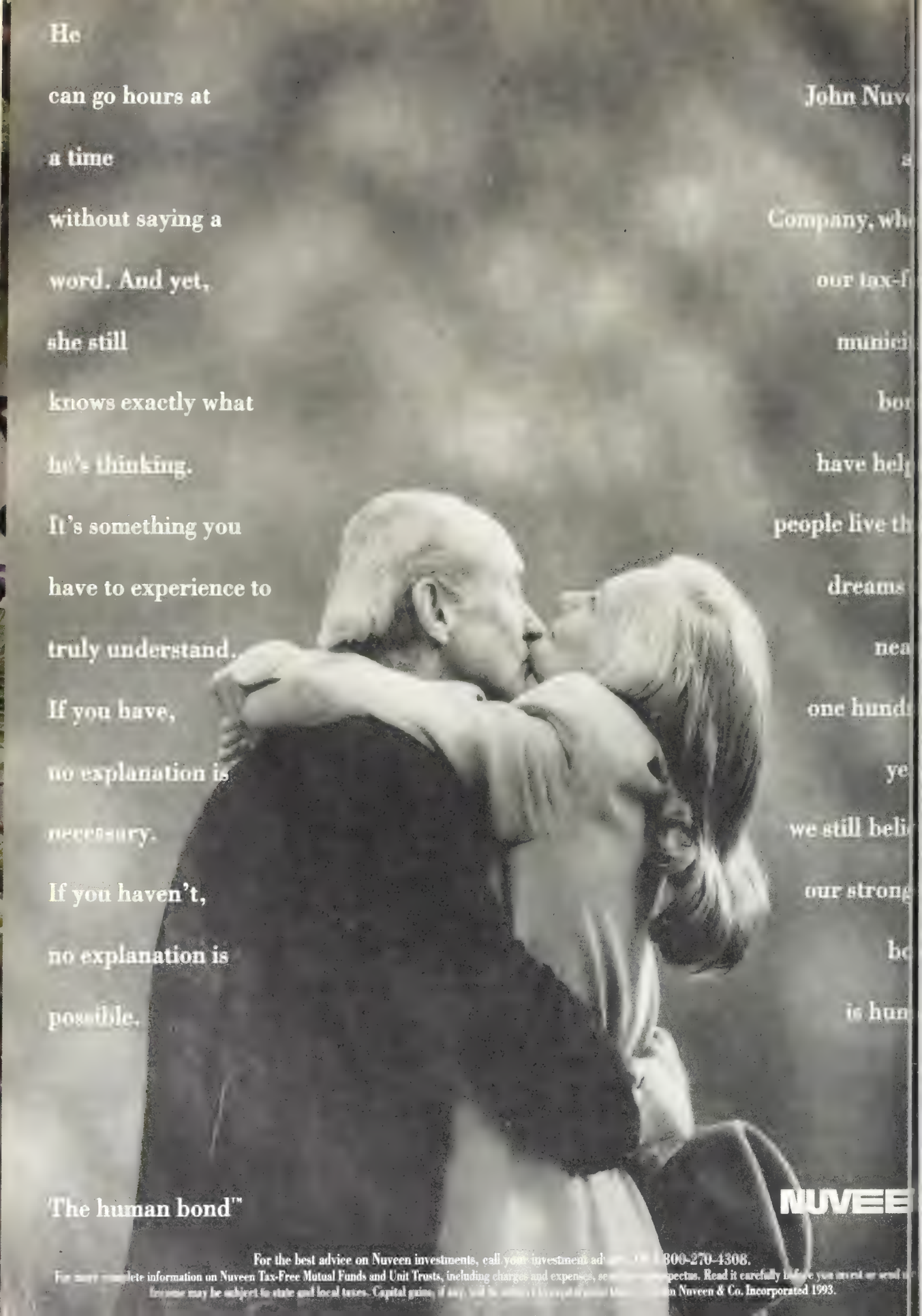
umber of different kinds of refrigerator magnets sold at the Dan Quayle Center gift shop, in Huntington, Indiana : 3

Price paid at auction last year for a Dudley Do-Right lunchbox and thermos : $2,200

Estimated number of cows it takes to supply the 22,000 footballs the NFL uses each season : 3,000

Number of pigs : 0

Figures cited are the latest available as of July 1993. Sources are listed on page 86.
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He
can go hours at
a time
without saying a
word. And yet,
she still
knows exactly what
he's thinking.
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have to experience to
truly understand.
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no explanation is
necessary.
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READINGS

[Memorandum]

NAFTA: A WARNING FOR THE PRESIDENT

From a confidential memo sent in April to members of the White House staff and to political advisers to the President by Jeff Faux, president of the Economic Policy Institute. Faux is an economist who has worked in the departments of State, Commerce, and Labor. During the 1992 presidential campaign, he acted as an unofficial economic-policy adviser to Bill Clinton. The Clinton Administration plans to submit the North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA) to Congress this fall.

TO: Joan Baggett, Paul Begala, James Carville, Rahm Emanuel, Stanley Greenberg, Frank Greer, George Stephanopoulos, David Wilhelm

SUBJECT: The politics of NAFTA

The international-trade people in the administration are steering the President off a political cliff.

By now it should be obvious that NAFTA is not popular among voters. The more they are aware of it, the less they like it. Ditto in the House of Representatives.

The people in the administration handling this are out of touch. The claim by [U.S. Trade Representative Mickey] Kantor that not passing NAFTA will cost 500,000 jobs is absurd. Other than the ideologically committed, no one—especially in the press—believes it. But because there is apparently no one of stature within the administration who is challenging these assumptions, the people in Trade, State, Treasury, etc., are simply reinforcing one another. As a result, they are dealing the President only half a deck.

Economics aside, this is clearly a *political* loser, big time. Consider:

1. NAFTA makes no sense to most people and undercuts the image of a President concerned about jobs for Americans. Everything we know about politics over the last twenty years tells us that a Democratic president must have the populist advantage on jobs and growth issues to offset the discomfort that many ordinary people feel with a social agenda that to them seems to emphasize gay rights and political correctness.

2. Right now, no one is "responsible" for jobs lost due to investments that move across the border. But the President is making NAFTA *his* program. And after it passes, Bill Clinton will be blamed for every factory that closes down, *whether NAFTA was the cause or not.* That is exactly what happened to [former prime minister Brian] Mulroney in Canada.

3. Most forecasters already expect anemic job growth next year as a result of deficit reduction and a still lackluster economy. There will be job fallout from defense cuts. And more corporate downsizing. Add an energy tax. Does the President need any more of a burden on the jobs issue to carry into '94 or '96?

4. This will be a very tough fight—with Democrats! It will divide the party and leave scars. If the President pushes this and wins, *there will be*

Democratic districts where he will not be welcome. If he pushes it and loses, he'll have a double defeat—in the Congress and with the voters.

5. Implicit in the White House's present NAFTA strategy is that the President will go out there and try to overcome the deep-seated doubts the average American has about the agreement. This will require him to expend an enormous amount of goodwill and political capital to clean up George Bush's mess. Aren't there more important things to spend it on?

6. Perot could do real damage on NAFTA. His criticism on the budget resonates mostly with a conservative business constituency that will never vote for Bill Clinton anyway. But on NAFTA, Perot can connect with a lower-middle-class and working-class constituency, putting Clinton on the wrong side of the jobs issue. (Skepticism about free trade is one area where Clinton and Perot voters were similar in the exit polls. If these are the swing voters, why turn this strength into weakness?) As a Democratic congressman said to me last week, "People in my district are beginning to say that Clinton's giving away our tax money to the Russians and now he wants to give our jobs to the Mexicans." Imagine hearing that one a few million times on talk radio.

7. When the debate gets going, the issue of Mexican money buying access and influence in Washington will resurface. The media already have some suspicions about the influence of the lobbyist crowd in this administration. This could hand Perot another issue: corruption in Washington.

8. You can't trust your "allies" on this. You can't control [Mexican President Carlos] Salinas. And there is some evidence that some of the big business community will not go to the mat on this. These people do not like controversy. Bill Clinton could end up a little lonely out there.

9. The absence of Republican resistance to NAFTA is deceptive. Some Republicans will peel off on the NAFTA vote now that Bush is gone. More important, at the local level, right-wing populist Republicans (helped by the Christian right) will be shameless about exploiting NAFTA to portray the President as the friend of everyone but the average American.

What to do? I suppose the President is in too deep to pull out suddenly. But he can begin to extricate himself by sticking to his earlier demands that tough side agreements be negotiated with high standards and *strict* enforcement, including trade sanctions. The deal they are negotiating now has no teeth, and everyone knows it.

An agreement with teeth may or may not be acceptable to the Mexicans. But at any rate, it will take time to negotiate and thoroughly vet the side agreements with people outside the pro-NAFTA circles in the administration. The whole process should be slowed down. It is crazy to be rushing this. The current timetable protects the political interests of Carlos Salinas. But *the political risk will be taken by Bill Clinton.* There is no good reason for the President to hurry. Sure, Salinas will huff and puff, and his friends at the editorial pages of the *Washington Post* and the *New York Times* will moan that this is the end of Western civilization. But a few critical editorials are a small price to pay in order to avoid a big problem.

My case does not rest on the notion that NAFTA or foreign trade, per se, is a salient issue. But jobs are. And you can't talk most working people out of their view that NAFTA is anti-jobs.

One step that can be taken now is to give someone in the White House the responsibility for designing a plan to back out of NAFTA. Call it contingency planning. But it is crucial that there be an alternative strategy when this hits the fan. And it will.

I write this as someone who is committed to

[Advertisement]
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This advertisement for lifelike replicas of human fetuses, for use at pro-life rallies and in protests at abortion clinics, appeared in a recent issue of Life Advocate, *a magazine for pro-life activists. The ad was placed by* Museum Replicas, *in Urbana, Illinois; the firm sells the replicas for $16.25.*

Bill Clinton's success. It would be tragic if the White House were to absorb big-time damage here because people in the administration are more worried about the political fortunes of the President of Mexico than they are about the political fortunes of the President of the United States.

[Memorandum]

THE POLITICS OF GERMAN PESSIMISM

From an internal memo prepared last spring by the German Free Democratic Party (FDP), the liberal junior partner in Chancellor Helmut Kohl's coalition government. The document was compiled by the party's executive committee from the responses of "liberal experts" who were asked to speculate about the political outlook for Germany and the FDP at the end of the year. Next year, nineteen regional and federal elections will take place in Germany. Translated from the German by Timothy Sultan.

The economy in the west will stagnate or slow down. It will improve in the east, though not as much as expected. Unemployment in the west will rise; unemployment in the east cannot be counted on to decrease.

West Germans will be increasingly reluctant to make further sacrifices for the sake of German unity. East Germans will have difficulty understanding this.

The psychological schism between those in the east and those in the west will widen. Discussion of this fact will no doubt be taboo, and politicians will avoid it. But it will be decisive in the voting booth.

Tolerance and even support for violent acts will remain high. The aggression will be characterized by increasingly brutal acts by right-wing radical groups, special police anti-terrorist forces, and counterattacks by leftist radicals.

The issue of foreigners—especially evacuees, asylum seekers, and refugees—will dominate all political debate and underlie discussions about the job market, economic development, housing starts, and crime.

Apprehension among the population will increase because of fear of a war in the near future (even if the Yugoslavian conflict is quelled, continued unrest can be expected in the former Soviet Union) and anxiety about the Maastricht treaty, which threaten the deutsche mark and the stability that the mark provides as a symbol of German identity. These fears, added to the economic situation and the foreigner problem, will lead to an increased need for psychological security, which citizens don't believe the politicians of the established parties can provide. The people's trust in politics and politicians will vanish completely.

Through the influence of certain politicians and the media, the creation of a "grand coalition" [a coalition between the two major parties, the Social Democrats and the Christian Democrats, that would exclude the FDP] will become palatable to the people and will be seen as the "salvation of the nation." As a result, the political power of the FDP will sink further.

The FDP must avoid this situation. This is possible only if the party dramatically distances itself from the efforts of others to paint a brighter picture of the future and instead presents an unadorned and frank analysis of the actual situation in the east and west.

[Advertisement]

GOOD SEATS BEHIND THE PLATE



This advertisement for Japanese baseball's Pacific League appeared in a recent issue of Focus, *a Japanese magazine. The ad, which is part of a campaign to entice more women to become baseball fans, reads, "Check out the merchandise! We think 'sexy' is the highest compliment a woman can give a sportsman. Want to find out what baseball? Come see for yourself!"*

[Transcript]

POLAND'S GREAT COMMUNICATOR

From an exchange between Polish President Lech Walesa and a reporter from the Warsaw daily Gazeta Wyborcza, as that appeared in the March 26 issue of the newspaper. The reporter telephoned Walesa after the president announced that people could call him directly to discuss their problems. Translated from the Polish by David Cox.

VOICE: Hello.

GREGA STRUZIK: Hello, is this 21-28-21?

VOICE: Yes, it is.

GS: Is this the president's office?

VOICE: Yes, what can I do for you?

GS: The president said earlier today that anyone can dial this number and speak with him in person.

VOICE: Yes, but the president has left.

[Another voice breaks in, apparently that of Chief of Staff Mieczyslaw Wachowski.]

[SECRETARY]: Hello, can I help you?

GS: Is this the president's office? He said that anyone could call about anything at all.

[Another voice breaks in. This time it is the voice of President Lech Walesa.]

[PRESIDENT]: Hello, what is your problem?

LW: Hello, Mr. President. This is Agnieszka Kublik from *Gazeta Wyborcza*. I'm sure you're disappointed that it's a journalist calling.

[PRESIDENT]: Ha, ha! No, I'm not disappointed. What can I do for you?

GS: I just wanted to check to see if it was really possible to get through to the president. Has anyone else called yet?

[PRESIDENT]: Oh yes, loads of people.

GS: Can you tell me what they wanted to talk to you about?

[PRESIDENT]: What, do you want to do an interview with me or something?

GS: No, I was just wondering whether people were calling.

[PRESIDENT]: Listen. So please don't tie up the line, or else regular people won't be able to get through.

LW: Well, most people won't be able to get through, so they will be able to read about at least one person who was able to reach you.

[PRESIDENT]: Well, the phone is not for politicians or journalists, but for normal people. I can meet with you tomorrow perhaps.

GS: Okay, I'm getting off. Good-bye, Mr. President.

[PRESIDENT]: Good-bye.

[Essay]

THE LEFT, LOST IN THE POLITICS OF IDENTITY

Adapted from "From Universality to Difference: Notes on the Fragmentation of the Idea of the Left," by Todd Gitlin, in the Winter issue of Contention: Debates in Society, Culture, and Science, *a journal published by Indiana University Press. Gitlin is a professor of sociology at the University of California at Berkeley. He is the author of* The Sixties: Years of Hope, Days of Rage *and, most recently,* The Murder of Albert Einstein, *a novel.*

The continuing dispute over "political correctness" in the academy is, in significant part, the consequence of a transformation in the core idea of the left: the weakening, even breakdown, of the ideal of a common humanity that have animated it for more than two centuries. Some, though not all, of the right's attacks are disingenuous. For example, we hear much from the right about the dangerous "politicization" of English and women's studies, but no complaint when it comes to economics or business. But this shouldn't obscure a troubling irony: the right, traditionally the custodian of the privileges of the few, now speaks in an apparently general language of merit, reason, individual rights, and virtue that transcends politics, whereas much of the left is so preoccupied with debunking generalizations and affirming the differences among groups—real as they often are—that it has ceded the very language of universality that is its birthright.

Instead, the left in recent years has had trouble going beyond what has come to be called "identity politics"—a politics that is rooted more in group self-assertion than in attempts to create broad alliances. Of course, oppressed groups must always struggle to overcome their second-class status; equality demands no less. But what began in the late 1960's as an assertion of dignity by various groups, a remedy for exclusion and denigration and a demand by the voiceless for representation, has developed its own habits and methods of silencing. At the extreme, in the academy but also outside it, standards and traditions are now viewed as nothing more than camouflage for particular interests. Many a dispute is premised on the idea that there is a fundamental difference between X (women, say, or people of color) and Y (white males), that X has been oppressed or silenced by Y and should therefore be hired, promoted, and specially represented on reading lists and at conferences.

The precursors of today's advocates of identity

L.L.Discoveries



L.L.Change of Season



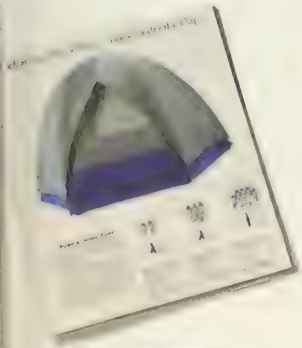
L.L.Places to Go



L.L.People to See



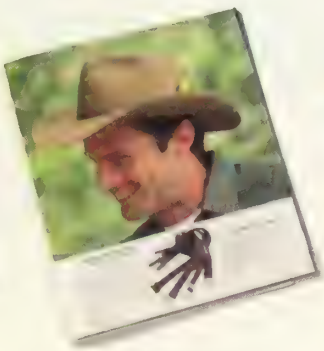
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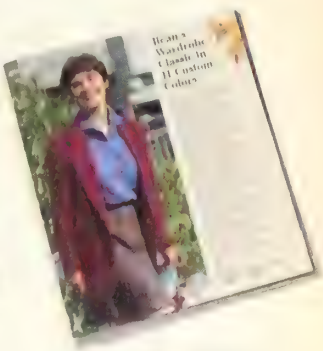
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[Trading Cards]

THE DISMAL SCIENCE LIGHTENS UP



The cards above are part of a set of twenty-nine "Economist Greats" trading cards sold by the economics department at the University of Michigan at Flint, for $5. The back of each card includes biographical information, a selected bibliography, and a quotation from the economist.

politics were those scholars who, in the 1960s, were active in the civil-rights and antiwar movements—movements predicated on the universal values of equality, justice, and peace. These political campaigns and their underlying universalist assumptions shaped the work of these scholars in the early 1970s—making women's history and literature legitimate, bolstering labor studies, rethinking slavery and the slaughter of the Indians, opening up the canon to hitherto silenced traditions. But unlike this generation of professors, most of today's young academics had no political experience in mass movements for general change and, for that matter, no contact with a successful left-of-center Democratic Party. For them, fighting over appropriate language, symbolic representation (whether in the syllabus, curriculum, or faculty), affirmative action, or even musical styles is an end in itself, the principal way of claiming their politics. These post-Sixties radicals found universalism empty or—worse—a cover for white, straight, male power.

The intensification of identity politics is inseparable from a fragmentation of what I will call "commonality politics"—a frame of understanding that acknowledges "difference" but sees it against the background of what is *not* different, what is shared among groups. In large measure, things fell apart for the left because the center could not hold. For chronologically, the breakup of commonality politics predates the thickening of identity politics. The centrifugal surge, on campus and off, is obviously, in part, a product of the last quarter century of American demographic trends: growing immigration from Latin America, Asia, and Africa; white flight from cities; the integration of campuses in the wake of civil-rights victories; growing competition for scarce resources. These upheavals have taken place within the longer history of emancipatory politics that has snaked forward through the West since the revolutions of 1776, 1789, and 1848.

During the last two centuries, believers in a common humanity clustered around the two great progressive ideals: the liberal ideal enshrined in the Declaration of Independence and, later, in the Declaration of the Rights of Man and of Citizens; and the radical ideal that crystallized as Marxism. Such legitimacy as the left enjoyed in the West rested on its claim to a place in the story of universal human emancipation. Whatever its immense failures, defaults, and sins, the left *aspired* to address itself not to particular men and women but to all, in the name of their common standing. Whether liberals or socialists, reformers or revolutionaries, the men and women of the left aimed to persuade their lis-

teners to see their common interest as citizens. Liberals emphasized the "unalienable rights" to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"—ideals that, however trampled in practice by those who were white and male and propertied, nevertheless could at least in principle be appealed to by oppressed groups. Marx, too, framed his politics in universal terms, arguing that a universal class, the workers, were destined to overcome their particular differences and realize a common identity: the human being as maker, realizing his "species being" in the course of transforming nature.

From this point of view, the intellectual radicalism of the early 1960s can be seen as a search for a universalist politics that might take the place of a Marxism that by then had lost its legitimacy. The left turned to participatory democracy and civil rights. But participatory democracy, though theoretically available to everyone, was in practice tailored to students who had the time and energy to spend at endless meetings. And the civil-rights movement, initially framed in universalist terms, could unify the left only until legal segregation was defeated in 1964–65. Once integration and voting rights had been secured, at least on paper, the alliance between liberals and radicals, integrationists and separatists, was strained to the breaking point. Blacks began to insist on black leadership, even sometimes on exclusively black membership in the movement. Soon, too, the pioneers of women's liberation rose against male supremacy. One grouping after another demanded the recognition of its difference. Difference came to be felt more acutely than commonality.

The crack-up of the universalist new left was inevitable, though it was muted for a while by the exigencies of the Vietnam War and the commonalities of youth culture. If there seemed in the late 1960s to be one big movement, it was largely because there was one big war. But the divisions of race and then gender and sexual orientation proved far too deep to be overcome by any language of unification. There was a lingering rhetorical style of universalist radicalism, but the political passion broke up into separate caucuses.

The resulting identity politics deserves credit for inspiring powerful studies in history, literature, and all manner of ideas. It has also proved more exciting and more energizing to activists than the politics of commonality—especially in the 1980s, with fights over hiring, requirements, curricula, and so forth taking place during a time of increasingly scarce resources. For the participants in these post-Sixties movements, the benefits of identity politics have been manifold: they provide experiences of solidarity and belonging, and remedies for specific injustices, along with

[Parody]

THE FERMAT RIOTS

From "Math Riots Prove Fun Incalculable," by Eric Zorn, in the June 29 Chicago Tribune. *On June 23, Princeton mathematician Andrew Wiles announced that he had proved Fermat's Last Theorem.*

Mathematicians worldwide were excited and pleased by the announcement that Andrew Wiles had finally proved Fermat's Last Theorem, a 365-year-old problem said to be the most famous in the field.

Admittedly, there was rioting and vandalism during the celebration. A few bookstores had windows smashed and shelves stripped, and vacant lots glowed with burning piles of old dissertations. But overall, we can feel relief that it was nothing compared with the outbreak of exuberant thuggery that occurred in 1984 after Louis de Branges finally proved the Bieberbach Conjecture.

"Math hooligans are the worst," said a Chicago Police Department spokesman. "But the city learned from the Bieberbach riots. We were ready for them this time."

When word hit Wednesday that Fermat's Last Theorem had fallen, a massive show of force from law enforcement at universities all around the country headed off a repeat of the festive looting sprees that have become the traditional accompaniment to triumphant breakthroughs in higher mathematics.

Mounted police throughout Hyde Park kept crowds of delirious wizards at the University of Chicago from tipping over cars on the midway, as they first did in 1976 when Wolfgang Haken and Kenneth Appel cracked the long-vexing Four-Color Problem. Incidents of textbook-throwing and citizens being pulled from their cars and humiliated with difficult story problems last week were described by the university's math department chairman, Bob Zimmer, as "isolated."

Zimmer said, "Most of the celebrations were orderly and peaceful. But there will always be a few—usually graduate students—who use any excuse to cause trouble and steal. These are not true fans of Andrew Wiles."

Wiles himself pleaded for calm even as he offered up the proof that there is no solution to the equation $x^n + y^n = z^n$ when n is a whole number greater than two, as Pierre de Fermat first proposed in the seventeenth century. "Party hard but party safe," he said, echoing the phrase he had repeated often in interviews with scholarly journals as he came closer and closer to completing his proof.

ready made to carve out of no time. As advertising, marketing, cable TV, and popular music have grown more and more specialized, dividing the mass audience into progressively narrower segments, so has university politics.

The left's attention is now paid to group self-assertion rather than, say, campaigns against poverty or the bankrupting of public education. At once-excluded territories have been recognized in the academy, any lingering aspiration for the universal has been largely abandoned. Whatever universalism now remains is based not so much on a common humanity as on a common enemy—the notorious White Male. While defenses of group rights often have a powerful logic, the idea of a common America and the idea of a unified left, both great legacies of the Enlightenment, have lost their force.

As a result, we find ourselves today in a most peculiar situation: the left and right have traded places, at least with respect to the sort of universalist rhetoric that can still stir the general public. Unable to go beyond the logic of identity politics, the disparate constituencies of the cultural left have ceded much political high ground to the right. Today, here and there on the left, one hears a half whispered recognition that, beyond necessary demands for racial representation, feminist principles, gay rights, and so on, some common ground must be found: in campaigns for more economic equality and against poverty, unemployment, ecological depredation, and educational erosion. Ronald Reagan's genius lay in his ability to demarcate common ground on the right. Unless it learns to speak its own language of commonality, the shards of the left will be condemned to their separate sectors, sometimes glittering, sometimes smashed, and mostly marginal.

[Answering Machine Message]

THE PERILS OF ACADEMIC CELEBRITY

From the recorded message heard by callers to Camille Paglia's office phone number at the University of the Arts, in Philadelphia. Paglia is the author, most recently, of Sex, Art, and American Culture. *The message was recorded by a male member of the university's staff.*

You have reached the voice-mail line of Professor Camille Paglia. Due to her pressing obligations as a teacher and scholar, Professor Paglia cannot personally return calls. American and Canadian media with official requests should contact her publisher, Vintage Books, at (212) 872-8176. International media must contact her agent, Lynn Nesbit, at (212) 421-1700. Invitations to speak and all other business should be put in writing and sent to Professor Paglia at the Department of Humanities, the University of the Arts, 320 South Broad Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19102.

Do not send faxes. Professor Paglia does not accept them. All packages are opened and inspected by the staff. Unsolicited materials without return postage may be automatically discarded. Urgent messages outside the above categories may be left on this tape to be reviewed by the staff. If you do not receive a reply to your letter or call, please assume that Professor Paglia is not interested in your proposal.

The Department of Humanities regrets that our limited staff does not allow us to respond personally to everyone who writes to Professor Paglia. Thank you.

[Essay]

IVORY-TOWER MASOCHISTS

From "The Unbearable Ugliness of Volvos," by Stanley Fish, in English Inside and Out: The Places of Literary Criticism, *a collection of papers delivered in 1991 at the English Institute conference at Harvard University. The book, which is edited by Susan Gubar and Jonathan Kamholtz, is published by Routledge. Fish's essay also will be included in a collection of his work,* There's No Such Thing as Free Speech, *to be published in November by Oxford University Press. He teaches English and law at Duke University, in Durham, North Carolina.*

At some point in the mid-Seventies, American academics stopped buying ugly Volkswagens and started buying ugly Volvos (a few nonconformists opted for ugly Saabs). On the surface there seems to be an obvious explanation for this shift: graduate-student stipends gave way to the more generous salaries of assistant and associate professorships, and growing families required more than a rudimentary backseat. But the question remains, why Volvos? Why not Oldsmobiles, or Chryslers, or Mercury station wagons?

The answer, I think, is that Volvos provide a solution to a dilemma facing many academics—how to enjoy the benefits of increasing affluence while simultaneously maintaining the prop-

er attitude of disdain toward the goods that affluence brings. In the context of this dilemma, the ugliness of the Volvo becomes its most attractive feature, for it allows those who own one to plead innocent to the charge of really wanting a nice car. We don't buy these big expensive luxurious cars because we want to be comfortable or (God forbid) ostentatious; we buy them because we have to if we want to be safe. Were the car not ugly, a Volvo owner might be in danger of hearing someone say, "My, what a stunning Volvo," to which he or she would have to respond, "Well, perhaps, but I really bought it because it's safe." But, in fact, no Volvo owner will ever face the challenge of an unwanted compliment, and therefore the disclaimer of the buyer's utilitarian motives need not even be made.

The relationship between academics and their Volvos may not seem central to the life of the academy, but, in fact, it is emblematic of a basic academic practice, which I can put in the form of a rule of thumb: Whenever you either want something or get something, manage it in such a way as to deny or disguise its material pleasures. This is not simply a rule of personal behavior; it motivates the behavior of an entire profession. Consider, for example, the on-campus job interview. The invitation is initially flattering, but the pleasure does not survive the experience. No one gives a thought to your needs and desires. Your schedule is brutal: you meet potential future colleagues who warn you away from their territory even as they try to enlist you in ongoing battles in their fields; you have coffee with students who inform you that you were the department's fourth choice; later you have an intimate dinner with department members whose inability to talk to you is exceeded only by their inability to talk to one another. At your presentation (or, rather, audition) you are asked many questions, but their content is the same: What makes you think you're good enough to join us in the first place?

But this harrowing process, like the ugliness of Volvos, is purposeful and is valued both by those who dish it out and those who take it. It is important for academics to feel abused, for in the psychic economy of the academy, oppression is a sign of virtue. The academic's sense of superiority—the disdain for the mere surface of things—requires for its maintenance continued evidence of the world's contempt, evidence that takes the form of poor working conditions, the elimination of so-called privileges such as offices and telephones, increases in course loads, decreases in salary, and public ridicule. As each of these misfortunes is visited upon the professor, he or she acquires a greater measure of that pained sensitivity that makes so many academic faces indistinguishable from the faces of medieval martyrs.

The essence of all this is contained in an aphorism I formulated in 1964 as I watched my colleagues at Berkeley turn from abasing themselves before deans and boards of trustees to abasing themselves before students. Here is the aphorism: Academics like to eat shit, and in a pinch they don't care whose shit they eat. Of course, had I known enough at the time, I could have saved myself the trouble and simply quoted Freud. For the masochist, Freud explains, "it is the suffering itself that matters; whether the sentence is cast by a loved one or by an indifferent person is of no importance . . . but the true masochist always holds out his cheek whenever he sees a chance of receiving a blow."

Whatever else they are, academics are resourceful, and when they set their minds to it, there are no limits to the varieties of pain they can inflict on one another and on themselves.

[Poster]

FASHION VICTIMS



The poster above is displayed on bulletin boards and in classrooms around Brigham Young University, the Provo, Utah, university funded by the Mormon Church. Two years ago, the university's honor code was relaxed to allow students to wear knee-length shorts and skirts; previously, only ankle-length skirts and pants had been permitted. When some students began abusing the new privilege by wearing clothes cut above the knee, BYU's Honor Code Office launched a campaign, including the poster above, to remind students of the rule.



From Animal, *a collection of James Balog's photographs published by Arts Alternative Press in Boulder, Colorado. According to Balog, the chimpanzee is "a window through which to re-examine . . . the boundary between humans and nature." The human model in the photograph is Isabella Rossellini.*

[Essay]

THE REAL LIFE OF THE LATIN AMERICAN NOVELIST

From "Politics and Literature: The Odd Couple," a paper given by Mario Vargas Llosa at The Writer in Politics, a conference held at the International Writers Center at Washington University in St. Louis last October. Vargas Llosa, who ran for the presidency of Peru in 1990, is the author of numerous novels, including In Praise of the Stepmother, *his most recent. A longer version of this essay will appear in a compilation of the conference's papers and panel discussions to be published next year by Southern Illinois University Press.*

The Peruvian novelist Jose Maria Arguedas killed himself the second day of December 1969 in a classroom at La Molina Agricultural University in Lima. He was a very discreet man, and so as not to disturb his colleagues and the students with his suicide he waited until everybody had left the place. Near his body was found a letter with very detailed instructions about his burial: where he should be mourned, who should pronounce the eulogies in the cemetery, and he asked, too, that an Indian musician friend of his play the *huaynos* and *mulizas* he was fond of. His will was respected, and Arguedas, who had been when he was alive a very modest and shy man, had a very spectacular political burial.

But some days later other letters written by him appeared, little by little. They, too, were different aspects of his last will, and they were addressed to very different people: his publisher, friends, journalists, academics, politicians. The main subject of these letters was his death, of course, or, better, the reasons for which he decided to kill himself. These reasons changed from letter to letter. In one of them, he said that he had decided to commit suicide because he felt that he was finished as a writer, that he no longer had the impulses and the will to create. In another, he gave moral, social, and political reasons: he could not stand anymore the misery and neglect of the Peruvian peasants, those people of the Indian communities among whom he had been raised; he lived oppressed and anguished by the crisis of the cultural and educational life in

the country; the low level and abject nature of the press and the caricature of liberty in Peru were too much for him.

In these dramatic letters we follow, naturally, the personal crisis that Arguedas had been going through; they are the desperate call of a suffering man who, at the edge of the abyss, asks mankind for help and compassion. But they are more than just clinical testimony. They are graphic evidence of the situation of the writer in Latin America in the Sixties, of the difficulties and pressures of all sorts that had surrounded and oriented and many times destroyed the literary vocation in our countries.

All countries have problems, of course, but in many parts of Latin America, both in the past and even in the present, the problems that constitute the closest daily reality for people are not freely discussed and analyzed in public; in fact, there was strict censorship of the media and the universities. You must remember, for instance, that during the military regime in Uruguay, the departments of sociology were closed indefinitely because the social sciences were considered subversive. Academic knowledge in many Latin American countries was a victim of the deliberate turning away from what objectively was happening in society. This vacuum was filled by literature.

All over Latin America novels, poems, and plays became (as Stendhal once said the novel should be) mirrors, in which Latin Americans could truly see their faces and examine their sufferings. What was, for political reasons, repressed or distorted in the press and in the schools and universities—all the evils that were buried by the military and economic elite ruling the countries, evils that were never mentioned in the speeches of the politicians, or taught in the lecture halls, or criticized in the congresses, or discussed in magazines—found a vehicle of expression in literature. So something curious and paradoxical occurred. The realm of imagination became in Latin America the kingdom of objective reality; fiction was a substitute for social science; our best teachers about reality were the dreamers, the literary artists.

No writer in Latin America is unaware of the pressure pushing him or her toward social commitment. Some accept this role because the external impulse coincides with their innermost feelings and personal convictions. These cases are, surely, the happy ones. The aligning of the writer's individual choice and society's idea of his or her vocation permits novelists, poets, or playwrights to create freely, without any pangs of conscience, knowing that they are supported and approved by their contemporaries. But many writers are not really prepared to deal with political and

[Correction]

HEWHO LIVES!

From a press release distributed in June by Nils Bernstein, the publicist for Sub Pop Records, an independent record label in Seattle, correcting an earlier release sent in April. The first release announced the stabbing death of guitarist Hewhocannotbenamed, a member of the Dwarves, a San Francisco rock group. Sub Pop was the first record label to sign Nirvana, Soundgarden, and Mudhoney, among other bands.

As many of you have discovered, the death of Dwarves guitarist Hewhocannotbenamed was indeed a hoax perpetrated by the band on an unsuspecting public and media, and an unsuspecting record label as well. Dwarves vocalist Blag Dahlia provided Sub Pop Records with detailed, repeated, and convincing evidence that Hewho had been killed in an anonymous "bar fight" in Philadelphia last April. The information even included the address of where to send flowers and condolences, for which we received a thank-you card from Hewho's "family" in Wisconsin.

When we discovered that Hewho's death was a hoax, we accepted Blag's defense that it was a "punk rock" thing to do, in keeping with the spirit of the band, a simple experiment in media exploitation, and at the very least a long-overdue spark of something remotely interesting in a supposedly "alternative" music scene that, as recently evidenced by Lollapalooza [a traveling alternative-music festival], has become as staid, corporate, and boring as the institutions it originally sought to shatter.

While all of the aforementioned may be true, it is also true that the ordeal unforgivably overstepped the bounds of media manipulation and self-promotion. Since this hoax was known to Hewho, his friends, and his family, it is hardly an exploitation of his own life and/or death. It is, however, an inexcusable exploitation and trivialization of death itself. On a personal note, I was good friends with two other "alternative" rockers—Unsane's Charlie Ondras and Seven Year Bitch's Stefanie Sargeant—and I can imagine how furious I would have felt had I been told later, after my initial grief, that their deaths were fictional. Everyone has been affected by death, and crass exploitation of those emotions in the name of what essentially amounts to commercialism is inhuman.

In light of all the aforementioned, the Dwarves have officially been dropped by Sub Pop. Their upcoming LP, *Sugarfix*, will be their final release with the label.

social problems. These are the unhappy cases. If these writers prefer their intimate calling and produce uncommitted work, they will be considered, in the best of cases, irresponsible and selfish; or, at worst, accomplices, by omission, to all the evils—illiteracy, misery, exploitation, injustice, prejudice—of their country. If they submit to social pressure and try to write about social and political themes, it is quite probable that they will fail as writers, that they will frustrate themselves as artists for not having acted as their feelings prompted them to do.

I think that José María Arguedas experienced this terrible dilemma, and that all his life and work bears the trace of it. He was born in the Andes. In spite of being the son of a lawyer, he was raised among the Indian peasants and, until his adolescence, was—in the language he spoke and in his vision of the world—an Indian. Later he became a middle-class, Spanish-speaking Peruvian white. He lived always torn between these two different cultures and societies. And literature meant for him, in his first short stories and novel (*Agua, Yawar Fiesta, Los Ríos Profundos*), a melancholic escape to the days and places of his childhood, the world of the little Indian villages (San Juan de Lucanas, Puquio) or towns of the Andes (Abancay) whose landscapes and customs he described in a tender and poetic prose. But later, he felt obliged to renounce this kind of lyric image in order to fill the social responsibilities that everybody expected of him. And he wrote a very ambitious book (*Todas las Sangres*) in which he tried, escaping from himself, to describe the social and political problems of his country. The novel is a total failure: the vision is simplistic and even a caricature. We do not find any of the great literary virtues that made his previous books genuine works of art. The book is the classic failure of an artistic talent as a result of the self-imposition of social commitment. Arguedas's other books oscillate between those two sides of his personality, and it is probable that all this played a part in his suicide.

When he pulled the trigger of the gun, at the University of La Molina on the second day of December of 1969, José María Arguedas was, too, in a way, showing how difficult and daring it can be to be a writer in Latin America.

Throughout this talk I have been using the past tense. Why? Well, things have been improving politically, at least in Latin America. In the last few years, almost all Latin American countries have replaced authoritarian and military regimes with civilian and elected governments. With the exception of Peru and Haiti, the rest of the continent can be called "democratic" and free, although there are, of course, different levels of commitments to freedom and participation in these new regimes. But you can assume, I believe, without excessive optimism, that there is a new political enthusiasm in Latin Americans for the Western liberal and democratic system, which, in the past, was despised and rejected equally by the right and the left. If this process continues, it will certainly have an effect on literature, and writers will gradually lose incentives and pressures to commit themselves to political and social causes. Is this prospect something to celebrate or to deplore? I have mixed feelings about it.

[Advice]

TIARAS AND TRAGEDIES

From Tiara: An Insider's Guide to Choosing and Winning Pageants, *"a no-nonsense source book for those determined to win the pageants they enter," by Barbara Thompson Howell, published by Tiara Publications, in Whippany, New Jersey. Howell is a former beauty-pageant judge.*

The military awards the Purple Heart for suffering; pageant judges award tiaras. In pageant competition there is no better way to demonstrate your worth and your suitability for a tiara than to have overcome some great tragedy.

Tragedies are not hard to come by. Everyone has had at least one. Some tragedies are so personal and so private that you would never discuss them with strangers—unless, of course, those strangers are pageant judges. In pageants the more personal, the more horrifying, the sadder the tragedy, the better. Contestants who have made it to the top ten in a variety of pageants claim to have overcome cancer, polio, kidney failure, partial to near-total deafness, facial paralysis, the untimely death of parents, abandonment, abuse, severe speech impediments, and a host of other tragedies.

The divorce of one's parents, once a popular tragedy among contestants in teen pageants, is now so commonplace that it doesn't warrant much attention. Divorce from a spouse, on the other hand, if handled with care and if undertaken to get out of an abusive or otherwise negative situation, still works in the competitions for married women. ("Although I found the courage to leave an abusive and life-threatening situation, my confidence in myself and in my ability to be part of a strong and lasting relationship was badly shaken. My new husband, Paul, restored my sense of self-worth." See?)

For the tragedy approach to work for you, the

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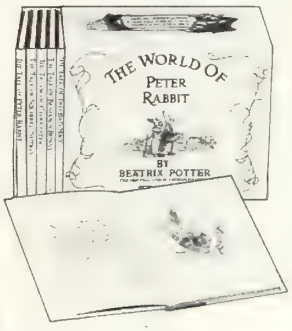
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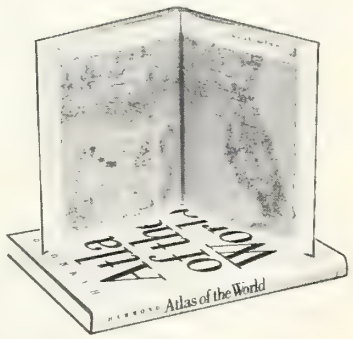
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[Playbill Bio]

BOB GOULET'S REMARKABLE JOURNEY

From the "Who's Who in the Cast" note on Robert Goulet in the Playbill *program for this summer's Broadway production of* Camelot, *in which Goulet starred as King Arthur. Actors provide their own biographical sketches to* Playbill.

Three decades ago, a young baritone by the name of Robert Goulet burst, like a rocket, upon the Broadway stage as Sir Lancelot in a musical by Lerner and Loewe called *Camelot*. Since then, his illustrious career has taken him on a remarkable journey of stage, screen, and television.

Born Robert Gerard Goulet on November 26, 1933, in Lawrence, Massachusetts, he is the only son of Joseph and Jeannette Goulet. After hearing him sing "Lead Kindly Light" in their church hall, his father told him, "I'm proud of you, son," instilling in him a glowing feeling—he was thrilled to have pleased his father. A scant few years later, Joseph Goulet, fighting a losing battle for his life, called his son to his deathbed and said, "God gave you a voice. You must sing." His father's last words carried weight that left lasting imprints on young Robert, and he knew then that the stage was to be his life.

This Grammy Award winner is equally adept at comedy and drama, and has starred in a score of television specials and dramatic presentations. He had his own TV series, *Blue Light*, as well as his own specials, *An Hour with Robert Goulet*, *The Robert Goulet Special*, and *The Bob Goulet Special Starring Robert Goulet*. Other television shows include *Police Story*, *Fantasy Island*, and *Murder, She Wrote*. His film credits range from the animated feature *Gay Purr-ee* (co-starring the voice of Judy Garland) to *Honeymoon Hotel*, *Beetlejuice*, *Scrooged*, and *The Naked Gun 2 1/2*.

Goulet's versatile talents have kept him busy in concerts, television, and films, but he has always returned to his first love, the legitimate theater. In the 1987–89 magnificent classic revival of *South Pacific*, he enchanted audiences across America and Canada as Emile de Becque. It became the most successful national tour and grossed $23 million. In an era when people become stars for a fleeting moment, he continues to enthrall audiences worldwide, and it is with admiration that one observes the endurance of Robert Goulet's unique talent.

tragedy must be something visited upon you by an unkind fate; it cannot be of your own making. Even if you've never found yourself at death's door, you probably have a tragedy just waiting to be discovered. Beastly allergies that make it almost impossible for you to breathe at times? Some terrible deformity (now fixed after years of operations) that made you the brunt of cruel jokes most of your life? Dreadful loneliness experienced as an only child? Are you getting the picture?

Use your application to hint at your tragedy and then be prepared to discuss it, valiantly holding back the tears, when asked. If your fact sheet does more than just hint, the judges will not be as tempted to ask questions, and you will have missed a sterling opportunity to show your mettle.

Now that most serious contestants have the hang of it, pageant "tragedies" are becoming bigger and better. Judges are getting to be pros at spotting manufactured maladies. However, if you come across as being sincere—and you must—the judges will award you a few extra points for handling your tragedy with grace. In a strong, competitive field, those points may be all you need to win.

[Personals Ad]

MR. RIGHT

From "Why I Wrote a Book to Find a Wife," by Marc Halberstadt, an excerpt from his book What Do You Think of My Face? Call Marc Halberstadt (515) 472-1061 *that appeared in the first issue of* Women's Feelings News (Men Too!), *a newspaper written and edited by Halberstadt and published in Fairfield, Iowa. The newspaper, like the book, is part of the author's ten-year campaign to find a spouse. The book, which is self-published, is described by Halberstadt as "the first book-length 'personals' ad in history." Since the excerpt was published, Halberstadt says he has received "dozens and dozens of responses, but none of them are matrimonial."*

I chose a book format to communicate with women because, in addition to the fact that I do not enjoy bars and singles events, newspaper personals ads are far too brief to fully warn women in advance about what I'm looking for or what I'm like.

I'd rather a woman reject me *before* she meets me than afterward. That's why I wrote this book—I want to provide as much of an opportunity as I can for a woman to find fault with me before she goes through the experiment of meeting me. This protects both of us.

In fact, to apprise women of my ability to

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have a relationship, I asked a therapist to write an evaluation for publication so that women would know in advance what they were getting into.

Dear Marc:

Based on a ninety-minute evaluation session, which included a genogram breakdown, your prognosis is not encouraging. Your family history presents a picture of isolation: the family isolated from the outside world, the parents isolated from the children and each other.

However, a genogram by itself cannot fully explain your additional symptoms. You would need to go back and look at your early childhood and discover more about your past than you can now remember. My personal hunch is that something traumatic happened to you before you were one year old.

Based on this preliminary evaluation, I do not believe you are ready for a full love relationship. I think, sooner or later, it will become apparent to a woman you may wish to court that there are problems that you definitely need to work on—problems that won't go away by themselves.

This is not to discourage you, because you definitely can be helped. I have seen people with similar profiles who have made progress in therapy programs.

Sincerely,
Barbara Gillett, CSW

After receiving Gillett's evaluation I thought about giving up writing my book; I assumed that her letter would kill women's interest in me. I believed that if a woman were to hear too many negative things about a man before she met him, it would stop her from going out with him.

Wrong. According to *Women Who Love Too Much*, oftentimes, when a woman hears that a man is screwed up, she becomes attracted to him because she sees a chance to change him, to develop him, to play God with him, something she was powerless to do with her screwed-up father. Just knowing he's screwed up makes her power centers want to control and change him.

Based on this principle, the more hang-ups I reveal, the more women I attract; and the more detail I can go into about those hang-ups—and only a book could accomplish that fully—the more I can attract the woman who is right for me.



From the Oklahoma Gazette, an Oklahoma City weekly.

[Bios]

JUNIOR OVERACHIEVERS

From a list of biographies of the 1993 Presidential Scholars, distributed to reporters in June by the White House press office. The 141 high-school students chosen for the award "on the basis of academic achievement and leadership" were honored by President Clinton in a White House ceremony. The biographies were supplied by the students.

Seth Robert Grossman, Durham, North Carolina

Seth is a well-rounded student with a passion for knowledge. He worked eight weeks last summer as an intern at the Duke Comprehensive Cancer Center. This year, he has published two books of poetry, won first place in the Lincoln-Douglas debate at the Capitol City Invitational Tournament, won a National Merit Scholarship, and was runner-up for a *Herald Sun* Front Page Award. In addition, he practices weight lifting and Hung-Gar (Tiger-Crane) Kung Fu.

June Chen, Pine Brook, New Jersey

When she first looked through the eyepiece of a microscope, June's eyes were opened to the wonders of the world. Although these tiny miracles still amaze her, the spectrum of her interest now includes a much larger universe. June was a National Merit Scholar, as well as New Jersey's top chemistry student. An active member of the National Honor Society, Key Club, and Future Business Leaders, June was also an editor for the school newspaper and concert mistress of the orchestra. As a Harvard freshman, she will continue to drink the nectar of life and aspire to new levels of achievement.

Jennifer Lynn Oser, Charleston, South Carolina

Jenny, a lover of life, competed in gymnastics



; photograph by Steffan Hill, from the April 24 issue of London's Independent Magazine, *is part of a series document-he work of Britain's 1,600-member Casualties' Union. The union, formed in 1940, supplies trained volunteers to act as ims during first-aid drills, including the annual National Power First Aid Competition, shown above. In this exercise, ntestant performs first aid on a union member who is simulating the result of a domestic power-tool accident. The man ng on the desk is a competition judge.*

internationally for ten years. In December of her junior year, she dislocated both elbows in practice and could no longer compete. This mixed blessing allowed her to apply for a scholarship that would pay for a summer activity of choice. She decided to spend five weeks in Hungary helping to build an orphanage, serve in a soup kitchen, and work in a homeless shelter. She helped start a peer-counseling program at a local runaway shelter, and loves tutoring and counseling programs. She will be attending Harvard University in the fall.

Shine May Hung, Bellingham, Washington

Shine May believes that the most precious gift in life is the opportunity to seek one's individuality and to express it in a manner that is true and unique to oneself, and that the truest form of self-discovery can be attained through the avid pursuit of knowledge. Garnering her inspiration from the natural world and the noble attempts of humans to parallel nature's greatness, she has unceasingly strived to understand the world around her and within herself. Shine May anticipates a meaningful existence in which she will never abandon her ideals, while seeking truth and balance in all things.

[Memoir]

WORKING-CLASS HEROES

From "The Brass Bar," a memoir by Louis de Bernières, in the Spring Granta, *a special issue on the "Best of Young British Novelists." De Bernières is the author of* Señor Vivo and the Coca Lord, The Troublesome Offspring of Cardinal Guzmán, *and* The War of Don Emmanuel's Nether Parts.

In the late Seventies, I was desperately attempting to avoid having a career by doing what I supposed were "real" jobs. It was a depressing time. Utopia was failing to emerge from the revolutions of the Sixties, and those natural dropouts who remained found themselves with nothing to drop out into and nowhere to go. I had been keeping my life together by gardening in the daytime and teaching philosophy classes in the evenings. My idea of hell was, and still is, to have to put on a tie and go to an office, and I believed that I was a part of a new world where everybody would wear faded jeans and work would be less important than "finding yourself" and

seeking nirvana in the arms of gentle long-haired girls. I had also swallowed heavy drafts of the kind of left-wing thinking that implies that only working-class people are worthwhile. Being impeccably middle-class myself, I threw aside all my advantages and privileges and took only those kinds of occupations that "real" people take.

At university I came to believe that the working classes were in the forefront of progressive thought, which caused me to be ever more stunned by the slow discovery that the opposite is true. In workingmen's clubs I was amazed and disillusioned by the opinions that passed unchallenged around the tables laden with watery beer, whiskey chasers, and barley wine. No Colonel Blimp could have been more nationalistic, more money-fixated, more hang-'em-and-flog-'em, more unreasoningly racist.

At this time I was working at a garage in the East End of London. My boss, who was a cockney Italian, once refused to call an ambulance for a little black boy who had been run over outside. He backed off when he saw that I was about to abandon my ideal of non-violence, but afterward I avoided the sack only because of the intervention of the foreman, Vic, who told him that I was the only one of the mechanics who understood how an engine worked. This was actually true.

The garage was a tiny establishment in a back street. It had a pit but no real equipment, so we had to work under unpropped jacks with metric spanners, regardless of whether cars were fitted with American or imperial bolts. It was like doing the most strenuous yoga all day every day, and my pursuit of nirvana in the arms of long-haired girls was reduced to falling asleep as soon as I went to bed, too embarrassed to touch them in any case on account of the ineradicable grime on my hands.

Everything about the garage was dishonest. They sold secondhand engines as "reconditioned" (we labeled old engines as either "OK" or "F" for "fucked"); using technical language, they charged for elaborate work that had not been done and did work that was unnecessary. The very first job my boss had me do was to change brake shoes that were perfectly serviceable. When I pointed this out to him he looked at me as though I were utterly mad.

We did have a black welder for a little while, but he was obsessed with the smartness of his white clothes. He eventually stopped turning up, because he preferred unemployment to getting muck on his garments and his gold chains kept getting caught up in suspensions and exhaust clips. The boss said, "I'm never employing a fucking wog again." Having been in that company for a while, "fucking" became the only adjective that I ever used, and it took me many years to get out of the habit. It was the kind of place where the answer to a question like, "What's fucking wrong with the fucker?" would be, "The fucking fucker's fucking fucked, fuck it." I was later to learn at university that working-class speech was as rich and varied as Standard English. The research was done in New York, however.

Vic, the foreman, was in fact a carpenter who was technically unemployed. He earned a very large wage at the garage, claimed social security, and also creamed off the takings when he delivered them to the boss at the end of the day. We used to call him "Wic" for reasons that shall be explained, and he only had one sentence in his repertoire. He would look at something he had just finished and say, "That is so fucking pukka I could fucking spunk myself." His eyes would go wide

[Poll]

TEN-SPEED TERROR

From "Have You Ever Hit a Ped?," a poll of bicycle messengers in San Francisco in the August–December 1992 issue of Mercury Rising, *published by the San Francisco Bike Messenger Association.*

Cathy

I hit some old guy crossing the street. He got halfway across, saw the light turn red, and decided he'd go back. I had chosen my line to go behind him but I hit him, and we both went down. He was all tangled up in my bike but nobody was hurt. I felt badly because he was nice and my handlebars were screwed. Only ped I hit in five years.

Mark

I hit a Chinese lady on Market Street. She was crossing when she saw me coming toward her. She took a step forward, then a step back, and then she froze. If she had held her course, I never would have hit her. People like that put themselves in jeopardy by trying to second-guess us. I think I'm better off if they don't see me at all.

Michael

I ran over a wino going up Market to the Flood Building. I was cutting around peds when suddenly an arm plops out on the ground in front of me. I tried to bunny hop it but I ran right over it. The guy was so fucked up, he didn't move. I felt bad because I thought I heard something pop. Later I saw him wandering around muttering, "Fuck this, fuck that." But he wasn't holding his arm or anything.

How to Be Religious Without Losing Your Mind



Among the well-educated the myth still circulates that religion is the preserve of the dimwitted, unlettered, and irrational, that the price of salvation is checking your mind at the Pearly Gates. Yet, from Harvard to Berkeley, and among inquisitive people generally, there's an undeniable renewal of interest in the questions traditional religion raises and seeks to answer. This fascination is largely the result of the failure of secular substitutes for religion (such as positivism, rationalism, hedonism, consumerism, technological utopianism, Freudianism, and Marxism) to give abidingly satisfying answers to the truly significant puzzles in life: evil, goodness, suffering, love, death, and the meaning of it all.

Contrary to stereotypes, this religious renaissance does not imply a retreat from working for peace, justice, and human dignity; nor does it signify a hostility to science, only an appreciation of the limits of science and technology.

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with pleasure, and I would say that he was the only one there who found genuine joy in his work.

He was called "Wic" because we had a Turk there named Tommy. Tommy the Turk could not say his "V's," and he always called Vic "Wic." This caught on, and by extension I became "Wouis," Trevor became "Revver," and he himself became "Wommy."

Wommy's favorite tool was a large hammer. He used it upon even the most delicate tasks, frequently with startling success. His ambition was to spend his life playing "wolleyball," and he had married an English girl just so he could stay in England and play it. He was always deeply depressed about his marriage because he couldn't stand having to sleep with a wife whom he had not even liked in the first place. His life was a long reverie about finding true love and playing wolleyball.

Trevor, or Revver, was already a supposed lunatic when he arrived. I thought that his illness was that he was too natural and too kind. He was bald except for black wisps at the side of his head that stuck out horizontally, he had perpetually surprised brown eyes, and he was very thin. He loved his girlfriend deeply, was crazy about sex, and quickly realized that the appearance of work was more important than its actual accomplishment. He used to do a delightfully gross impression of cunnilingus by touching the tips of his forefingers together and the tips of his thumbs and waggling his tongue through the resultant impression of a vulva. He referred to oral sex as "plating" and would come into work with his eyes gleaming. I would say, "All right, Rev?" and he would reply, "Fucking plated me girlfriend for breakfast. Fucking lovely."

Because Trevor was so joyful he was referred to a psychiatrist by his doctor. Trevor himself was convinced that he was mad, because he believed that the fumes of welding always caused welders to become demented. When the psychiatrist questioned Trevor about his sex life, Trevor told him to "fucking mind your own fucking business," whereupon the psychiatrist was also persuaded of Trevor's madness. Not wishing to disappoint anyone, Trevor himself began to act up to the label, mainly in his work.

I used to help him under the cars by holding the metal plates in position, and at first he was very conscientious; his welding was as careful as needlework. But when fate conspired to declare that he was crazy, he became disillusioned. Metal sheet was replaced by newspaper, body filler, and heavy coats of underseal. His craftsmanship in this novel form of laminate was immaculate, though his perfect mock-ups of welding actually took twice as long to execute as the real thing. However, Nemesis inevitably arrived one day when a customer got into his car and the whole of the new floor fell out beneath him, revealing itself to be made of the *Sun* and wrappers from the kebab shop that we raided every lunchtime.

Trevor got the sack the same day he was allocated a place in the mental home. He came out of the boss's office looking depressed for the first time and gave me a brass bar. It was his favorite tool. "This is fucking high-class metal," he told me. "Every bodyworker would give his fucking life for a bar like this. It won't never break nor wear fucking out, and I want you to have it."

It was the bar that he used to knock metal straight when it was in awkward corners. It was exactly the right hardness to do the job without damaging the target metal and without itself bending or fracturing. "My dad passed it on to me," he said. "He was a welder 'n' all."

"Did he go potty?" I asked, and Trevor replied, "Always fucking was."

After poor Trevor had left for the last time I showed the brass bar to Wic, and he exclaimed,

"Fucking pukka. You should fucking spunk yourself, having that."

I left to do teacher training. At the polytechnic the middle-class students, who flattened their vowels and said "fucking" a lot, granted me tremendous street cred for having had such authentic working-class jobs, at exactly the time when I was beginning to understand what a fraud that street cred was.

At teacher-training college I sometimes repaired the tutors' cars, and I still use Trevor's indestructible brass bar when I do the bodywork on the same Morris Minor I had then. The more I use it, the more I realize how much Trevor was giving up when he gave it to me, and the more I understand that for him it was a farewell to happiness, purpose, and his natural self, and to the trade that had made him what he was. Where I come from you can be madder than Trevor and simply be a "character," without being shunted off to a mental home. You know not to tell psychiatrists to mind their own business, you know not to celebrate oral sex in public (I remember his shining eyes as he slopped his tongue around in lascivious imitation of oral sex, his thick stubble glistening with tiny drops of saliva), and you don't do the kind of jobs where the terror of white heat and the jagged edges of steel make you prefer to do botch-ups. I cannot help but hope that his girlfriend had the sense to take him out of the hospital, and I wish I could find him and thank him for the gift of the brass bar.

Every other metal-working bar that I have had since then has bent, peeled back from the point, or splintered. Only Trevor's has survived, pristine. It lies gleaming in my toolbox, heavy, solid, and waiting imperturbably for the club-hammer blows that will never defeat it. Trevor's best possession is now one of mine, a fucking pukka brass bar that makes you want to spunk yourself. ■

NEW RULES ABOUT SEX ON CAMPUS

When Harvard adopted the nation's first policy regulating romance between students and faculty, Professor Emeritus John Kenneth Galbraith, tongue in cheek, wondered how to atone for his suddenly improper relationship with his wife, a former student he had wed fifty years earlier. Dean Henry Rosovsky replied that Galbraith's extracurricular relationship was somehow different from the ones being banned, since it had occurred when "*amour*—instructional and noninstructional—was in fashion."

Amour, it seems, is less in fashion than ever. In the last few years, at least two dozen universities have proscribed student-professor romances, often without discussion: when the Tufts University provost unilaterally banned such relationships last year, he boasted, "It was just one of those things I felt was not subject to debate." Opposing the bans, in this context, is seen as defending the right of a professor to work through his (or her) midlife crisis in the bed of a freshman.

In an attempt to lend a shrill debate a more, well, collegial air, *Harper's Magazine* invited four academics who *oppose* such restrictions to discuss the deeper motives and consequences of these bans, and to calculate the hidden damage they do to higher education.

The following forum is based on a discussion held over dinner at the Terrace, a restaurant on the campus of Columbia University, in New York City. Jack Hitt served as moderator.

JACK HITT

is a contributing editor of Harper's Magazine. *He has just completed a book on the medieval road to Santiago, Spain, to be published by Poseidon Press.*

JOAN BLYTHE

is an associate professor of English at the University of Kentucky. She is a scholar of medieval and Renaissance literature and is currently completing a book entitled The Sin of the Tongue.

JOHN BOSWELL

is the A. Whitney Griswold Professor of History at Yale University. He is the author of Christianity, Social Tolerance, and Homosexuality *and is currently at work on* An Unhappy Family: The Interaction of Judaism, Christianity, and Islam in the Medieval Mediterranean.

LEON BOTSTEIN

is the president of Bard College and the music director of the American Symphony Orchestra. He is the author of Judentum und Modernität, *published by Boehlau in Vienna, which will appear in English translation, published by Yale University Press, next year.*

WILLIAM KERRIGAN

is a professor of English and the director of the Program on Psychoanalytic Studies at the University of Massachusetts (Amherst). His most recent book, Hamlet's Perfection, *will be published later this year by Johns Hopkins University Press.*

I. WHY NOW?

JACK HITT: Students returning to campuses around the country this fall will be resuming a conversation I cannot imagine unfolding ten or twenty years ago—a debate about whether formal bans should be adopted on some or all student-professor sexual relationships. How did we get here?

JOHN BOSWELL: These bans are very much a result of the rootlessness that is prevalent among the students arriving on campus. In times of social disruption, people tend to rely on institutions and laws to replace more private and traditional mechanisms for maintaining order. This shift is backed up by the widespread belief that American eighteen-year-olds should not be tainted with sexuality. But these are not children we are talking about. In fact, they are at a point in their lives when they are really exploring their erotic feelings.

JOAN BLYTHE: One supposition is that freshmen are naive eighteen-year-olds who need protecting. Another is that the university experience can be reduced to a business deal: students pay money, hear lectures, get diplomas, and are provided a secure place in an increasingly troubled economy. An experience that was once one of transformation is now more commonly thought of as a *transaction*—a predictable product for money paid.

WILLIAM KERRIGAN: It's the consumer approach to education. It says: Yes, I want higher education. But I want a warranty that nothing formative, vital, or transformative will happen to me. In particular, should one of my teachers initiate a sexual moment of sufficient power to upset me, I reserve the right to destroy his career.

LEON BOTSTEIN: Let's give the supporters of a ban their due. There *is* a power differential in the relationship between a student and his or her teacher. And a sexual relationship between a teacher and a student is, in fact, at odds with the task of teaching. Before we start nailing our opponents as puritans, hypocrites, or idiots, let's realize that we're dealing in murky definitions that could cause problems in the conduct of teacher-student relationships.

KERRIGAN: This debate forces those, like myself, who abhor the notion of a ban to say things that used to go without saying. Prudery is a great offense against life. Without a sex act, none of us would be here. And whenever civilization sets out a law against a sexual practice or expression, it invariably produces a desire to break that law. That's the way eroticism works.

HITT: Then wouldn't a ban be good? Wouldn't legislation create new and exciting taboos?

KERRIGAN: There already is a connection between student-faculty sex and what Freud called the supreme taboo—the incest taboo. Teachers are like parents—*in loco parentis*—but because we're not parents there is no obvious sexual revulsion that prevents relations with students. What we're creating with these bans are not taboos but punishments.

BOTSTEIN: It's important to grasp that the context in which this student-teacher issue is couched is a political debate in the United States that is, in general, an impoverished one. People are reluctant to really debate political issues. Sexuality has become a substitute for politics. There's been an erosion of the political interchange. Look at the presidential election. We're more interested in Clinton's sex life than his politics. Sexuality has *become* America's politics, and the university is a victim of the dissolution between matters private and public.

KERRIGAN: I happen to think that the debate over this issue *is* a real political discussion. Alcibiades in Athens, Nero in Rome—such issues have always been part of the political debate, just as sexuality has always been a part of education. The university is not a sex-free environment. Nor is the classroom.

BLYTHE: The political debate today, on campus and off, is about identity. And sexual identity—which includes whom you have relationships with and under what terms—is among the most fundamental of issues being debated.

II. THE EDUCATION OF A VIRGIN

HITT: To hear those supporting a ban on student-professor relationships, you'd think there were suddenly hundreds of teachers on every campus who are sleeping with their students. But this isn't the case. What kind of phenomenon are we talking about here?

KERRIGAN: I have been the subject of advances from male and female students for twenty-five years. I've had them come at me right and left. I've had people take their clothes off in my office. And there is a particular kind of student I have responded to. I am not defending Don Juanism, you know, sex for grades and so forth. But there is a kind of student I've come across in my career who was working through something that only a professor could help her with. I'm talking about a female student who, for one reason or anoth-



rations by Victoria Kann

WHO WROTE THE (RULE) BOOK OF LOVE?

University	Date of policy	Policy	Punishment
College of William and Mary	June 1991	"Faculty members are advised against participating in amorous relationships with students enrolled in their classes or with students whom they . . . evaluate, grade, or supervise." If a professor does become involved with his or her student, "the faculty member shall report the situation promptly and seek advice and counsel from an appropriate administrative superior."	"Members of the university community who believe themselves to be affected adversely by violation of this policy may initiate a complaint with the appropriate dean." No specific sanctions.
Tufts University	January 1, 1992	"It is a violation of University policy if a faculty member. . . engages in an amorous, dating, or sexual relationship with a student whom he/she instructs, evaluates, supervises, advises. Voluntary consent by the student. . . is suspect."	"Disciplinary action."
Indiana University	June 1992	"All amorous or sexual relationships between faculty members and students are unacceptable when the faculty member has professional responsibility for the student. . . .Voluntary consent by the student in such a relationship is suspect, given the fundamental asymmetric nature of the relationship."	No specific sanctions.
Harvard and Radcliffe Colleges	September 1992	"Officers and other members of the teaching staff should be aware that any romantic involvement with their students makes them liable for formal action against them. . . . Amorous relationships between members of the Faculty and students that occur outside the instructional context can also lead to difficulties."	No specific sanctions.
Amherst College	March 2, 1993	"The College does not condone, and in fact strongly discourages, consensual relationships between faculty members and students. . . . The College requires a faculty member to remove himself or herself from any supervisory, evaluative, advisory, or other pedagogical role involving the student with whom he or she has had or currently has a sexual relationship."	Sanctions are being reviewed this fall.
Oberlin College	June 1993	"It is unwise for faculty members to engage in sexual relationships with students even when both parties have consented to the relationship. . . . Relations are prohibited when a student is enrolled in a class taught by the faculty member."	"Offenses involving abuse of power, as opposed to misconduct between equals, and especially repeated abuses of power are always severe and may result in dismissal."
Stanford University	Expected fall 1993	"Relationships may undermine the real or perceived integrity of the supervision and evaluation provided, particularly the trust inherent in the student-faculty relationship."	None.

You're a college administrator. For the past semester, your campus has been embroiled in a heated debate over faculty-student sex, a debate filled with arguments about rights, victims, abuse, and heartbreak. Now comes the hard part: actually formulating the ban. How do you shrink the vicissitudes of the heart into the language of the academic-policy manual? Above, some attempts to do just that.

er, has unnaturally prolonged her virginity. Maybe there's a strong father, maybe there's a religious background. And if she loses that virginity with a man who is not a teacher, she's going to marry that man, boom. And I don't think the marriage is going to be very good.

There have been times when this virginity has been presented to me as something that I, not quite another man, half an authority figure, can handle—a thing whose preciousness I realize. These relationships, like all relationships, are hard to describe, and certainly difficult to defend in today's environment. Like all human relationships, they are flawed and sometimes tragic. There usually is this initial idealism—the teacher presents ideas in a beautiful form, and so there is this element of seduction in pedagogy. And then things come down to earth, and there often follows disappointment and, on the part of the student, anger. But still, these relationships exist between adults and can be quite beautiful and genuinely transforming. It's very powerful sexually and psychologically, and because of that power, one can touch a student in a positive way. So if you want to oppose the imposition of this ban, I say, let's get honest and describe positive instances of sex between students and faculty.

BOTSTEIN: What comes to my mind is, one, a sense of relief that you're not on the faculty at my college. And two, I'm not certain anyone wants to make a virtue of a private act.

BOSWELL: But what these bans do is conflate the public and private realms. Should we allow the public to interfere in what is essentially a private issue?

THIS INCREDIBLY ATTRACTIVE JOCK CAME TO MY OFFICE AFTER HOURS, WEARING NOTHING BUT GYM SHORTS, AND SAID, "PROFESSOR, IS THERE SOMETHING ELSE I CAN DO TO GET INTO YOUR CLASS?"

BOTSTEIN: I agree, there should be no bans. I am against them. But I share the implicit *ideology* of the bans. What I disagree with is their political entrance into the public arena.

KERRIGAN: I *do* disagree with their ideology. Sometimes these affairs last a week, and they're gone. Sometimes a semester or two. Sometimes they grow into things of great constancy, such as, I may as well reveal, my own marriage. Are you saying you want a generation in which no marriages or affairs result from student-teacher relationships?

BOTSTEIN: I favor a voluntary system, something on the order of a Hippocratic oath. You internalize enough of what people expect so that intelligent, responsible people can make judgments and discriminations by circumstance and event.

BOSWELL: I agree. There are already harassment procedures at most schools.

BLYTHE: And students are glad of that, but they think the bans are ludicrous. I asked my sophomore Western Lit survey class and my Milton seminar about this ban. One girl said, "I'd see how many professors I could screw that week." For others it was an idea they had never entertained and suddenly they were saying, "Hmm, my professor..." It's like medieval penitential manuals. In confessing parishioners, priests were warned against bringing up sins not yet committed by asking questions like, Did you give your neighbor's husband a blow job? Maybe she just hadn't thought of it yet.

BOSWELL: I don't think the problem is putting sex with professors in the students' minds. Like William, I have students absolutely throw themselves at me. I had this incredibly attractive jock come to my office when eighty students were applying for fifteen seats in a class. So I had them all turn in a written statement signed only by their last name. I didn't even want to know their gender. So he came to my office after hours wearing nothing but a pair of gym shorts. Not even shoes. I looked him up and down. And he said, "Professor Boswell, is there something else I can do to get into your class?" And I said, "No, I think you've done all you decently can."

BLYTHE: Did he get in?

BOSWELL: No. But had I given in to temptation, imagine the complications and necessary subterfuges I would have invited. I think self-restraint is the way to avoid being unfair.

BOTSTEIN: The most important element of a university is honesty. What I don't like about an overt ban is that it forces people to lie. When you make legislation that can't be enforced in human communities, you undermine the law. And on the campus, this distorts the fundamental integrity of the university, which is self-regulation and respect for truth. Instead of admitting that something went wrong, the student acts as we do on the outside. We lie—and hire lawyers to get us off. We deny—and put our hope in an adversarial proceeding in which the best defense wins. Our stand at the academy should be different. It ought to be about proof and truth and a sensible notion of fact and fiction. What we're teaching these young people with these adjudications is that those who admit they were drunk or they did something wrong and deal with it openly are *fools*.

III. WHO'S FIGHTING THE FIGHT?

HITT: Why does this ban seem largely to concern young women and their virtue? I thought that traditionally the great fear was of homosexual student-teacher relations.

BOSWELL: It is true that the ban is being promoted by feminists, but the homosexual subtext is there. In fact, in a society that did not have this horror of young boys being seduced, I doubt you would see the kind of support you do for the kind of ban we're talking about. Many, many Americans fear homosexuality. People out there are paranoid about gay men coming on to their sons.

BLYTHE: On campuses, where the battle is being waged, homosexuality is not the central issue, because the people proposing these bans are heterosexual and this debate is really about *their* private lives. About what they fear in themselves, their own relationships and their own desire. The people who voice these concerns are precisely those who desire the eighteen-year-old. These codes have to do with protecting the most privileged of American students. This is not a debate burning at the community-college level. Those pushing for a ban are people who fear real life, especially the protean power of lust. College for them is about *isolation* from the real world, not an introduction to it.

KERRIGAN: This is a case where the left and the right are in bed together.

UNIVERSITY ADMINISTRATORS HAVEN'T SOUGHT OUT THIS PROBLEM. IF ANYTHING, THEY'VE DUCKED IT. THEY'VE BEEN FORCED INTO THIS ARENA, KICKING AND SCREAMING

BOTSTEIN: That's right, although "left" and "right" aren't great words. The alliance focuses on the power relationship between men and women in the academy. The majority of faculty members are male, and this ban uses the paradigm of male faculty and female student to reveal the abuse of male-dominated—

KERRIGAN: The "paradigm" is a generation of academic feminists who push this legislation because in an era when a leer constitutes rape, they believe they are powerful enough to punish womanizing male colleagues.

BOSWELL: Why are they so disturbed? Is this simply one of the few areas they can regulate?

BOTSTEIN: Well, I do think there's a history here. To give the other side some due, a fair amount of data shows a long tradition of abuse. Graduate students may be the worst-treated creatures, reduced to servility, and if sexuality's a part, then—

BLYTHE: It also may be the most pleasant part of graduate school.

BOTSTEIN: Well, you're assuming something about the quality of the sexual exchange that I don't want to comment on. But let's not be unfair. I've had enough encounters with parents who are not bizarre or crazy, and they are concerned.

BLYTHE: What age student are you talking about?

BOTSTEIN: Between eighteen and twenty-one.

BLYTHE: Most students at eighteen know more about sex than their own parents.

KERRIGAN: Exactly. Who are these women? Are they all like Anita Hill, who, you'll remember, testified that she had to check into a hospital with stomach ailments after hearing from Clarence Thomas an account of a Long Dong Silver movie?

BOTSTEIN: Don't trivialize the critic, please.

HITT: Is there some larger agenda or motive behind these bans?

BLYTHE: Yes. The force that is pushing for these bans is abetted by an administration whose agenda includes castration of the humanities.

BOTSTEIN: That's absurd. The administrators haven't sought out this problem. If anything, they've ducked it. They've run for the hills, fearful of litigation, suits seeking financial damages, and so on. They have simply been forced into this arena, kicking and screaming, by a divisive faculty debate.

BLYTHE: It's a simple fact that these romances are most often found in the humanities. Since the administration is biased against any unprofitable part of the university—especially those that can't attract fat research grants—it's no coincidence that administrators have chosen to jump on this issue.

KERRIGAN: But in the faculty, who's behind this? By and large, feminists.

BOTSTEIN: They may be people who have a real concern about victimization. They may be authentic puritans; still, I respect such people.

BLYTHE: Except they're *not* puritans. They think non-marital sex is fine, as long as they can control it.

BOTSTEIN: Now, wait. Let's get straight what the proponents of the ban are arguing. They're not arguing the absence of sexuality.

BLYTHE: They are arguing the abdication of responsibility by an individual for her or his own actions.

BOTSTEIN: No, they're not. They are suggesting that in the relationship of student and teacher, restraint be exercised.

IV. THE OBLIGATIONS OF INTERCOURSE

BOTSTEIN: Do we share some residual partial allegiance to the idea that passion and reason are in some sense at odds?

BLYTHE: No.

KERRIGAN: No, sir.

BOTSTEIN: I assumed as much. I think part of the ban rests on the assumption that there's something dispassionate about the conduct of reason that passion interrupts. It's an eighteenth-century construct of the human personality.

BOSWELL: The relationship is not antipodal, but it is complicated.

KERRIGAN: The problem with the reason/passion division is the assumption that reason recognizes complexity and ambiguity and that passion is this animalistic thing that merely takes possession. Now, I know Norman Mailer is very out of fashion today, but one thing he taught me when I was twenty years old is that good sex is fabulously complicated, in the way that a great poem is complicated. This is not a matter of mindless passion versus complex philosophy.

BOTSTEIN: Let me say this: I think sexual relations trigger a set of ethical obligations.

BLYTHE: Ethical obligations?

BOTSTEIN: Ethical obligations.

KERRIGAN: *Ethical* obligations?

BOTSTEIN: Allow me to approach it this way. I am

partisan, out of obligation, to my parents, my spouse, my children, and other members of my family in a way that overrides fairness. I will stop at nothing to advance them. If I am a judge in a violin competition and my grandmother enters, my opinion would be slanted toward her from the start, no matter what. That's why judges disqualify themselves. Now, I happen to think that when, as a teacher, you go beyond flirtation with a student, you trigger a set of ethical obligations that override the desire to be fair. I happen to think, as well, that the process of teaching is a process of the adjudication of fairness. So my conclusion is that when you are having sexual relations with one of your students, you are in this sense being unfair to the others.

BOSWELL: A way to solve that problem is disclosure. A colleague of mine who married his graduate student and continues to write her recommendations should begin his letters, "My wife . . ."

BLYTHE: I totally disagree. No judgment is purely musical or purely literary—purely objective as to merit. It's always subjective.

BOSWELL: You don't think people should aspire to be fair?

BLYTHE: I think people should aspire to be great. I would hope if your grandmother were the best violinist out there, you would give her the award.

BOTSTEIN: What if my grandmother were not the best violinist?

BLYTHE: Then you *wouldn't* give her the award. See how it works?

KERRIGAN: What's tiresome about what you've been saying, Leon, is the assumption that we have this Kantian moral sense, a system of absolutes that we must either abide by or recede into corruption. You assume that when you sleep with someone, you gain these obligations that override other intellectual perceptions. I wouldn't describe it that way. If you're asked to compare your beloved's talent to that of three others in a contest, you'll get disillusioned pretty quickly. In the end, you may be in the best position of all to make the judgment or write a letter of recommendation.

V. SECULAR PENTECOSTALISM

HITT: How is the campus changing? People in their late thirties and forties say that for them, college was a time to try on new identities, be fitted with a radical idea or two, and experiment in many ways. Nowadays, this line of thinking goes, college is about upwardly adjusting one's résumé.

BOTSTEIN: Nostalgia. In the twenty-two years I've been involved with colleges, there hasn't been any appreciable change in idealism. It's the fraudulent nostalgia of aging people who look back on their college youth and say, "When I went to college . . ." Nonsense, wrong.



What *has* changed is the sense of informality in the American university. What's been lost is the sense of comfort people had with an informal relationship between students and faculty. And this involves taking a drink, smoking, and all forms of informality that might result in an accusation of "I have been victimized." So you restrict your behavior until it's "beyond reproach," and what you've lost—

KERRIGAN: Are the rough edges of human beings.

BOTSTEIN: Remember *Chariots of Fire*? It may have been a bit romanticized, but it showed an Oxford

common room where professors offered undergraduates sherry. That's against the law today. Not possible. Forbidden. A certain sensibility has driven out conviviality.

BLYTHE: Where I'm from, we call it Pentecostalism—a desire to have the truth set in stone, Moses-style. This sensibility yearns for sound doctrine that doesn't change, is expressed in absolutes, and against which is set a tasty array of penalties. Pentecostalism has an element of the fascist to it.

BOTSTEIN: I agree.

BLYTHE: Pentecostalism is pyramidal, hierarchical, and looks to a father figure to tell us what to do. It has no sense of history. Pentecostalism shuns ambiguity and distrusts any statement that can't be fashioned into a simple certainty. On the most practical level, take course evaluations: Once upon a time, students were asked, "What did you get out of this course?" Today they are asked, on a standardized sheet, "How effective is the instructor?" with the options—"Excellent?" "Good?" "Average?" "Below Average?" "Poor?"—in bubbles to be blackened in with a No. 2 lead pencil.

BOTSTEIN: In my experience, a recurrent complaint among students is that they had hoped for more informality with professors. Instead, campus life seems more impersonal, "cut and dried," if you will.

HITT: Is the loss of informality a matter of a new and increasingly heterogeneous population showing up on campus? In a way, American colleges have promoted diversity as a theory for generations, but only recently has true diversity finally arrived on campus. Maybe it has everyone nervous.

BOTSTEIN: I don't think it's that much more diverse.

BOSWELL: Maybe not. But the expression of that diversity is different. Calvin Trillin's new book, *Remembering Denny*, is about how his generation repressed many of their differences to present a kind of homogeneity, which was achieved then at the price of many people pretending to be someone they were not. Today, that's no longer the case.

BOTSTEIN: This shift turns the idea of the traditional university inside out. In the Middle Ages, the university sought to be a place that was immune from the severity of civil jurisdiction. There was to be a spirit of liberty and self-regulation—hence fraternities and other such developments. Now the rules the universities promulgate are more ferocious than those found in civil society. Consider the category of date rape.

KERRIGAN: Or offensive speech. The standards are comically higher.

HITT: Couldn't it be that these kids are begging for

A TWELFTH-CENTURY AFFAIR

The account below is from "Abelard to a Friend: The Story of His Misfortunes," by Peter Abelard, a twelfth-century French philosopher who fell in love with and married his student, Heloise. When news of their union spread, Abelard was castrated by an angry mob. Abelard became a monk, Heloise, a nun.



"There was in Paris at the time a young girl named Heloise, the niece of Fulbert, one of the canons, and so much loved by him that he had done everything in his power to advance her education in letters. In looks she did not rank lowest, while in the extent of her learning she stood supreme. . . . This led [her uncle] to make an urgent request which furthered my love and fell in with my wishes more than I had dared to hope, he gave me complete charge over the girl, so that I could devote all the leisure time left me by my school to teaching her by day and night, and if I found her idle I was to punish her severely. I was amazed by his simplicity—if he had entrusted a tender lamb to a ravening wolf it would not have surprised me more. In handing her over to me to punish as well as to teach, what else was he doing but giving me complete freedom to realize my desires, and providing an opportunity, even if I did not make use of it, for me to bend her to my will by threats and blows if persuasion failed? But there were two special reasons for his freedom from base suspicion: his love for his niece and my previous reputation for continence.

"Need I say more? We were united, first under one roof, then in heart; and so with our lessons as a pretext we abandoned ourselves entirely to love. Her studies allowed us to withdraw in private, as love desired, and then with our books open before us, more words of love than of our reading passed between us, and more kissing than teaching. My hands strayed oftener to her bosom than to the pages; love drew our eyes to look on each other more than reading kept them on our texts. In short, our desires left no stage of love-making untried, and if love could devise something new, we welcomed it."

—from *The Letters of Abelard and Heloise* (Penguin)

WHY ARE WE DEFINING SEXUALITY SO NARROWLY? IT'S A UNIVERSITY. THE AIR IS ALIVE WITH SEXUALITY WITHOUT ANYONE TOUCHING. YOU CAN'T REIN IN DESIRE WITH A POLICY MANUAL

rules? Given the campus's diversity—or the heightened expression of differences—could one assume that these kids are anxious and confused about what the common code of behavior is? So they cry out for rules, look to their smart professors for help, but find instead a bunch of liberals who get the willies around "rules."

BOSWELL: You're right, but our reply is, and rightly so, "Tough. We can't make life simple for you. You must think for yourselves." Getting across this message has always been the university's ultimate mission.

BLYTHE: And look at what gets preserved by such rules—a desiccated sexuality. Narrow and pinched, it assumes that sex is merely an act of physical engineering, some kind of biological insertion. Sexuality is not a simple act but the very air we breathe. People can have orgasms sitting in a class listening to a good lecturer. Why are we defining sexuality so narrowly? It's a university. The air is alive with sexuality without anyone touching. When these proponents of a student-professor sex ban talk about sexuality, they mean only something harmful. They are not talking about desire, about eros. Education is a kind of desire, the desire to learn. You cannot rein it in with the blunt instrument of a policy manual.

VI. THE LYRICISM OF A PAT ON THE ASS

HITT: Couldn't all this confusion on campus be an argument—a kind of conversation—among disparate groups as they struggle to create a new etiquette, a new common culture with simple table manners and dating rituals for a complex mosaic of people?

BLYTHE: And the only common language among these groups is sexuality. It's the only common language we have.

HITT: Then it makes sense that sexuality is the arena where such a conversation would take place, no?

BLYTHE: Precisely. Everyone's got a sexuality, and everyone's most fundamental identity is tied up with it. It's your history, your first history, and the most interesting history. Each of us is a series of transformations related to sexuality, whether it's ex-wives, boyfriends, girlfriends, husbands, or charged glands in the library.

BOTSTEIN: That seems to be the least interesting history to me, frankly.

BLYTHE: We no longer have a religious common ground, a shared cultural background.

HITT: Therefore, sexuality is the common crucible in which a new etiquette for a more diverse culture is forged. Maybe the only thing we have in common, at long last, are our genitals.

BOTSTEIN: I'm getting very depressed.

KERRIGAN: You know, I recently had a serious philosophical debate with a graduate student. Tell me, which is the truer expression of desire for a male toward a female: writing her a sonnet or patting her on the ass?

BOTSTEIN: It depends on whether the person can write.

HITT: And, therefore, does it also depend on the quality of the ass?

BOTSTEIN: Actually, for me it would be a really committed performance in music, without words. That would be the highest expression in this higher range of discussion of sexuality. That's as close as I can get to the creative power.

KERRIGAN: I ask the question because it reveals something about etiquette. A pat on the ass in, say, a redneck bar is not decried as rape but fits into a friendly culture that allows a man or a woman to say, "I like you. I want to touch you." A pat on the ass nowadays is an interesting problem. One pat and you're a lout; more than one, and you are Bob Packwood, hauled to the stockades, buried in lawsuits.

BOTSTEIN: I find it all offensive. Call me a puritan. I think a pat on the ass is offensive.

KERRIGAN: Really? There's something wrong about a hand and an ass coming into contact?

BOTSTEIN: Without consent. There's the issue of consent.

KERRIGAN: *Without* consent. Imagine it.

BOTSTEIN: Without consent, it's offensive. I am not in favor of it.

BOSWELL: Baseball players can get away with this. But if you just did it to a strange man on the subway, he'd punch you in the nose, and I think you'd deserve it.

HITT: I guess I have trouble, too, William. A pat on the ass at the first meeting? I don't know.

KERRIGAN: Fifth or sixth encounter?

HITT: Well, okay, probably.

KERRIGAN: See, following the track of this conversation, you wind up making any pass at a woman into something offensive. Now, flirtation is a

THE BAN ON STUDENT-TEACHER RELATIONS IS, FINALLY, A BROAD ATTEMPT TO POISON THE FIRST ADULT EXPERIENCE FOR MANY YOUNG PEOPLE

matter of etiquette, etc. But it's a wretched culture indeed that can't make room for flirtation—some way for one soul to tell another, "I want to touch you."

BOSWELL: Both of you may be right, in that Leon says that etiquette should be observed because it is convention and William is saying that convention can be changed with consideration for human feeling. And yet, William, even though we can change the way we eat, that doesn't mean we can ask people to throw food on the floor and have them gobble it down there.

VII. A NOSTALGIA FOR THE STOCKADE

BOTSTEIN: It's interesting. I would argue that students through the 1960s accepted the idea that higher education was about trying on the clothes of adulthood, so they eagerly accepted responsibility for their actions. If they got involved with someone, if they got drunk, if they hurt someone, they sought to take responsibility. Today's students believe they are not responsible; quite the opposite, they feel they are *owed* something—an entitlement to a reward from distress. And when they are hurt, they are more prone to call themselves "victims." Life, as the theologians have taught us for a long time, is inherently victimizing. So when something goes wrong, a student feels empowered to distribute the blame elsewhere. Let's say a relationship between a student and professor goes sour, for whatever reason.

KERRIGAN: It's bound to.

BOTSTEIN: Rather than say, "This is my life, I take responsibility," the reaction today is, "I have suffered, I wish to be entitled to some reparation." And where the puritan character really comes out is in the desire for punishment, a public flogging of a presumed wrongdoer. The ban proponents believe that punishment has a psychic benefit. They want to put the malefactor in stockades and force him to feel the heat of public humiliation. So the final message of higher education becomes not, as John said, "Life is tough, unfair, tricky, difficult, complex; ergo, learn to take responsibility and live with it," but "All problems in your life can be reduced to the task of exacting redress."

BOSWELL: People don't have the attitude "Well, it's rotten, let's make it better," but "I've suffered, so give me my fifteen minutes of fame."

BOTSTEIN: Or "I feel guilty about my participation in what went wrong. I wish to displace my guilt by focusing on somebody who did it to me." It's a disavowal of responsibility.

BLYTHE: We've spoken about the ill effect these bans have on students. But we forget ourselves, the teachers. Education is also a transformation of us by our students, allowing us to learn and be changed by the encounter of a classroom. This ban is a prophylactic to that kind of fertility as well. It erects a barrier because it presents me, the teacher, as rapacious, predatory, and dangerous even before I walk into the classroom.

BOTSTEIN: But does it take a consummation of the sexual dimension to be transformed?

BLYTHE: Of course not. But in setting up a law, you have immediately cast me as a potential raptor. You are emphasizing my role not as educator but as assailant. You define me in negative terms, stripping me of my ability to teach.

BOTSTEIN: This is interesting. You're saying that by writing the law, you are instantly identified as a potential predator?

BLYTHE: Yes. This discussion turns on one of the seven deadly sins—lust, specifically between a professor and a student. According to Dante, it was the least dangerous sin, closest to heaven and farthest from the pit of hell. If we mean to ban medieval sins on the campus, we should reconsider sloth. We hardly know what the word means anymore. Laziness, people say. But sloth was far more invidious. It represented a kind of passivity that infected the soul so that the sinner was crippled by a *refusal of joy*.

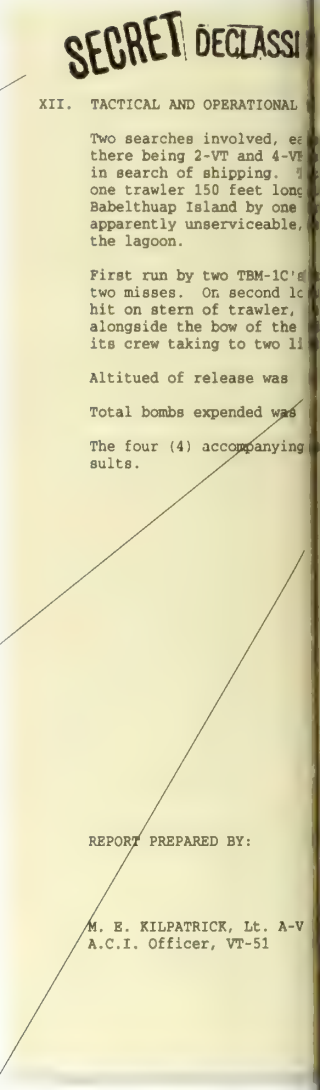
As professors, we all have in our minds an ancient ideal of education, a joyful road of learning. This higher education deals with many of the horrors visited upon us as women and men, but then strives to reach beauty and pronounce a more positive celebration of learning. The ban on student-teacher relations is, finally, a broad attempt to poison the first adult experience for many young people—a complex, intimate, at times dangerous relationship with a grown-up who's not mom or dad. The ban's proponents refuse to recognize the broad spectrum of sexuality inherent on a campus; they would impose on all of us a withered sexuality that, like Milton's Satan in Paradise, is undelighted amid all delights. ■


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THE QUESTION BU

Did he, as a Navy pilot,

In the closing weeks of the 1992 presidential campaign, a four-page document called a naval aircraft action report was presented to several news organizations. The last page of the forty-eight-year-old report (published here for the first time, enhanced for legibility) contains strong circumstantial evidence suggesting that George Bush committed a war crime as a rookie Navy pilot in the South Pacific during World War II. Based on interviews with pilots immediately after a mission, the document describes what the pilots and their crews saw and did on July 25, 1944. It reports that two lifeboats carrying survivors of a trawler that Bush's plane had just sunk were strafed—that is, machine-gunned from the air. Strafing of defenseless combatants in lifeboats was, and is, considered a war crime under international military law. The document, incriminating as it appears to be, doesn't constitute irrefutable proof of guilt. Bush may have a convincing explanation. If so, he was not asked to provide it by any one of at least three major news organizations (*Newsweek*, the *Los Angeles Times*, and *U.S. News & World Report*) that could have published this document last October but didn't—though not because of any intimidation by the White House. The censorship, as usual with the American news media, was entirely self-inflicted.



SECRET DECLASSI

XII. TACTICAL AND OPERATIONAL

Two searches involved, ea
there being 2-VT and 4-VF
in search of shipping.
one trawler 150 feet long
Babelthuap Island by one
apparently unserviceable,
the lagoon.

First run by two TBM-1C's
two misses. On second lo
hit on stern of trawler,
alongside the bow of the
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Altitued of release was

Total bombs expended was

The four (4) accompanying
sults.

REPORT PREPARED BY:

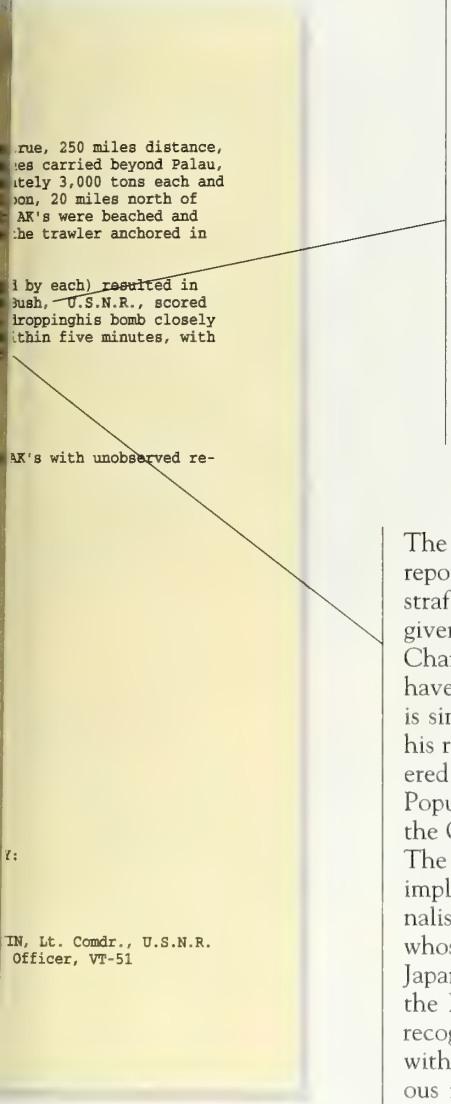
M. E. KILPATRICK, Lt. A-V
A.C.I. Officer, VT-51

The sinking of this trawler in Kayangel Lagoon, in the Palau Islands of the South Pacific, was Bush's first solo combat "kill." Forty-eight years later, in a struggle for re-election, Bush would make his wartime exploits a campaign issue. Seizing on the controversy surrounding Bill Clinton's opposition to the Vietnam War, Bush repeatedly called on Clinton to "come clean" about having avoided the draft and participated in antiwar demonstrations. Bush insisted that Clinton had to stand up to what he did as a young man. This sentiment was taken to heart by an anonymous federal researcher who, in early 1991, had become familiar with this report in the course of his work. The researcher first kept quiet because he didn't want to undercut Bush during the Gulf war. Watching Bush politicize war records eighteen months later, however, he decided the public should know about the report. He lived far from the media centers of New York and Washington and knew no reporters, but he became acquainted with Paula Ogburn, a freelance writer in Orange County, California. Ogburn regarded the story as beyond her expertise but promised to try to interest fellow journalists in it.

This sentence states plainly that the strafing took place. "VT" refers to Bush's squadron, which included Bush's plane and a second bomber, piloted by Lt. R. R. Houle. But did both Bush and Houle strafe lifeboats? Was "VT" singular or plural? U.S. Navy archivists say that the plural usage, though not universal, was by far the most common, and certainly it was standard for a wingman (Bush) and his leader (Houle) to stick together in such circumstances. Moreover, three sentences earlier, "VT" is used plurally to report that Houle and Bush had together attacked the trawler (though Houle's bomb missed). In short, the evidence strongly suggests both planes strafed the lifeboats.

EVER GOT ASKED

at? *By Mark Hertsgaard*



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Bush, U.S.N.R., scored
roppinghis bomb closely
thin five minutes, with

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Y:

IN, Lt. Comdr., U.S.N.R.
Officer, VT-51

The name "Ens. G.H.W. Bush" got Ogburn a hearing with key journalists, albeit a wary one. It was the second week of October, barely three weeks before Election Day, and the journalists were rightly cautious about being taken in by a political dirty-tricks operation. But authenticating the Navy document was no problem; it was on file in the Naval Archives. The real trouble, the journalists now say, was that the document was not enough of a smoking gun. "We couldn't confirm that George Bush's plane was involved in the strafing," explains *U.S. News & World Report* editor Lee Rainie. The document was interesting but "not a self-fulfilling story," recalls editor Roger Smith of the *Los Angeles Times*. *Newsweek*, which pursued the story the furthest, even going to the trouble of trying to track down survivors in Japan, ultimately decided, in the words of Washington bureau chief Evan Thomas, "There were too many other possible explanations." Off-the-record interviews with White House sources cast "doubt on the credibility of the evidence," adds *Newsweek*'s chief of correspondents, Ann McDaniel.

The accompanying fighter planes (VF) also filed their own aircraft action report, but that document neither confirms nor contradicts the lifeboat strafing reported here. It simply doesn't mention it—hardly surprising, given the illegality of such an act. The turret gunner in Houle's bomber, Charles Y. Bynum, says he doesn't recall any strafing but says, "It may have happened," and he agrees that the best way to clear up the question is simply to ask Bush what happened and to publish the document with his response. Such an approach apparently didn't occur to the high-powered journalists whose deference and self-censorship silenced this story. Popular mythology craves sinister explanations—threatening calls from the Oval Office—when the media don't run a politically damaging story. The truth is more insidious. "If the same kind of document had surfaced implicating the prime minister of Japan in a war crime, American journalists would have gone to town on it," argues MIT historian John Dower, whose book, *War Without Mercy*, documented the systematic strafing of Japanese lifeboats by American and Australian forces during the Battle of the Bismarck Sea in 1943. Paula Ogburn's unwitting mistake lay in not recognizing that American journalists would sit on the story—in keeping with their habit of giving the President the benefit of the doubt on serious issues, especially just before an election. Ogburn would have done better to give this document to Tokyo's *Yomiuri Shimbun* or Paris's *Le Monde* or London's *Independent*—news organizations whose judgment is unclouded by misplaced American fears and loyalties. As for George Bush's response to what happened on July 25, 1944? I provided his Houston office with a copy of this document and posed the question. The reply, after many calls: "no comment."

Mark Hertsgaard is the author of On Bended Knee: The Press and the Reagan Presidency. *He is writing a book about the future of the earth's ecology.*



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THE END OF JOBS

Employment is one thing the global economy is *not* creating

By Richard J. Barnet

It was just a little more than a year ago, at the Democratic Convention in New York City, that Bill Clinton, in accepting his party's nomination, called the creation of more and better jobs "the work of my life." The unemployment rate was 7.8 percent, and, if elected, Clinton would do something about it: a four-year, $200 billion program of spending on cities, infrastructure, education, and worker training, including $20 billion annually to "rebuild America." The country would no longer have a president who, in Clinton's words, was "willing to do anything to keep his job, but nothing to help average Americans keep theirs."

Earlier this summer, a House-Senate conference agreed to add to the fiscal 1993 budget $170 million for summer jobs for teenagers and another $50 million to expand a training program for people under thirty. Clinton's job-creation proposal—the billions in federal funds to rebuild America—had come to this. The true "stimulus total," according to the *Wall Street Journal*, would amount to only $660 million, despite the fact that Clinton was presiding over a still troubled economy in which the official unemployment rate hovered at 7 percent and the annual rate of increase in employment was sputtering at less than 1 percent. Another phrase from Clinton's campaign comes to mind: outside an unemployment office in Toledo, just weeks before election day, he had spoken of joblessness and the lack of new good jobs as problems with "no end in sight." He would not say that now, but he could.

Of course, the burden is not Clinton's alone—or America's, for that matter. Across the planet, the shrinking of opportunities to work for decent pay is a crisis yet to be faced. The problem is starkly simple: an astonishingly large and increasing number of human beings are not needed or wanted to make the goods or to provide the services that the paying customers of the world can afford. Since most people in the world depend on having a job just to eat, the unemployed, the unemployable, the underemployed, and the "subemployed"—a term used to describe those who work part-time but need to work full-time, or who earn wages that are too low to support a minimum standard of living—have neither the money nor the state of mind to keep the global mass consumption system humming. Their ranks are growing so fast that the worldwide job crisis threatens not only global economic growth but the capitalist system itself.

In 1914, Henry Ford raised the pay of his workers enough so that they could buy Fords. The *Wall Street Journal* immediately denounced the cranky automaker for committing an "economic crime," but Ford understood that, as he once put it, "if you cut wages, you just cut the number of your customers." Now, however, the social system based on high-volume assembly-line production employing well-paid workers who can afford to purchase what they make is fast disappearing. Since 1989, the United States has lost 1.6 million manufacturing jobs, and such losses will continue to mount. At the very mo-

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ment the tax-and-cut Democrats and cut-and-cut Republicans were winding up their debate on the Clinton stimulus package, Procter & Gamble, the nation's largest maker of household goods and the employer of 47,600 workers in the United States, acknowledged that its "Strengthening Global Effectiveness" strategy (the company also employs 58,600 abroad) would mean the loss of up to 10,000 jobs.

Thanks to automation, the increasing use of subcontractors, suppliers, and temporary workers (many of whom cut, sew, and punch data at home), and the reorganization of the workplace in order to provide greater output per worker, steady jobs for good pay are becoming poignant memories or just dreams for more and more people. This is true not only in factories but in banks, stores, insurance companies, brokerage houses, law firms, hospitals, and all sorts of other places where services are rendered. Between 1979 and 1992, the Fortune 500 companies presented 4.4 million of their employees with pink slips, a rate of around 340,000 a year.

BETWEEN 1979 AND 1992, THE FORTUNE 500 COMPANIES PRESENTED 4.4 MILLION OF THEIR EMPLOYEES WITH PINK SLIPS

As factories moved out of the United States in the 1970s and 1980s, the Panglosses of the day called it progress and celebrated the transition to a "service economy" that would provide an ever-expanding source of jobs at every level of society. The dirty factories would move abroad and the nasty work would be done in the poor countries. The United States would invent the software on which the new global system would run, and highly paid lawyers, accountants, deal makers, and other servants of corporations and rich investors would somehow generate enough economic activity to keep armies of fast-food handlers, health-care aides, and clerks gainfully employed. In the era of Reagan prosperity, between 1982 and 1988 (already of dim memory), 15 million new jobs were created. The mushrooming service sector, however, turned out to be vulnerable to the same fierce competition that has shriveled factory payrolls in the United States and caused real wages in manufacturing to drop 9 percent since 1973. Indeed, there are by and large more low-wage jobs today in the service sector than in manufacturing.

To be sure, as Secretary of Labor Robert Reich has frequently noted, manipulating word-processed data of symbolic value—masterminding multibillion-dollar foreign-exchange transactions, say, or creating bond prospectuses—is now one of the world's most profitable activities. Armies of service providers of all sorts are employed by huge global networks—ad agencies, law firms, investment houses, media comple
Organizing and communicating data in nc
ways or concocting exciting new dishes for
pensive restaurants can be extremely lucrat
But punching data and washing pots are
The global tourist industry is now the wo
biggest employer; one out of every fifteen w
ers across the planet spends the day transport
feeding, housing, herding, cosseting, or amus
tourists. But most do not make enough mone
eat even once at one of the tables they s
and clear.

Job insecurity, however, is no respecter of c
In 1991, overall unemployment in the Un
States jumped 15 percent as companies "do
sized" in the name of efficiency and an incr
in productivity. But the unemployment rat
managers rose 55 percent. As the organizatio
the world's work shifts, more and more of
from wastebasket emptiers to CEOs of mult
tional corporations, are waking up to the
that we are swimming in a global labor poo

It turns out that just because we have lived
worked in Connecticut all our professional l
is no guarantee that our Connecticut-based
ployer will not hire a Malaysian or a Russia
do our job. Actors, cameramen, engine
lawyers, biologists, and medical researchers
be found in Hungary, Russia, or Singapore
fraction of a U.S. salary. Multinational con
nies say that Indian programmers and Irish
surance examiners are usually more produc
and reliable than workers in the home cou
Metropolitan Life employs 150 workers in a
lage in County Cork to examine medical cl
from all over the world. Irish workers cos
percent less than U.S. workers, and because
is so scarce in Ireland—a country of 1.1 mil
jobs and 3.5 million people—there is not m
turnover.

The dimensions of what Marx called th
serve army of the unemployed are now stag
ing. According to the International Lab
Organization, an estimated 47 million addit
al job seekers enter the already overcrowde
bor market each year. Approximately 38 mil
of them are in Asia, Africa, and Latin Ame
With the exception of Japan, of two indust
izing nations in Asia (South Korea and Taiw
that have been highly successful in creating
and building a middle class, of two comme
city-states in the same part of the world (H
Kong and Singapore) that are free from ty
Third World population pressures, and of Ch
where the majority of people still farm and
industrial economy is growing at an incredibly
rate, Asia is struggling with chronic unemp
ment problems. And Africa and Latin Ame
face an employment crisis on a scale far bey
anything Americans and Europeans encount

ıg the Great Depression. This includes a ber of nations that are aggressively pursuing egies of industrialization.

ithin the next twenty years throughout the rdeveloped world, more than 750 million and women will reach the legal working nd will enter the labor market, adding to the million people currently unemployed or unnployed in poor countries. (These are Unitations figures and represent extremely rough ıates, but it can be safely assumed that the ɔnal and international officials involved in piling these figures have no interest in inıg them.) In countries with the est population growth rates, such lexico, Kenya, and Pakistan, the r pool is growing at nearly 3 per a year. In India and China, the ırate is down somewhat, but the job seekers are additions to what 985 was already a combined lapool of nearly a billion men and ıen. Progress in public health reng in lower infant mortality and onged life in many other coun- has further diminished the pros- of finding enough work at a livwage for the hundreds of millions ing jobs worldwide.

he "feminization" of the workе is also changing job prospects rywhere. As traditional cultural iers begin to give way, large num- of women have entered the labor ket in Asia, Africa, and Latin erica. Because of the numbers of nen taking jobs, and also because he worldwide practice of paying nen much less than men, this femation of the world labor pool exerts her downward pressures on job spects and wages. To take but one example: outh Korea in the late 1980s, female earnings in manufacturing were 50 percent of male earnings in the same industry.

The global job crisis is so profound and its inelated causes are so little understood that the t of the currently fashionable strategies for ating jobs just nibble at the problem; others likely to make it worse. "Jobs, jobs, jobs!," orge Bush's famous battle cry as he sallied th to trade talks last year, remains the main ing point for the North American Free Trade reement (NAFTA). The free traders argue ıt once trade barriers fall, jobs will spread oss the earth like buttercups. Pro-NAFTA ces add that only the marriage of U.S. techlogy with Mexico's low-wage workforce can ıt back the onslaught of cheap Asian goods.

But an economic strategy that ultimately requires increasing numbers of American workers to outproduce Mexicans and Chinese does not augur well for either the standard of living or job security in the United States. Unless wages and working conditions in poorer countries improve, global corporations will use the threat of relocation to bargain down working conditions in richer countries. At the same time, the drive for "global efficiency" means that the numbers of Chinese, Mexican, or other workers who land a job in the system, while growing rapidly, will still barely make a dent in the ranks of the jobless.



Fear and confusion about unemployment keep governments from initiating sensible policies. Take the case of the arms trade. The spread of weapons around the world is making the planet ungovernable because the great powers regard overarmed societies that are coming apart as too dangerous and expensive to police. Hence the abandonment of Bosnia to the mercies of genocidal thugs. Yet no government, including the "sole remaining superpower," is taking any initiative to stop the arms traffic or to prohibit weapons production. Quite the contrary. The dollar cost of continuing weapons traffic may not be calculable, but politicians everywhere have a pretty good sense of the number of jobs that would be lost if serious steps were taken to do something about it. (The cuts in the U.S. military budget already projected will cause the loss of 1.9 million jobs by 1997, according to

tration by David Suter

the Bureau of Labor Statistics.) The fact that sensible reinvestment and industrial conversion strategies to meet a host of private and public needs could eventually create many more jobs than are lost is cold comfort for politicians facing an election this year or next. The choices are much the same with respect to the environment; water, air, trees, and fish are routinely traded for jobs, disappearing jobs in many cases.

Robert Reich has been eloquently making the case for years about the need to educate and train the American workforce to make American industry more competitive. He correctly points out how the Japanese emphasis on "bringing the bottom half of its primary and secondary school population up to a minimum level of competence" has built a workforce against which poorly educated U.S. high-school graduates cannot effectively compete. Improving America's schools at the primary and secondary levels and making first-class technical training available to workers to help them adapt to the inevitable changes in the job market they will face throughout their working lives are good things to do. But how, in the end, will this create jobs?

Reich says he thinks he knows where the new good jobs can be found. Industry and government should focus on the human dimension of automation by promoting a new class of middle-level technical workers. The education and training systems would be reconfigured to produce more computer-aided machine operators and other semiskilled technical workers for whom a year or two of post-high-school engineering training, apprenticeship, or on-the-job training would open up a choice of good industrial jobs. But the future is now, and it is not sunny. Investment in human-displacing automation has already progressed quite far. I have visited a variety of highly automated factories in the United States and Europe, including automobile, electronics, and printing plants. The scarcity of human beings on the factory floor in these places is spooky.

New jobs will be created by robotics, but more will be lost. Many of the new jobs are designed to pick up the tasks that are too inconvenient, costly, or difficult to assign to robots, and these slots are often temporary because robots are getting smarter and more agile all the time. Labor unions historically have played a braking role in the automation process by putting forward various strategies to protect endangered workers. But because capital can move around the world at the punch of a key and workers are relatively tied to a place, the labor movement has lost power throughout the industrial world. In the United States, organized labor is especially weak; according to the secretary of labor, only 12 percent of the private-sector workforce is now unionized.

A problem with any jobs strategy tied to increased productivity is the perverse consequen of such gains. Workers who raise their hou output eliminate jobs for other workers and in long run may endanger their own jobs. U mately there is a conflict between, on the hand, the profitability of individual corporati and the pressures of global competition and, the other, human needs everywhere for high ploment levels, decent pay, healthy work conditions, and job security. It was precisely contradiction that gave rise to the socialist mo ment, and it was the failure of authoritarian c mand economies to resolve it that to the demise of state socialism.

So education and training alone do not so the more basic question: What fate lies in st for the millions who are trained for the g jobs they will never get? The $40,000-a-year j with good benefits are disappearing, and as t process speeds up, increasing numbers wit the "middle class" whom Bill Clinton appea to in the last election are joining the ranks of unemployed and the working poor. Workers w put in at least a forty-hour week for poverty-l el wages now constitute 18 percent of the U workforce. Why will U.S. workers, however v trained and skilled they become, land the g jobs if the work can be easily dispatched to M ico, Spain, Singapore, or China—where w educated, highly motivated workers can s tomorrow for a fraction of a U.S. wage? Train for niches that will not exist is a recipe for re cating the frustration and social tensions t have been commonplace in Third World co tries that produce an overabundance of git and skilled human beings.

Hopes for "full employment" have tradition rested on the assumption of technological cue. The Austrian economist Joseph Schump pictured capitalist development as a serie "gales of creative destruction" in which ag markets, obsolete factories, and unneeded j are swept away and replaced by new plants w greater numbers of higher-paying jobs produc for bigger markets. Makers of buggy whips, h ing lost their jobs because of the horseless carri enter the middle class by landing jobs at au motive plants. Laid-off autoworkers, in turn, to find work in the promising commercial te nologies of the near future—high-definition interactive TV, and high-tech information te nologies. Unfortunately for this narrative and countless American workers, the new post dustrial technologies appear to offer consumer ther marginal improvements, new wrinkles styles, or games. These are not fundament new products to create new human needs attract massive new global markets, like the tomobile or the airplane, and they are unlikel

er what the economist Robert Heilbroner
a "transformational boom."
otechnology, on which great hopes are
ed, is anything but labor-intensive. Amgen,
argest biotechnology company, employs a
2,639 people. The genetic-engineering in-
y—bovine growth hormones that produce
rcows and in vitro laboratory production of
fruits and vegetables—could end up de-
ing many more jobs than it spawns by wip-
ut millions of farmers in hot, poor countries.
e, including Vice President Al Gore, argue
an "environmental revolution" in the di-
on of better pollution control, weatheriza-
, recycling, renewable energy sources, and
gy-efficient appliances will spark all sorts of
job-creating technologies. While proposals
ntrol pollution should be pushed, it is not
l clear whether more jobs will be lost than
ted in the end. Given the nature of im-
ding technological developments, the de-
ing purchasing power of more and more
le in rich and poor countries alike, and the
and composition of the global workforce, it
t prudent to count on technological rescue
lve America's job problem, much less the
global job problem of which it is an in-
extricable part.

What can government do to ensure that
ens have good jobs? Tinkering with the econ-
as a whole appears less effective than it used
e. Harold L. Wilensky, professor of political
nce at the University of California at Berke-
has studied eighteen wealthy democracies, in-
ding the former West Germany, Japan,
tzerland, Italy, Australia, Finland, and the
ndinavian countries. His conclusion is that
n when governments are unusually success-
in stimulating job creation, this has no pre-
table effect on the level of employment or
economic performance of a nation. Great
tain and France were among the poorest job
ators and had above average rates of unem-
yment, but West Germany and Austria, both
l below the median in job creation, had low
es of unemployment in the twenty years ex-
ined in Professor Wilensky's study. His basic
ding is that demographic, social, and structural
ces within a society rather than macroeco-
mic government policies determine who will
ve jobs and who will not.
As Wilensky sees it, forcing mothers into the
market to feed their infants and toddlers at a
e when they would rather stay home and raise
m is an excellent way to drive down wages gen-
lly and to make the employment crisis worse.
is also a cruel and shortsighted family policy.)
ategies aimed at improving education and fam-
support in order to reverse the feminization of
poverty and "balance the demands of family and work and to avoid child neglect," as Wilensky puts it, will have a greater impact on the job market than policies designed to encourage private investment in job creation—lowering taxes, investment tax credits and other breaks, easing interest rates, and so on.

A recent study by Steven M. Fazzari for the Economic Policy Institute (based on data from firms that account for between 40 and 50 percent of all plant and equipment spending in the United States) lends support to this argument. Fazzari notes that "interest rates and the cost of capital play a very uncertain role" in investment decisions; these have much more to do with financial conditions and prospects of the companies than with interest rates. Fazzari's study suggests that cutting the deficit, a worthy objective under the right conditions, is not the way to put the country back to work.

WHILE PROPOSALS TO CONTROL POLLUTION SHOULD BE PUSHED, THIS MAY MEAN THAT EVEN MORE JOBS WILL BE LOST

According to the prevailing credo, however, the way to get more jobs is to enable entrepreneurs to keep more of their earnings so that they can invest them in job-creating technologies and expansion. In the Alice in Wonderland world of the 1980s and 1990s, it is ideologically sound to spend millions of dollars in taxpayers' money on "incentive packages" to lure corporations and the jobs they promise into a city or state, but it is politically incorrect for the government to act as employer of last resort, hiring unemployed young people to clean up cities, rehabilitate houses, visit the elderly, and the like.

Subsidizing corporations to make jobs is no answer. Unless long-term obligations are written into the deal, private companies are free to take the money and run once the benefits run out, and they do. Enforcing obligations on global companies is hardly easy. As global competition becomes fiercer, the odds are increasingly stacked against governments that try to buy jobs. Once the corporation has received the land, money, and tax breaks, company executives have every incentive to keep payrolls down. Flexibility, downsizing, outsourcing (hiring temporaries or subcontractors), automation, and relocation are the buzzwords of the day.

What remains? There are a number of sensible ideas for attacking aspects of the job crisis. None is a quick fix.

For example, shortening the workweek could encourage job sharing. This, in turn, would create more jobs, accommodate working mothers, and perhaps encourage the healthy notion that a job is not the whole of life.

Government programs that target poor neighborhoods, where unemployment may reach 40 percent, can help create some jobs if the goal is local self-reliance and the support is designed to enable people to make maximum use of the considerable skills, relationships, and savings that exist even in inner-city blocks from which drugstores and supermarkets have fled. There are now operating in the United States more than a hundred programs to furnish start-up capital for neighborhood businesses along the innovative model of the Grameen Bank in Bangladesh.

And small businesses begun with small amounts of capital, usually from relatives, make up much of the informal economy that is all that stands between millions of people across the world and starvation. This mix of off-the-books activities, ranging from sidewalk barbershops to global drug cartels, eases personal financial problems around the world. The drug trade aside, much informal-sector activity is legitimate, meets important human needs, and should be encouraged rather than repressed by governments.

IN THE END, THE JOB CRISIS RAISES THE MOST FUNDAMENTAL QUESTION OF HUMAN EXISTENCE: WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE?

The suggestions that Walter Russell Mead and other analysts have made to apply Keynesian full-employment policies on a global level are theoretically sound. There are no national solutions to the job crisis. Coordinated strategies at the global level are needed to promote the sort of world economic growth that avoids flooding the planet with goods and services far in excess of what people want or the planet can afford. The government of every industrial power, however, faces such acute problems that cooperation of this sort seems improbable at this time. Clinton's call for an international jobs summit at least makes the global dimension of the crisis more visible. Yet a concerted look at the job-destroying incentives built into the global industrial system and a cooperative strategy to alter this system may well be the only means for dealing with the very domestic political and economic problems that threaten world leaders with early retirement.

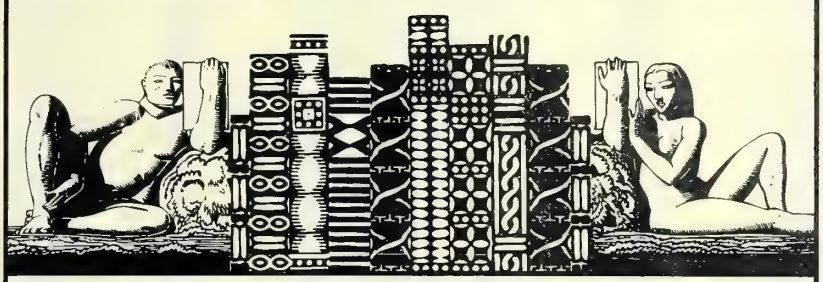
The lack of decently compensated jobs under decent working conditions is a global deficit so vast as to require fundamental rethinking about the global economic system itself. The global machine for producing goods and services in ever greater quantities depends upon a growing population of consumers with enough money in their pockets to keep the system going. Even the super-rich buy only a limited number of refrigerators and computers. Yet the pressures on the production system are pushing incc distribution in precisely the opposite directi While millions in the workforce dropped ou dropped down, the average CEO of a large U based corporation in 1992 was taking hc $3,842,247, a 56 percent increase from the p vious year. Between 1960 and 1992, the aver salary of a CEO jumped $3.6 million while average worker's pay rose from $4,665 to $24,4 The recent trend toward greater inequality the United States, and throughout much of rest of the world, means that the vast majorit the 8 billion human beings expected to be liv on the earth in the first quarter of the next c tury will be neither producers nor consumer the new global economy.

The global job crisis is the product of a va system that prizes the efficient production goods and services more than the human sp and of an economic strategy riddled with c tradictions. Contemporary society is built on a cial system in which the individual's liveliho place, worth, and sense of self are increasingly fined by his or her job. At the same time, jobs disappearing. The global economic systen fragile because it depends on growth fueled by expansion of consumption, but the fierce dr to eliminate work and cut wages is clearly not way to bring spenders to the car lots and sh ping malls. Except for cigarettes, Coke, an few other products, most of what the global p duction system disgorges is consumed by fe than 2 billion of the more than 5 billion peo who now live on the planet.

In the end, the job crisis raises the most f damental question of human existence: W are we doing here? There is a colossal amoun work waiting to be done by human beings—bu ing decent places to live, exploring the unive making cities less dangerous, teaching one other, raising our children, visiting, comforti healing, feeding one another, dancing, mak music, telling stories, inventing things, and g erning ourselves. But much of the essential activ people have always undertaken to raise and ucate their families, to enjoy themselves, to g pleasure to others, and to advance the general w fare is not packaged as jobs. Until we rethi work and decide what human beings are me to do in the age of robots and what basic econor claims on society human beings have by virtu being here, there will never be enough jobs.

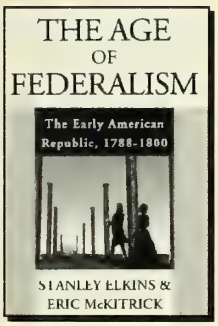
Some of the elements of a global strategy reorganizing work are beginning to take sha but politicians everywhere continue to prom prosperity without confronting the internatic al dimensions of the problem. We have yet summon the courage and imagination to f the human assault on human beings that we c the "job problem."

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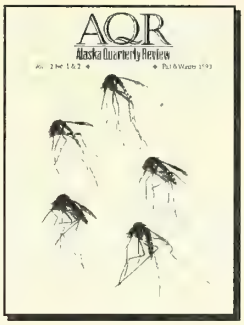


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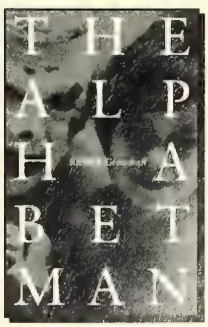
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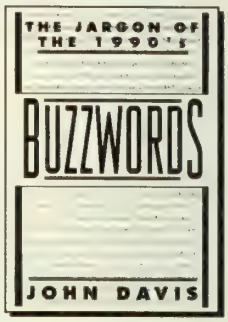
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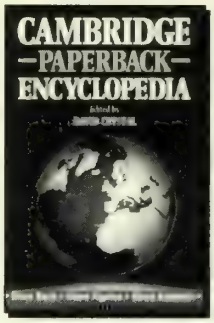


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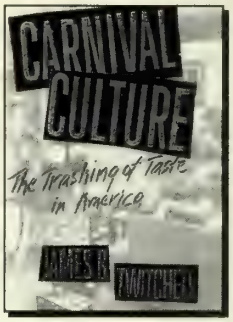
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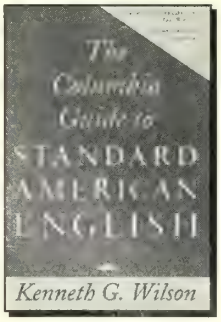


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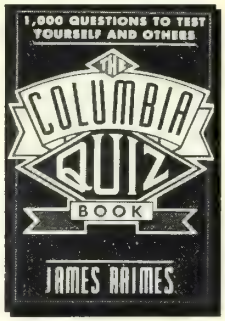
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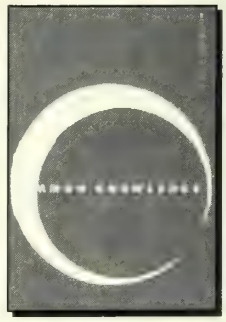
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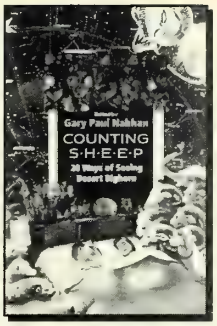


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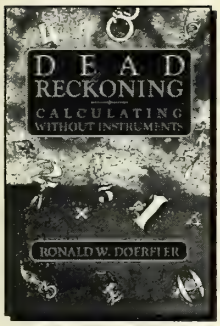
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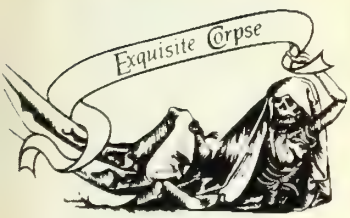
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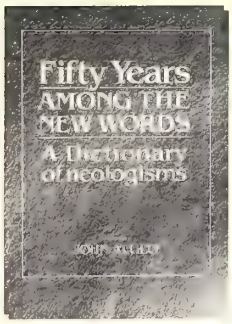
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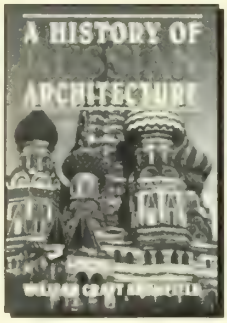
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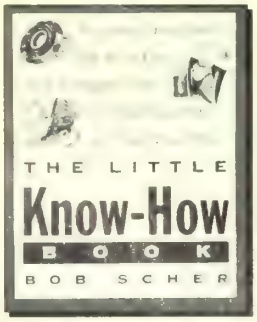
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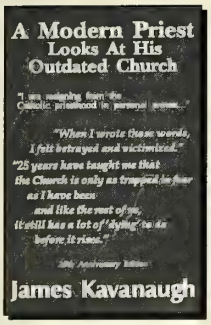


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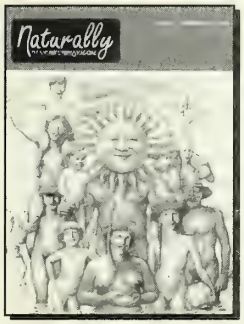


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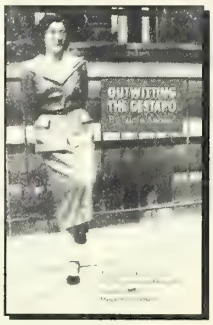
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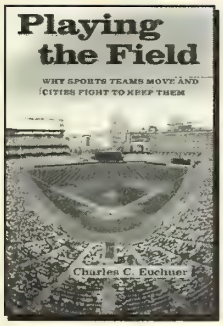
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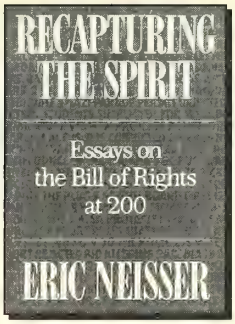
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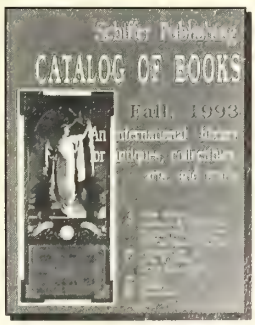
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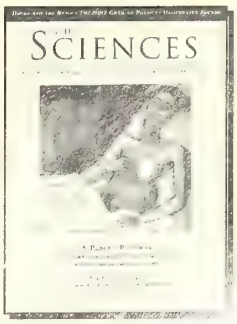
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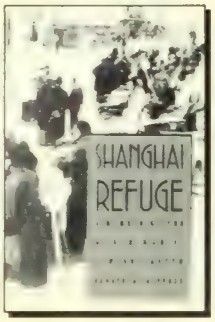


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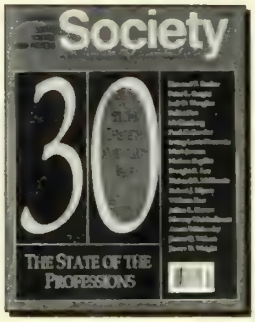


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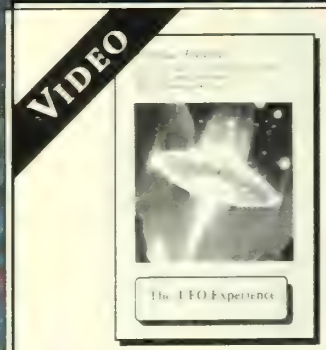
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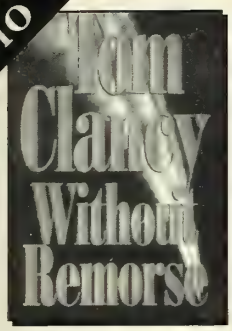
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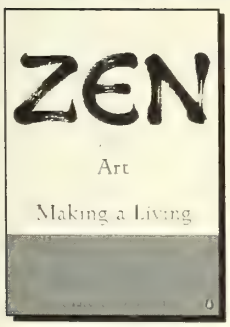


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THE AWAKENING OF MY INTEREST IN ANNULAR SYSTEMS*

By David Foster Wallace

In the winter of 1963 I remember I was eating lunch and reading something dull on temperature reactivity coefficients when my father came into the kitchen and made himself a tomato-juice beverage and said that as soon as I was finished he and my mother needed my help in their bedroom. My father had spent the morning at the commercial studio and was still all in white, with his wig with its rigid white parted hair, and hadn't yet removed the television makeup that gave his face an orange cast in daylight. I hurried up and rinsed my dishes in the sink and proceeded down the hall to the master bedroom. My mother and father were both in there. The master bedroom's drapes and the heavy lightproof curtain behind them were pulled back and the venetian blinds were up, and the daylight was very bright in the room, the decor of which was white and blue and powder blue.



My father was bent over my parents' large bed, which was stripped of bedding all the way down to the mattress protector. He was bent over, pushing down on the bed's mattress with the heels of his hands. The bed's sheets and pillows and powder-blue coverlet were all in a pile on the carpet next to the bed. Then my father handed me his tumbler of tomato juice to hold for him and got all the way on top of the bed and knelt on it, pressing down vigorously on the mattress with his hands, putting all his weight into it. He bore down l on one area of the mat and then let up and pi ed slightly on his knees bore down with equal v on a different area of mattress. He did thi over the bed, sometime tually walking aroun his knees to get at diffe areas of the mattress, t bearing down on them. member thinking the b ing-down action loo very much like the e gency compression heart patient's chest. member my father's ton juice had grains of pep ish material floating on surface. My mother standing at the bedr window, smoking a l cigarette and looking a lawn, which I had watered bef ate lunch. The uncovered win faced south. The room blazed v sunlight.

"Eureka," my father said, pres down several times on one partic

David Foster Wallace's last contribution to Harper's Magazine, *"Tennis, Trigonometry, Tornadoes," a memoir, appeared in the December 1991 issue. This story is excerpted from a longer work in progress.*

*From *The Chill of Inspiration: Spontan Reminiscences by Seventeen Pioneers of Cycle Lithiumized Annular Fusion*, ed. Dr. Günther Sperber, Institut für Ne nenphysik und Reaktortechnik, K forschungszentrum Karlsruhe, U.R.C 2002 by Springer-Verlag Wien, New Y

Illustration by Caty Barthol

There was a squeaking sound the mattress.
sked whether I could ask what oing on.
oddamn bed squeaks," my father He stayed on his knees over the articular spot, bearing down on eatedly. He looked up and over / mother next to the bedroom ow. "Do you or do you not hear " he said, bearing down and let- up. My mother tapped her long ette into a shallow ashtray she in her other hand. She watched ather press down on the squeak- pot.
veat was running in dark orange down my father's face from under gid white professional wig. My fa- served from 1963 to 1964 as the from Glad, representing what was the Glad Flaccid Plastic Recep- Co. of Zanesville, Ohio, via a fornia-based advertising agency. tunic, tight trousers, and boots the cy made him wear were also white. y father pivoted on his knees and ng his body around and got off the ress and put his hand at the small s back and straightened up, con- ing to look at the mattress.
This miserable cock-sucking bed mother felt she needed to hang o and bring with us out here for e sentimental value has started aking," my father said. His say- "your mother" indicated that he addressing himself to me. He held and out for his tumbler of toma- ice without having to look at me. tared darkly down at the bed. "It's ing us fucking nuts."
My mother balanced her cigarette er shallow ashtray and laid the ray on the windowsill and bent r the foot of the bed, bearing down the spot my father had isolated, it squeaked again.
And at night this one spot here ve isolated and identified seems to ead and metastisate until the ole goddamn bed's replete with eaks." He drank some of his toma- juice. "Areas that gibber and eak," my father said, "until we h feel as if we're being eaten by s." He felt along the line of his . "Boiling hordes of gibbering eaking ravenous rats," he said, al- st trembling with irritation.

I looked down at the mattress, at my mother's hands, which tended to flake in dry climates. She carried a small bottle of moisturizing lotion at all times.

My father said, "And I have personally had it with the aggravation." He blotted his forehead on his white sleeve.

I reminded my father that he'd mentioned needing my help with something. At that age I was already taller than both my parents. My mother was taller than my father, even in his boots, but much of her height was in her legs. My father's body was denser and more substantial.

My mother came around to my father's side of the bed and picked bedding up off the floor. She started folding the sheets very precisely, using both her arms and her chin. She stacked the folded bedding neatly on top of her dresser, which I remember was white lacquer.

My father looked at me. "What we need to do here, Jim, is take the mattress and box spring off the bed frame, under here," my father said, "and expose the frame." He took time out to explain that the bed's bottom mattress was hard-framed and known uniformly as a box spring. I was looking down at my sneakers and making my feet alternately pigeon-toed and then penguin-toed on the bedroom's blue carpet. My father drank some of his tomato juice and looked down at the edge of the bed's metal frame and felt along the outline of his jaw, where his commercial studio makeup ended abruptly at the turtleneck collar of his professional white tunic.

"The frame on this bed is old," he told me. "It's probably older than you are. Right now I'm thinking the thing's bolts have maybe started coming loose, and that's what's gibbering and squeaking at night." He finished his tomato juice and held the glass out for me to take and put somewhere. "So we want to move all this top crap out of the way, entirely"—he gestured with one arm—"entirely out of the way, get it out of the room, and expose the frame, and see if we don't maybe just need to tighten up the bolts."

I wasn't sure where to put my father's empty glass, which had juice residue and grains of pepper along the interior sides. I poked at the mattress and box spring a little bit with my foot. "Are you sure it isn't just the mattress?" I said. The bed frame's bolts struck me as a rather exotic first-order explanation for the squeaking.

My father gestured broadly. "Synchronicity surrounds me. Concord," he said. "Because that's what your mother thinks it is, also." My mother was using both hands to take the blue pillowcases off all five of their pillows, again using her chin as a clamp. The pillows were all the over-plump polyester fiberfill kind, because of my father's allergies.

"Great minds think alike," my father said.

Neither of my parents had any interest in hard science, though a great uncle had accidentally electrocuted himself with a field series generator he was seeking to patent.

My mother stacked the pillows on top of the neatly folded bedding on her dresser. She had to get up on her tiptoes to put the folded pillowcases on top of the pillows. I had started to move to help her, but I couldn't decide where to put the empty tomato-juice glass.

"But you just want to hope it isn't the mattress," my father said. "Or the box spring."

My mother sat down on the foot of the bed and got out another long cigarette and lit it. She carried a little leatherette snap-case for both her cigarettes and her lighter.

My father said, "Because a new frame, even if we can't get the bolts squared away on this one and I have to go get a new one. A new frame. It wouldn't be too bad, see. Even top-shelf frames aren't that expensive. But new mattresses are outrageously expensive." He looked at my mother. "And I mean fucking *outrageous*." He was looking down at the back of my mother's head. "And we bought a new box spring for this sad excuse for a bed not five years ago." He was looking at the back of my mother's head as if he wanted to confirm that she was listening. My mother had crossed her legs and was looking with [illegible] concentration either at or out the master bedroom window at one of [illegible] whole subdivision, Sepulveda Heights,

consisted of large prefabricated colonial homes ranged along the crest of a severe hillside, which meant that the view from my parents' bedroom was of just sky and sun and a foreshortened declivity of lawn. The lawn sloped at an average angle of fifty-five degrees and had to be mowed horizontally. None of the subdivision's lawns had trees yet.

"Of course that was during a seldom-discussed point in time when your mother had to assume the burden of assuming responsibility for finances in the household," my father said. He was now perspiring very heavily, but still had his white professional toupee on, and still looked at my mother.

My father acted, throughout our time in California, as both symbol and spokesman for the Glad F.P.R. Co.'s Individual Sandwich Bag Division. He was the first of two actors to portray the Man from Glad. He was inserted several times a month into a mock-up of a car interior, where he would be filmed in a tight trans-windshield shot receiving an emergency radio summons to some household that was having a portable-food-storage problem. He was then placed opposite an actress in a generic kitchen-interior set, where he would explain how a particular species of Glad Sandwich Bag was precisely what the doctor ordered for the particular portable-food-storage problem at issue. In his vaguely medical uniform of all white, he carried an air of authority and great evident conviction, and earned what I always gathered was an impressive salary, and received, for the first time in his career, fan mail, some of which bordered on the disturbing, and which he sometimes liked to read out loud at night in the living room, loudly and dramatically, sitting up with nightcaps and the letters long after my mother and I had gone to bed.

I asked whether I could excuse myself for a moment to take my father's empty tomato-juice glass out to the kitchen sink. I was worried that the residue along the interior sides of the tumbler would harden into the kind of precipitate that would be hard to wash off.

"For Christ's sake Jim just put that thing down," my father said.

I put the tumbler down over next to the base of my mother's dresser, pressing down hard to create a kind of circular receptacle for it in the carpet. My mother stood up and went back over by the bedroom window with her ashtray. We could tell she was getting out of our way.

My father cracked his knuckles and studied the path between the bed and the bedroom door.

I said I understood my part here to be to help my father move the mattress and box spring off the suspect bed frame and well out of the way. My father cracked his knuckles and replied that I was becoming almost frighteningly quick and perceptive. He went around between the foot of the bed and my mother at the window. He said, "I want to let's just stack it all out in the hall, to get it the hell out of here and give us some room to maneuver."

"Right," I said.

My father and I were now on opposite sides of my parents' bed. My father rubbed his hands together and bent and worked them between the mattress and box spring and began to lift the mattress up from his side of the bed. When his side of the mattress had risen to the height of his shoulders, he somehow inverted his hands and began pushing his side up rather than lifting it. The top of his wig disappeared behind the rising mattress, his side of which rose in an arc to almost the height of the white ceiling, exceeded ninety degrees, toppled over, and began to fall over down toward me. The mattress's overall movement was like the crest of a breaking wave, I remember. I spread my arms and took the impact with my chest and face. All I could see was an extreme close-up of the woodland floral pattern of the mattress protector.

The mattress, a Simmons Beautyrest whose tag said that it could not by law be removed, now formed the hypotenuse of a right dihedral triangle whose legs were myself and the bed's box spring. I remember visualizing and considering this triangle. My legs were trembling under the mattress's canted weight. My father was exhorting me to hold and support the mattress. The respectively sharp plastic and meaty human smells of the mattress and protector were very distinct becau
nose was mashed up against the

My father came around to m
of the bed, and together we p
the mattress back up until it st
ninety degrees again. We edged
fully apart and each took one
the upright mattress and began
eying it off the bed and out the
room door into the uncar
hallway.

This was a king-size Sim
Beautyrest mattress. It was m
but had very little structural inte
It kept curving and curling and
bling. My father exhorted bot
and the mattress. It was flaccid
floppy as we tried to maneuver i
father had an especially hard
with his half of the mattress's up
weight because of an old tenn
jury.

While we were jockeying it
side off the bed, part of the mattre
my father's end slipped and flo
over and down onto a pair of
reading lamps, adjustable cub
brushed steel attached by toggle
to the white wall over the head
bed. The lamps took a solid hit
the mattress, and one cube was r
ed all the way around on its togg
that its open side and bulb now p
ed at the ceiling. The joint and t
made a painful squeaking sound a
cube was wrenched around upv
This was also when I became a
that even the reading lamps wer
in the daylit room, because a
square of direct lamplight, its four
made slightly concave by the di
tion of projection, appeared on
white ceiling above the skewed
The lamps didn't fall off. The
mained attached to the wall.

"Goddamn it to hell," my fa
said as he regained control of his
of the mattress.

When the mattress's thickness n
it difficult for him to squeeze thr
the doorway while holding his end
father also said, "Fucking son of a

In time we were able to get my
ents' giant mattress out into the
row hallway that ran between
master bedroom and the kitche
could hear another terrific squeak f
the bedroom as my mother trie
realign the reading lamp whose
had been inverted. Drops of sw

alling from my father's face on-
side of the mattress, darkening
f the protector's fabric. My father
tried to lean the mattress at a
supporting angle against one
of the hallway, but because the
of the hallway was uncarpeted
idn't provide sufficient resistance
attress wouldn't stay upright. Its
m edge slid out from the wall all
ay across the width of the hall-
until it met the baseboard of the
site wall, and the upright mat-
top edge slid down the wall un-
e whole mattress sagged at an
mely concave slumped angle, a
ction of the woodland floral mat-
protector stretched drum-tight
the slumped crease and the
gs possibly damaged by the de-
ing concavity.

y father looked at the canted con-
mattress sagging across the width
e hall and moved one end of it a
: with the toe of his boot and
ed at me and said, "Fuck it."

y bow tie was rumpled and at an
e.

y father had to walk unsteadily
ss the mattress in his white boots
:t back to my side of the mattress
the bedroom behind me. On his
across he stopped and felt specu-
ely at his jaw, his boots sunk deep
oodland floral cotton. He said
:k it" again, and I remember not
g clear about what he was referring
Then my father turned and start-
unsteadily back the way he had
e across the mattress, one hand
nst the wall for support. He in-
cted me to wait right there in the
way for one moment while he dart-
nto the kitchen at the other end
ne hall on a very brief errand. His
dying hand left four faint smeared
ts on the wall's white paint.

My parents' bed's box spring,
ugh also king-size and heavy, had
below its synthetic covering a
den frame that gave the box spring
ctural integrity, and it didn't flop
lter its shape. After another bit of
iculty for my father—who was too
k through the middle, even with
professional girdle beneath his
d costume, to squeeze easily with
end of the box spring through the
room doorway—we were able to
the thing into the hall and lean it
vertically at something just over sev-
enty degrees against the wall, where it
stayed upright with no problem.

"That's the way she wants doing,
Jim," my father said, clapping me on
the back in exactly the ebullient way
that had prompted me to have my
mother buy an elastic athletic cranial
strap for my glasses. I had told my
mother I needed the strap for com-
petitive sports, and she had not asked
any questions.

My father's hand was still on my
back as we returned to the master bed-
room. "Right, then!" my father said.
His mood was now elevated. There
was a brief second of confusion at the
doorway as each of us tried to step
back to let the other through first.

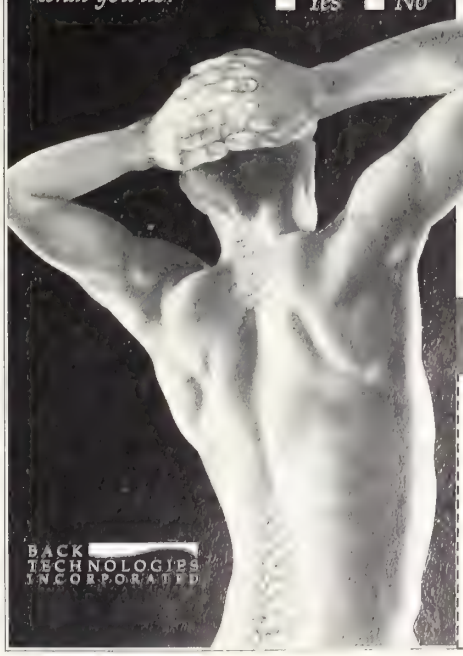
There was now nothing but the sus-
pect frame left where the bed had
been. There was something exo-
skeletal and frail-looking about the
bed frame, a plain low-ratio rectangle
of black steel. At each corner of the
rectangle was a caster. The casters'

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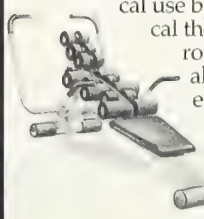
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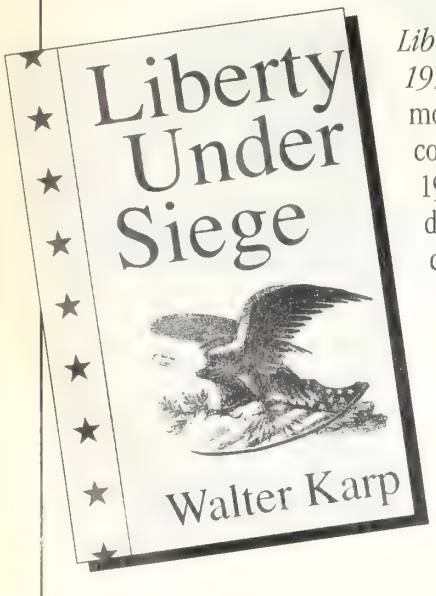
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wheels had sunk into the pile c
under the weight of the bed an
parents and were almost compl
submerged in the carpet's fibers.
of the frame's sides had a flat
protrusion welded at ninety degr
its interior's base, so that a single
angular narrow shelf perpendicu
the frame's rectangle ran all ar
the frame's interior. This little
was obviously there to suppor
bed's occupants and king-size
spring and mattress.

My father seemed frozen in p
I cannot remember what my mo
was doing. There seemed to be a
silent interval of my father loo
closely at the exposed frame. Th
terval had the silence and stillne
dusty rooms immersed in sunlig
briefly imagined every piece of fi
ture in the master bedroom cov
with sheets and the room unoccu
for years as the sun rose and cr
and fell outside the window,
room's daylight becoming staler
staler. I could hear two power
mowers of slightly different pitch
somewhere down our subdivis
street. The direct light through
master bedroom's window swam
rotating columns of raised dust.
member it seemed the ideal mor
for a sneeze.

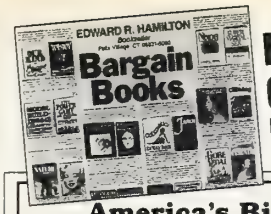
Dust lay thick on the frame
even hung from the frame's int
support-shelf in tiny gray beard
was impossible to see any bolts
where on the frame.

My father blotted sweat and
makeup from his forehead with
back of his sleeve, which was
dark orange with makeup. "Jesus
you look at that mess," he said.
looked at my mother. "Jesus."

The carpeting in my parents'
room was deep-pile and a darker
than the pale blue of the rest of
bedroom's color scheme. I remen
the carpet as more a royal blue,
a saturation level somewhere betw
moderate and strong. The recta
lar expanse of royal-blue carpet
had been hidden under the bed wa
self carpeted with a thick layer of
ted dust. The rectangle of dust
gray-white and thick and uneve
layered, and the only evidence of
room's carpet below was a faint
bluish cast to the dust layer. It loo

ıst had not drifted under the bed
ettled on the carpet inside the
but rather had somehow taken
ınd grown on it, upon it, the
mold will take root and gradu-
ɔver an expanse of spoiled food.
ayer of dust itself looked a little
ad cottage cheese. It was nau-
. Some of the dust layer's un-
topography was caused by
n lost and litterish objects that
ɔund their way under the bed—
watter, a roughly *Variety*-size
zine, some bottle tops, three
ed Kleenex, and what was prob-
ı sock—and gotten covered and
red in dust.
ere was also a faint odor, sour
fungal, like the smell of an
ısed bath mat.
sus, there's even a *smell*," my fa-
aid. He made a show of inhaling
ıgh his nose and screwing up his
"There's even a smell." He blot-
is forehead and felt his jaw and
ed hard at my mother. His mood
ıo longer elevated. My father's
l surrounded him like a field and
ed any room he occupied, like an
or a certain cast to the light.
/hen was the last time this got
ıed under here?" my father asked
ıother.
y mother didn't say anything. She
ed at my father as he moved the
frame around a little with his
, which raised even more dust in-
ıe window's sunlight. The bed
e seemed very lightweight, mov-
ɔack and forth noiselessly on its
rs' submerged wheels. My father
n moved lightweight objects
nd absently with his foot, the way
r men doodle or examine their
ɛles. Rugs, magazines, telephone
electrical cords, his own removed
. It was one of my father's ways of
ering his thoughts or trying to
rol his mood.
Jnder what presidential adminis-
ion was this room last deep-
ned, I'm standing here prompted
ıcking muse out loud," my father

looked at my mother to see
ther she was going to say anything
ɛply.
said to my father, "You know, since
e discussing squeaking beds, my
squeaks, too."



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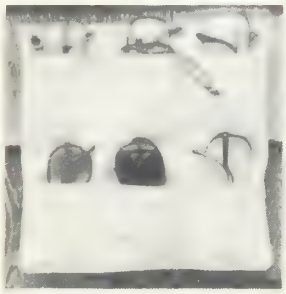
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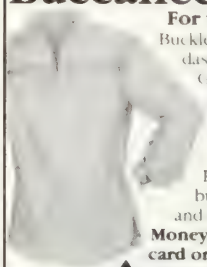
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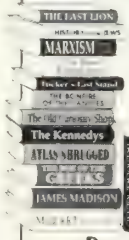
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My father was trying to squat to see whether he could locat bolts on the frame, saying some to himself under his breath. H his hands on the frame for ba and almost fell forward whe frame rolled slightly under his w

"But I don't think I even real ticed it until we began to discu I said. I looked at my mother. "I think it bothers me," I said. "A ly, I think I kind of like it. I thin gradually gotten so used to it th become almost comforting. A juncture," I said.

My mother looked at me.

"I'm not complaining about said. "The discussion just mad think of it."

"Oh, we hear your bed, don' worry," my father said. He wa trying to squat, which drew his c and the hem of his tunic up ar lowed the top of his bottom's to appear above the waist of his pants. He shifted slightly to poi at the master bedroom's ceiling. so much as turn over in bed up t Down here we hear it." He took steel side of the rectangle and s the frame vigorously, sending shroud of dust. The bed frame se to weigh next to nothing unde hands. My mother made a mustac her finger to hold back a sneeze.

"But it doesn't aggravate us the this rodential son of a whore here does." He shook the frame a

I remarked that I didn't think I' er once heard their bed squeak, upstairs. My father twisted his around to try to look up at me stood there behind him. But I sai definitely heard and could con the presence of a squeak when pressed on the mattress, and c verify that the squeak was no imagination.

My father held a hand up to si me to please stop talking. He rema in a squat, rocking slightly on the of his feet, using the rolling fram keep his balance. The flesh of the of his bottom and crack-area prot ed over the waist of his pants. T were also deep red folds in the bac his neck, below the blunt cut of wig, because he was looking up over at my mother, who was res her tailbone on the sill of the

Why We Need A Smaller U.S. Population And How We Can Achieve It

We need a smaller population in order to halt the uction of our environment, and to create an economy will be **sustainable** over the very long term.

We are trying to address our steadily worsening onmental problems without coming to grips with their cause – overpopulation.

If present immigration and fertility rates inue, our population, now over 254 million, will 400 million by the year 2050 – and still be ving rapidly!

All efforts to save our environment will ultimately be unless we not only halt U.S. population growth, but se it, so that our population can eventually be stabilized **sustainable** level – far lower than it is today.

The Optimum U.S. Population Size

The central issue is surely this: **At what size should seek to stabilize U.S. population?** Unless we know hat direction we should be headed, how can we possibly se sensible policies to get us there?

The size at which our population is eventually stabilized upremely important because of the effect of sheer bers of people on such vitally important national goals healthy environment, and a sustainable economy.

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How To Get There

Reduce annual immigration to about 200,000 so it is in rough balance with emigration (out-migration). n, immigration will no longer contribute significantly to population growth, as it does now.

Lower our fertility rate (the average number of children woman) from the present 2.1 to around 1.5 and maintain t that level for several decades. We believe that non-rcive financial incentives will be necessary in order to ch that goal.

If almost all women had no more than two children, fertility rate would drop to around 1.5, because ny women remain childless by choice, or choose to have more than one child. **We promote the ideal of the o-child maximum family as the social norm, cause that is the key to lowering our fertility.**

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NPG proposes these incentives to motivate parents to have no more than two children:

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- Give an annual cash grant to low income parents who pay little or no income tax, and who have no more than two children. Those with three or more would lose the cash grant entirely.

Two Vastly Different Paths Lie Before Us

With the reductions in immigration and fertility we advocate, our nation could start **now** on the path toward a sustainable, and prosperous, population of 125 to 150 million.

Without such a program, we are almost certain to continue our mindless, headlong rush down our current path. That path is leading us straight toward catastrophic population levels that can only devastate our environment, and produce universal poverty in a crowded , polluted nation.

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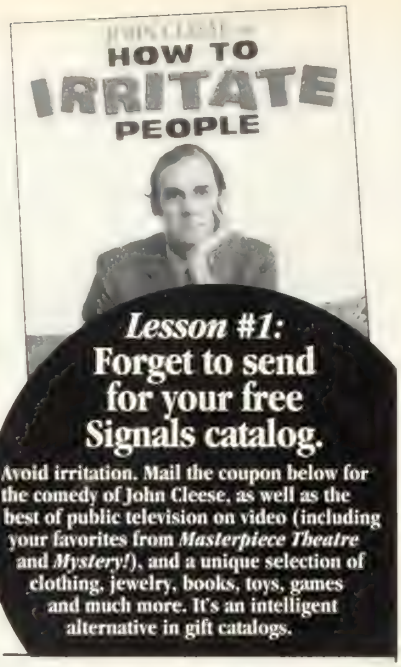
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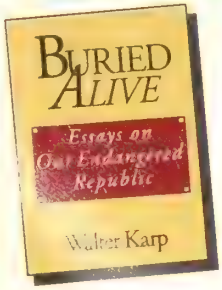
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dow, still holding her shallow as

"Maybe you'd like to go get th uum," he said. My mother put th tray down on the sill and exite master bedroom, passing betwe and the dresser piled with bec "If you can remember where it is father called after her.

I could hear my mother trying past the king-size mattress saggi agonally across the hall.

My father was rocking more lently on the balls of his feet, an the rocking had the sort of ro side-to-side quality of a ship in seas. He came very close to losi balance as he leaned to his rig get a handkerchief from his hip p et and began using it to reach ou flick dust off something at one c of the bed frame. After a momen pointed down next to a caster.

"Bolt," he said, pointing at the of a caster. "Right there's a bo leaned in over him. Drops of m ther's perspiration made dark coi the dust of the frame. There was r ing but smooth lightweight black surface where he was pointing just to the left of where he was p ing I could see what might have b a bolt, a little stalactite of clotted hanging from some slight protru My father's hands were broad an finger blunt. Another possible lay several inches to the right of w he pointed. His finger trembled ly, and I believe the trembling m have been from the muscular st on his bad knees, trying to hol much new weight in a squat fo extended period. I heard the teleph ring twice. There had been an tended silence, with my father po ing at neither protrusion and me tr to lean in over him.

Then, still squatting on the bal his feet, my father placed both ha on the side of the frame and lea out over the side into the rectangl dust and had what at first sounded a bad coughing fit. His hunched b and rising bottom kept me from wat ing him cough. I remember decid that the reason the frame was rolling under his hands' pressure that my father now had so much his weight on it, and that maybe my ther's nervous system's response heavy dust was a cough-signal inst

neeze-signal. It was the wet sound terial hitting the dust inside the ngle, plus the rising odor, that ied to me that, rather than cough- ny father had been taken ill. The as involved made his back rise all and his bottom tremble under hite commercial slacks. It was oo uncommon for my father to be n ill shortly after coming home work to relax, but now he seemed ve been taken really ill. To give some privacy, I went around the e to the side closest to the window, e there was direct light and less , and examined another of the e's casters. My father was whis- ng to himself in brief expletive ses between the spasms of his ill- I squatted and rubbed dust from all area of the frame and wiped dust on the carpet by my feet. re was a small carriage-head bolt ither side of the plating that at- ed the caster to the bed frame. I t and felt one of the bolts. Its d smooth head made it impossible er to tighten or loosen. Putting my ek to the carpet and examining ottom of the little horizontal shelf led to the frame's side, I observed the bolt seemed threaded tightly completely through its hole, and cided it was doubtful that any of casters' platings' bolts were pro- ing the sounds that reminded my er of rodents.

ust at this time, I remember, there a loud cracking sound and my n of the frame jumped violently as father's sudden illness caused him aint and he lost his balance and ched forward and lay prone and ep over his side of the bed frame, ich, as I rolled away from the frame I rose to my knees, I saw was now ner broken or very badly bent. My ner lay facedown in a mixture of rectangle's thick dust and the ma- ial he'd brought up from his upset mach. The dust his collapse raised s awful, and as the new dust rose d spread it attenuated the master droom's daylight as decisively as if cloud had moved over the sun in e window. My father's professional g had detached and lay scalp-up in e mixture of dust and stomach ma- ial. The stomach material appeared be mostly gastric blood until I re-

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Israel's "Right to Exist"

Is it important that the Arabs acknowledge it?

In the on-again/off again Mid-East Peace Conference, the Arabs, insist that meetings take place in Madrid, in Washington or some other locale far from the area of conflict. The Israelis wanted to convene in the respective capitals of the involved parties. It seemed like a reasonable suggestion. After all, Jerusalem is only 150 miles from Damascus, Syria, and only 80 miles from Amman, Jordan. But the Arabs did not accept that suggestion and insisted on a site as far away from home as possible. Why would they wish to impose such inconvenience on themselves? They believed that meeting with Israel in their respective capitals might by inference be considered as their recognition of Israel's existence.

What are the facts?

A Denial of Reality: Despite decisive military defeats in the wars that they have launched against the Jewish state, the Arabs deny the existence of the country that has inflicted such severe and repeated punishment on them. When it becomes inevitable to mention the Jewish state at all it is insolently referred to only as "the Zionist entity". This non-acknowledgement of Israel's existence is not simply a matter of semantics. Arab maps do not show Israel, but a vast area labeled as "Palestine". Cities such as Tel Aviv and Haifa simply don't exist. Arab school children have no "official" knowledge of the existence of Israel. Schedules of foreign airlines that show Israel on their route maps or that list Israeli destinations are not allowed in most Arab countries. Foreign publications print special editions for the Arab countries, since no publication carrying advertising of Israeli firms may appear in those countries. And, of course, tourists of any nationality may not enter most Arab countries if their passports show evidence that the holders have ever visited Israel, the "non-existent country".

> "Israel's existence is in no way dependent on the recognition of any Arab state. It's simple: Israel exists because it exists."

Israel Exists because it Exists: As an inducement to Israel for yielding lands that are absolutely indispensable for the country's defense, the "West Bank" and the Golan Heights, the Arabs now and then offer the possibility of the "recognition" of Israel's existence. The sad and almost incomprehensible aspect of that is that many well-meaning people in the U.S.,and in other countries believe that this might be an acceptable bargain for Israel. But it's a self-defeating exercise. Israel's existence is in no way dependent on the recognition of any Arab state. It's simple: Israel exists because it exists. Therefore, suppose that meaningful meetings came about between Israel and an Arab country, and suppose that an Arab diplomat would ask what Israel would be prepared to "give" if that Arab country would consider acknowledging Israel's existence. Israel should reply that it in turn would consider acknowledging that Arab country's existence. Or, Israel could declare a boycott of the Arab world and could offer to relax or to rescind such boycott in consideration of parallel gestures by that Arab country.

The bizarre concept of Israel's "non-existence" has been around for over forty years. Many have been led to believe that Israel should bring substantial sacrifices, so as to get the Arabs to acknowledge Israel's existence. It is often said that Israel needs to be "recognized" by the Arabs in order to "normalize her condition". But need not the Arabs, too, live in "normalized conditions"? And Israel is often promised that, in return for yielding vital strategic territory to the Arabs, she would be assured of "safe and secure borders". But don't the Arabs also need borders that are safe and secure? The Arab countries have come to believe that peace is only good and desirable for Israel. But it is surely at least as important for the Arabs, who have lived through five wars with Israel—the "non-existent country". Peace and prosperity can and will come to this troubled region only when the Arabs accept the reality of Israel's existence and negotiate with her in good faith.

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M	A	R	O	S	E	T	E	E	T	E	O	R	S

NOTES FOR "BY THE LETTERS"

Note: Anagrams are indicated with an asterisk (*)

ACROSS: A. C-PULCO(e)*; MM(ML)I-N; B. O-ROUGH; ARIZON(a); C. OBOL, two meanings; DE(DUE)R; D. SPONEE, hidden; RE-IS-ER (rev.); E. NIGH-TI(REV.); R-T-O-R-T-D, initial letters; F. I-RE-BO-X; STRAES*; G. REMLIN*; ST(R)ALE*; H. NOSING, two meanings; SOSONI*; I. FABLAU, hidden; GEN-UNE; J. AM(rev.)-BEAU; ER-BOAS; K. D-IRS; OUTTA*-E; L. S(P)OUSA; ARTICE*; M. ETEORS*; AROSET (rev.). DOWN: N. SI(GAL)S; MADAR*-I; O. MA(E)STR*; S(uspect)-EMIPR*; P. ERON, "Reno" turned inside out; B(ull)-LOO; Q. RO(yoU)IL reversed; BASUE(l)*; R. (ch)AISE; NOLO reversed; S. NO(rev.)-RED; T(A)RUE reversed; T. KNOERS*; EASE-NI reversed; U. CO(B)RN; FRORE, two meanings; V. IRE-O, PROE(m); W. BOT(I)E*; I-GAMS; X. HE-L-I; LUES, hidden; Y. CG-NETS; NASAER(g)*; Z. H-ORION; GULERS*.

SOLUTION TO AUGUST DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 128). (WILLIAM) GREIDER: WHO WILL TELL THE PEOPLE. When untutored public opinion expresses its desire for a progressive tax system, people are articulating commonsense wisdom that elites seem unable to grasp: As ordinary people understand it, the American economy cannot be considered healthy when most of its workers and consumers are not.

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called the tomato-juice beverag father had been drinking. He lay down, with his bottom high i air, over the side of the bed f which his weight had broken a in half. This was how I account the loud cracking sound.

I stood out of the way of the and the window's dusty light, f my jaw and examining my pro ther from a distance. I remembe his breathing was regular and we that the dust mixture bubbled s what. It was then that it occurr me that when I'd been supportin bed's raised mattress with my fac chest preparatory to its removal the room, the dihedral triangl imagined the mattress forming the box spring and my body ha in fact even been a closed poly the box spring and the floor I stood on did not constitute a co uous surface.

Then I could hear my mother t to get the heavy canister vac cleaner past the angled Simm Beautyrest in the hall, and I we help her. My father's legs stretched out across the clean r blue carpet between his side o frame and my mother's white dr His feet's boots were at a pigeon- angle, and his bottom's crack al way down to the anus itself was visible because the force of his fall pulled his white slacks down ever ther. I stepped carefully betwee legs.

"Excuse me," I said.

I was able to help my mothe telling her to detach the vac cleaner's attachments and hand t one at a time to me over the widt the slumped mattress, where I h them. The vacuum cleaner was m ufactured by Regina, and its cani which contained the engine, bag, evacuating fan, was very heavy. assembled the vacuum and hel while my mother made her way to across the mattress, then handed vacuum cleaner back to her, flatter myself against the wall to let her by on her way into the master b room.

"Thanks," my mother said as passed.

I stood there by the slumped m tress for several moments of a sile

nplete that I could hear the
lawn mowers all the way out
in the hall, then heard the
of my mother pulling out the
n cleaner's retractable cord and
ng it into the same bedside out-
steel reading lamps were at-
l to.
de my way over the angled mat-
nd quickly down the hall, made
p right just before the entrance
kitchen, crossed the foyer to
ircase, and ran up to my room,
several stairs at a time, hurry-
get some distance between my-
d the vacuum cleaner, because
und of vacuuming has always
led me in the same irrational
seemed a bed's squeak troubled
ther.
n upstairs and pivoted left at
stairs landing and went into my
In my room was my bed. It was
w, a twin bed, with a headboard
od and frame and slats of wood.
't know where it had come from,
ally. The frame held the narrow
pring and mattress much higher
e floor than my parents' bed. It
n old-fashioned bed, so high off
oor that you had to put one knee
the mattress and clamber up
it, or else jump.
at is what I did. For the first
since I had become taller than
arents, I took several running
s in from the doorway, past my
es' collection of prisms and lens-
d tennis trophies and the scale-
el magneto, past my bookcase
he closet door and my bedside's
-intensity standing lamp, and
ed, doing a full swan dive up on-
y bed. I landed with my weight
y chest and my arms and legs
rom my body on the indigo com-
r on my bed, squashing my tie
bending my glasses' templates
tly. I was trying to make my bed
uce a loud squeak, which in the
of my bed I knew was caused by
lateral friction between the wood-
lats and the frame's interior's
like support.
ut in the course of the leap and
dive, my overlong arm hit the
y iron pole of the high-intensity
ding lamp that stood next to the
The lamp teetered violently and
n to fall over sideways, away from

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Actual size: 11" x 14"

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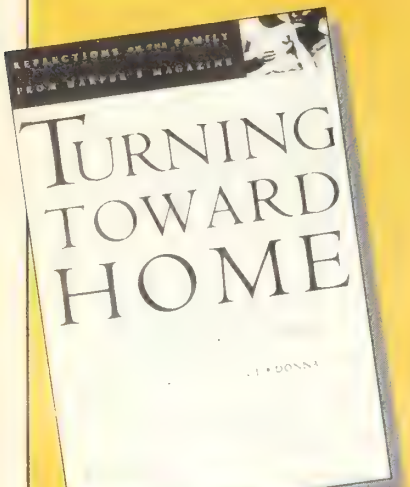
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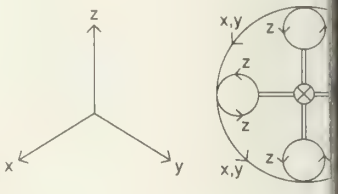
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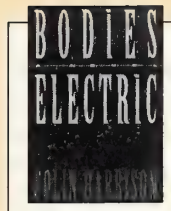
the bed. It fell with a kind of
tic slowness, resembling a fell
As the lamp fell, its heavy ir
struck the brass knob on the
my closet, shearing the knob o
pletely. The round knob and
interior hex bolt fell off and
room's wood floor with a lou
and began to roll around i
markable way, the sheared end
hex bolt stationary and the
knob, rolling on its circumfe
circling it in a trans-dimensio
bit, describing two perfectly c
motions on two distinct axes,
put the figure in a kind of cr
space, a non-Euclidean figur
planar surface:



The closest conventional ana
I could derive for this figure wa
cloid, L'Hôpital's solution to Be
li's famous brachistochrone pro
the curve traced by a fixed poi
the circumference of a circle r
along a straight line. But since he
my bedroom's floor, a circle was r
around what was itself the circu
ence of a circle, the cycloid's sta
parametric equations were no l
applicable, those equations' tri
metric expressions here beco
themselves first-order differe
equations.

Because of the lack of resis
or friction against the bare floo
shorn knob rolled in its descripti
this figure for a long time as I wa
over the edges of my comforte
mattress, holding my glasses in p
completely distracted from the
bling minor-key scream of the va
below. It occurred to me that th
percycloidic movement of the a
tated knob schematized perfectly
it would look like if someone we
some reason trying to turn somers
with one hand nailed to the f
This, as I recall, was when I firs
came interested in the possibiliti
annulation.

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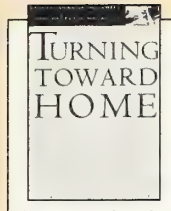
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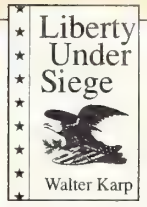
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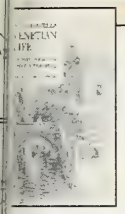
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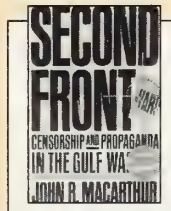
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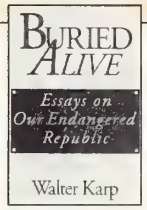
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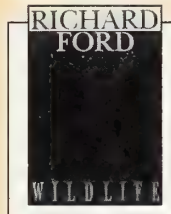
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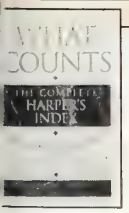
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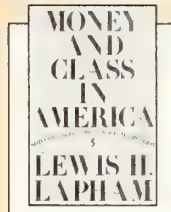
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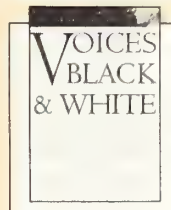
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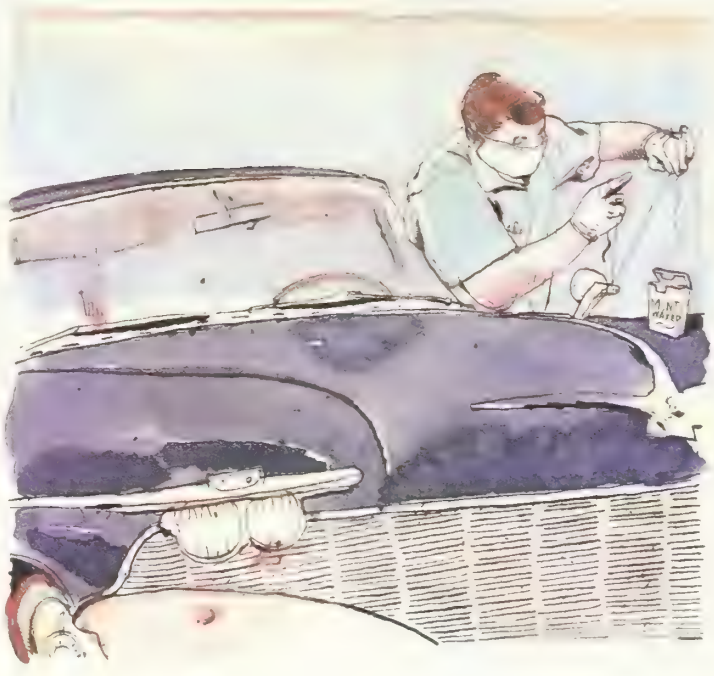
9/93

DEEP CLEAN

In Los Angeles, car washing gets beneath the surface

By Edward Zuckerman

Shortly after moving from New York to Los Angeles, I went to get my car washed. The price was $7.50, which seemed a little steep until I realized that this car wash was different from the car washes I had known in New York City. At this car wash, they washed the car.



In New York, my car had been dragged down a mechanical track and sloshed with soap and water. Then a handful of unmotivated employees had swiped at it with wet rags. I would drive off toward the Queensboro Bridge in a dripping, smudged car that was cleaner than it used to be, but not by much.

In Los Angeles, my car was set upon by what appeared to be an entire village of Central Americans. They vacuumed the interior, attacked the hubcaps with hoses and brushes, ran the car through a mechanical wash—and then washed it again by hand. While this went on, I passed the time browsing in the car-wash shop, inspecting the air fresheners and cassette-tape compilations of Elvis's greatest love songs, as well as earthquake survival kits, metallized packets of emergency water rations, and several books in the Tell-a-Maid series, which contain tear-out bilingual instruction sheets to be checked off and handed to Spanish-speaking household workers (e.g., "Please clean the baby from the waist down"). Then I joined my fellow customers on the car-wash veranda, where I relaxed with a shoe shine and an enchilada while I watched a man meticulously dry my 1984 Nissan Sentra. I tipped him a [illegible] and drove away fe[illegible] clean.

I had no idea [illegible] mistak[illegible] was.

Back in New[illegible] City, I had worked[illegible] writer of magazine[illegible] cles and non-fic[illegible] books. My most re[illegible] book concerned a [illegible] nessman who, I [illegible] tioned briefly, had [illegible] worked as a chi[illegible] breader at a Kent[illegible] Fried Chicken re[illegible] rant. The jacket co[illegible] the hardcover ed[illegible] identified him as a c[illegible] en *breeder*. I prote[illegible] this inaccuracy t[illegible] publisher. When th[illegible] perback came out, the cover featu[illegible] picture of a chicken.

The book got good reviews [illegible] the publisher sent me on a publ[illegible] tour. I was sitting in a hotel bar [illegible] night, preparing for my appear[illegible] on a Dallas morning talk sh[illegible] when programming on the bar [illegible] was interrupted to announce [illegible] start of the American air war aga[illegible] Iraq. I was bumped from the sh[illegible] My book sold 2,462 copies.

I decided to move to Los Angele[illegible] try my fortune as a television wri[illegible]

Not long after arriving, I hac[illegible]

Edward Zuckerman's most recent book is Small Fortunes: Two Guys in Pursuit of the American Dream *(Viking Penguin).*

Illustration by Barry [illegible]

tment at Steven Spielberg's
tion company, which is housed
wn hacienda on the Universal
rove up in my Sentra, and the
etly suited security guard as-
I was a messenger. I realized
is kind of thing could be a prob-
Los Angeles. I couldn't afford
a new car, what with the total
ercial failure of my book and
t I thought maybe I could get
ıe to look better. And so I even-
discovered "detailing."

ple in New York City do not
what car detailing is. If they
ny idea at all, they tend to think
olves the painting of fine deco-
lines on the hood and fenders,
that I believe is known as pin-
ıg.

ailing is the cleaning of a car
d all reason. It typically costs
or more, and it is routinely in-
d in by all kinds of people in Los
les. Rich executives have people
to their houses to do it once a
Secretaries (known, in Los An-
as assistants) have it done a cou-
times a year. The Yellow Pages
led with ads for detailers promis-
o employ toothbrushes and Q-
ın cleaning your car. There are
al specialists in the detailing of
cars (which have a stubborn
ency to highlight tiny imperfec-
in the finish) and many in the re-
al of "overspray," which is a
em you probably did not know
ıave. (Overspray is what the wind
carry onto your car in infinitesi-
quantities if someone is spray-
ting something a few blocks
.)

ıe parking lots at the movie studios
udded with mobile detailers erect-
anopies over cars they are about to
on (no decent detailer will work
rect sunlight; it makes the car too
o hold a proper wax job). One of
irst neighbors in Los Angeles was
ppy, disorganized woman whose
W lost its rear window in a crash.
ıths went by, and she never got
nd to getting the window replaced.
But once a month she had
the car detailed.

My television agent introduced
o a studio development executive
lk about turning my book into a
situation comedy. The executive told me that one of the joys of his life was that his job entailed meeting fascinating people like me, which in Hollywood is the equivalent of "Hello." He said he loved my book and that he would promptly negotiate an "if come" deal with my agent, which meant, as near as I could determine, that I would write a proposal for a situation comedy for free, and *if* his company sold the idea to a network, then some of the money it received would *come* to me. I wrote the proposal, and the executive loved it. I pitched it to his boss, and he loved it, too. He said, "Let's do it." Then nothing happened for a couple of months. I called the development executive. He said, "Oh, didn't you hear? We passed."

I took my car to Bill Larzelere, a car detailer of such excellent reputation that until recently his business had an unlisted phone number. He got more customers than he could handle through personal referral.

The recession put a dent in his prosperity—the waiting time to get your car cleaned by Larzelere has dipped to as little as a couple of weeks—so he put his number in the book. But there's still no sign to mark his establishment, just a blank concrete wall on a commercial strip in Burbank.

DETAILING IS THE CLEANING OF A CAR BEYOND ALL REASON. IT IS ROUTINELY INDULGED IN BY ALL KINDS OF LOS ANGELENOS

Behind the wall, I found Larzelere working on a partially disassembled 1972 Ferrari Daytona, a show car whose owner had recently driven it for the first time in fourteen years. From the open road he had taken it directly to Larzelere.

Larzelere explained, "When a car's like this"—i.e., driven—"you've got to semi-disassemble it to get it clean. You take the bumpers off, take the grille off, the wheels off." He pointed to the car's gleaming red body. "It has chips from pebbles and bugs," he said. I couldn't see any. "That's the biggest problem you get with driving them. That, plus they get dirty."

Larzelere, with neat graying hair and mustache, has an unassuming manner. He wears work pants and a work shirt with "Bill" in an oval stitched on his chest. His dogs wander around the shop, and there is a ferret in a cage. Counters are littered with brushes, rags, spray bottles, and rubber gloves. But the work is not casual. The day I visited, a bulletin board held a list of things to be done to a BMW, including "Replace frayed cloth tape around brackets on underside of vehicle."

Larzelere spends ten to twenty hours (at $25 per) on what he calls a "regular cleanup and polish." Treating the body paint is an eight-step process, starting with sanding and ending with glazing. Larzelere applies three layers of wax from the Brazilian carnauba palm, rubbing it in with a soft fabric used in sanitary napkins (he finds diapers too harsh). He washes the engine and the engine compartment, and he removes everything from the trunk, including the carpeting, to clean thoroughly there. He waxes the seatbelt hardware. He massages preservative into leather upholstery with his fingertips. He lines up adjacent screw heads so they point the same way. He does a lot of other things as well, and he does these things not only to old cars that his clients have been so audacious as to drive but also to new cars they bring him directly from dealer showrooms.

Larzelere's customers tend to be even fussier than he is. The owner of a black Porsche was driving through Hollywood one night when, Larzelere recalled, somebody threw "something syrupy, like Coke" onto his car. So he drove straight to Larzelere, arriving at the garage at 1:30 A.M. Larzelere was there (he often works late and sleeps at the shop). He spent an hour and a half cleaning up the mystery substance. He has also made emergency house calls to clients who have driven through puddles.

I asked Larzelere to have a look at my Sentra, which had deteriorated rather alarmingly, cleanliness-wise, in

the weeks since my $7.50 car wash, and hadn't really ever been much to look at. It was one of the cheapest cars sold in America when it was new. I'd bought it used for $1,700.

Larzelere walked toward it cheerfully. "Aha!" he said. "It's dirty. It's filthy. It's from New York." He peered at the paint on the roof. "It's oxidized." He rubbed a finger over the finish. "It's dirty, but it's not *just* dirty." He rubbed the dirt off his finger. "It's dull, chalky, flat."

He looked inside. "It's Japanese. Not top of the line. The fabrics, seats, are not good. There's a lot of plastic. The carpeting's not good. You haven't used mats." His tone wasn't *too* condemning.

He examined body nicks and dings and damage from the half-dozen break-ins the car had endured in New York. He was not happy to see bird shit on the roof. "Some cars," he reflected, "are used but not abused. This I have to categorize as abused." He said he could clean it up—or at least "get this in as good condition as you could get it"—for $700. That didn't include any repairs. If I wanted to cut corners, he'd do the exterior only for $450.

There was no hard sell. He didn't need the work.

I told him I'd think about it.

I was hired to write an episode for a network television show. Actually, in accordance with standard practice, I was hired to write an outline for an episode. If the outline was acceptable, I would be hired to go on and write the script.

I wrote the outline, and then rewrote it, under the direction of a producer who was also the wife of the executive producer. I followed all her instructions diligently and, when I was finished, waited anxiously to hear if I would be hired to write the script. One usually gets this news very quickly, because hour-long television shows are produced at the rate of one every eight days and the producers tend to start running out of scripts after the first few weeks of the season. Workable outlines are rushed to the next step. Unaccountably, I heard nothing.

Finally, I was summoned to a meeting at the show's production office. The producer under whom I had worked was not there, nor was the executive producer, but the rest of the writing staff assembled around me in a semicircle. I awaited their critique. Had I failed to make the story sufficiently emotional? Was the plot still too complex?

> THE GUATEMALAN SCRUBBED THE DASHBOARD WITH A TOOTHBRUSH AND CLEANED OUT THE HEATER VENTS WITH A Q-TIP

The highest-ranking producer present finally spoke. "Ozzie and Harriet [not their real names] are having marital problems," he said.

I didn't understand.

The executive producer had decided he wanted to divorce the producer who had supervised me. Naturally, he didn't want anything to do with the stories she had developed. The studio had spent thousands of dollars (thank God) for my outline. It was abandoned.

I decided to find a less lofty detailer than Bill Larzelere to work on my Sentra. Consulting the Yellow Pages, I settled on Detail Wizard. "Q-Tips and Toothbrushes Used!" its ad promised. "The Mobile Service That Brings Its Own Water & Power."

Two young men, an animated Salvadoran and a stone-faced Guatemalan, arrived in a van equipped with a water tank and a gasoline-powered generator to give my Sentra a $139 car wash. They erected a framework of pipes to hold a canopy over the car and began by straightforwardly washing it. This eliminated the bird shit on the roof, but it also exposed some rust spots I hadn't seen before. "The paint," pronounced the Salvadoran, who was the leader of the team. "Is not good." He said they would do what they could.

While the Guatemalan scrubbed my tires, then vacuumed and shampooed the interior of the trunk, the Salvadoran polished, glazed, waxed, and buffed my oxidized paint job. When he was done with a fer[ocious] invited me to compare it to th[e] To my amazement, it had lus[ter] car had never had luster.

Pleased by my reaction, th[e] vadoran turned confidently to [the] terior and said, "We have som[e] for the leather." He stoppe[d] when he saw that there was no l[eather] I asked if he would polish the [plastic] beads on the taxi-style seat [I] bought from a vendor at a stopl[ight] upper Manhattan.

The Guatemalan scrubbed th[e] board with a toothbrush and c[leaned] out the heater vents with a [Q-tip] Then he scoured the backseat [with a] stiff brush, removing a black sta[in] had come with the car. The Sal[vadoran] an polished the exterior key [marks] When they were finished, th[e car] looked great. I climbed in to d[rive] and found a greasy (but clear) fi[lm on] the steering wheel and dashbo[ard] little too much cleanser, I supp[ose] Then I glanced toward the wind[ow] the passenger door and was shoc[ked] see it missing. Had the men fro[m] tail Wizard smashed it and fled w[ith] copping? I looked again, carefull[y] window was there. It [was] clean it was invisible.

I read in *Variety* the other day [that] two animal movies in developm[ent] Fox. One concerns a pig who [becomes] as a policeman. The other stars [a] nine in a witness-protection pr[ogram] who goes to live with a dysfunct[ional] family." It seems the pig script w[as] working out, but "Fox desper[ately] wanted to make a pig movie." So s[omeone] one suggested revising the casti[ng] the witness-protection picture, ch[anging] ing the dog to a pig, and that's th[e] it's going to be, at least for now.

Most television writers, of co[urse] aspire to write features. I suppos[e] own ambition will eventually l[ead] that direction, but I ha[ve] quite worked up to it [yet]

I took my newly detailed car fo[r] expert evaluation to Bill Larze[lere] who does not conceal his contemp[t] most other detailers. ("Some of t[hem] can't even wash a car. You get b[uffer] swirls. You get polish in the cra[cks] That's not what it's all about.") I w[ant]ed to know what he thought of D[etail]

's work, and I was curious to what he would have done for nore.

pproached the Nissan with skep- and a wooden barbecue skewer. got the tires to look good," he l. (The Guatemalan had applied ment that turned them a solid black.) "They got the paint to y," he said. Then he peered close- e windshield wipers and the vent s beside them. "There are splat- polish here, here, here."

picked at them with a fingernail. ened the driver's door and found glue residue from an old oil- e sticker. He shook his head. is the big thing," he said. "They clean the rubber." He ran his along the rubber seal at the base windshield. It was streaked with He dug his skewer into the crack en the rubber and the glass, and nd black gunk.

ide the car, the news was better. eally pretty nice, considering ad it was. You didn't have mats. much did it cost?"

old him $139 plus tax and tip, e exhaled sharply, amazed. "You nly got your money's worth! It's for that!"

opened the hood and examined aint along the thin edge. "They buff through," he observed. And l, "Whether it was by accident or ve don't know," which struck me ittle ungenerous. But apparently narrow edges are notorious trou- ots, where careless detailers buff gh exterior coats. "That's one to ruin a $50,000 paint job," elere said.

cuse me?

seems the Ferrari I had first seen elere working on had a $50,000 t job from Junior's House of Col- hich is another southern Cali- fornia car institution. And another story.

A couple of months later, I found ly work in television. I sold my Sen- or $750, $50 more than Larzelere ld have charged to clean it, and ed a big American sedan. I drove it t five miles, from the dealership to house, and admired it gleaming in driveway. Then I called for somebody me over and detail it. ■

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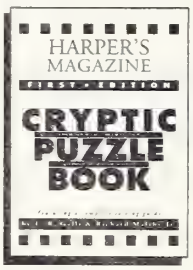


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LETTERS

Continued from page 6

twins I did not have a spare hand to write with.

Before my twins were born, my doctor prescribed bed rest. My days were long, and I had nothing to write about. When after the twins' birth I did have something to write about, I found myself facing not a pen and paper but a table on which sixteen bottles lay, with plastic bags on one side and sterilized milk on the other.

Some nights friends would visit. They would leave at eleven, heading for bed, and I remember thinking that for us the night was only just beginning. With twins, there is really no night. Each feeding lasts a long time. I remember one particular night:

It's 1:00 A.M. as I lie on the floor of their bedroom, each of them crying from hunger. Feed one? I think. (Which one? Try to be fair or they'll resent you for it one day, or will they?) Burp her? (But I am unsuccessful, for she's got the hiccups.) Leave her there? (Let her cry? Am I a bad mother?) Take her sister, feed her. All three of us are crying now. I'm trying to do my best. At 4:00 A.M., I finally put them down. I head for the kitchen and light a cigarette. I haven't smoked in almost a year, but I feel I've never deserved a cigarette more. My shift is over. That's how we've worked it, in shifts—one for me, one for my husband. Somehow it doesn't seem to work, for we're both exhausted. We try something else: a baby each. All night long. We take them in bed with us. It's the only way we can steal some sleep. My mother tells stories of babies being killed by their parents rolling over them in bed and suffocating them. At this point, I'm so sleep-deprived I don't care.

Two years have passed since then and we've managed to survive. My days are still very full, and even now there isn't one evening when I put the twins down for the night that I don't breathe a sigh of relief. At last, a little time for myself.

As Erdrich writes, "The world tips away when we look into our children's faces." There is no word strong enough to describe the love I have for my daughters. There is no greater love than this kind of love. A love in which you give and give and expect nothing in return. I love them more than myself, more than life. As I write this, I think of my two beautiful daughters and I have tears in my eyes. I fear something or someone will take them away from me because it can't be possible that I've deserved such happiness. They've made me irrational, paranoid at times, melancholic. They've also made me happy, beautiful, sensuous. They've made me complete.

Nicole Halpert
Montreal

Louise Erdrich's essay is a testimonial to the female struggle. After all, our work is never done. My washer and dryer are at war with each other, furiously bickering in the distance. Boiling water, burbling tomato paste, ground beef, spinach, carrots, lettuce, tomatoes. (Damn! I forgot the tomatoes.) Clothes, dinner, the cat, the dog, homework, Windex, the Dirt-Devil... my sanity. Robert Frost's words are recalled to me: "And miles to go before I sleep,/And miles to go before I sleep."

Michelle Jones
Moline, Ill.

The Face in the Mirror

As a longtime subscriber to *Harper's*, I have seldom been as moved by a piece as I was by Lucy Grealy's account "Mirrorings" [February] of what it was like to have her face disfigured by cancer when she was a child and to undergo subsequent reconstructive surgeries. Her singularly painful ordeal is unforgettable—both horrifying and inspiring. Much of her unique tale (not so ironically) is universal. As the current boom of psychological hype attests, we all have problems with "self-esteem." We're given messages of rejection that can limit both our self-image and our worldview. Then time may transfigure us, changing our appearance, visiting misfortune and suffering upon us, possibly affording us a deeper understanding. We endure birth pangs of identity—in Grealy's case, an es-

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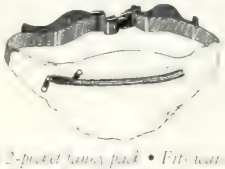
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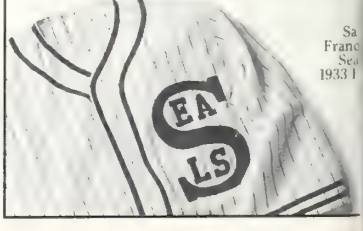
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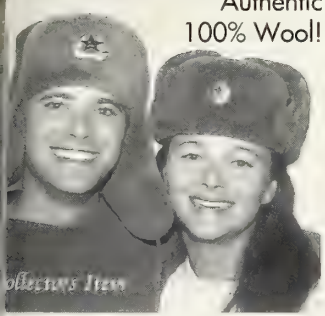
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Wasting No Time

After reading "Rear-action Avantgarde" [Readings, May], in which the artist Todd Alden proposes to collect the excrement of contemporary-art collectors, I feel compelled to offer an alternative view of human waste. When I got divorced in 1962, my children were twelve and nine. I was terrified of the responsibility. I had no work skills or experience and no college degree. I had been a housewife for twenty years. Nevertheless, I succeeded in getting a job in a medical research lab at UCLA as an electron microscopy technician. I worked forty hours a week and took care of myself and the kids.

I was doing very well on my own but, like most women at that time, I still felt that I needed a man to take care of me and the kids. After three years I got married again, gave up my job, and moved. That marriage lasted nine months. Again I needed a job. Electron microscopes were scarce then, and working with one was the only marketable skill I had. I made the rounds of laboratories in the area and was offered a job in a research lab.

The job, I discovered, was to weigh and analyze human feces. *Shit!* I had met the enemy and it was *shit*. I resolved that never again in my life would I deal, literally or figuratively, with *shit*.

The following week, at age forty-four, I enrolled in college, finished the B.A. degree I had begun many years before, went on to master's and doc-

Continued on page 86

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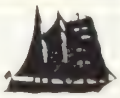
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LETTERS

Continued from page 81

toral degrees, and subsequen
came a college professor. I ha
realized that one never avoids
tirely but that improved status
come make it infinitely more t
and may even make it possible
vert it to fertilizer for one's gro
development.

Artist Todd Alden can elev
art and collect it; I will persist i
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waste and avoiding it whene
sible.

Constance Lindemann
Norman, Okla.

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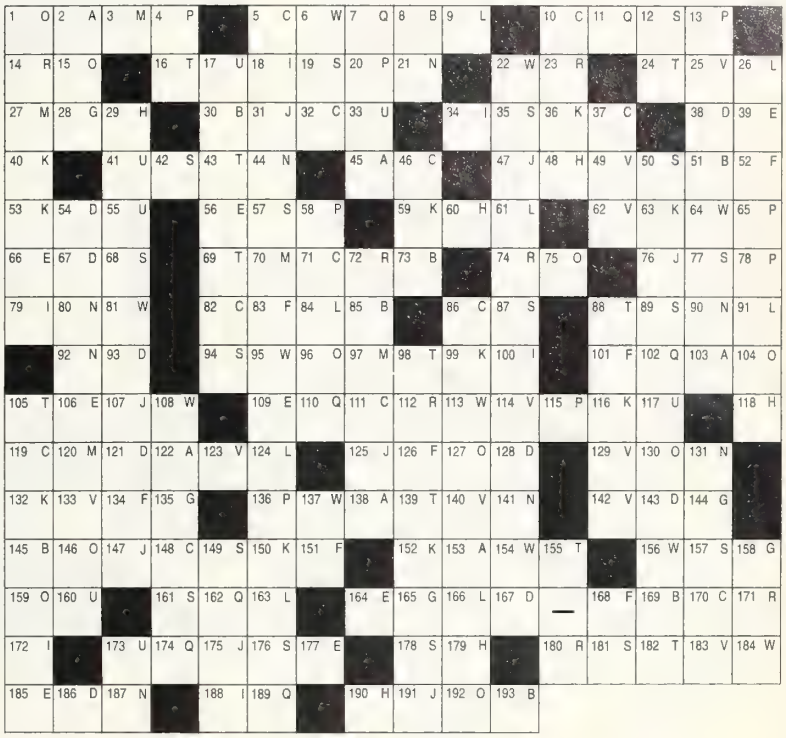
1 *Harper's* research; **2,3** U.S. Eq
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6 *Washington Post* poll; **7,8** Neigl
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DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 129

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper-right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 70.



CLUES — WORDS

A. Horrified — 2 122 153 45 103 138

B. 1936 Harold Lloyd film (2 wds. after *The*) — 30 169 8 193 73 145 51 85

C. Binoculars for indoor use (2 wds.) — 111 71 148 170 82 5 10 86 / 37 32 119 46

D. Lapses, spaces — 121 143 186 167 93 54 38 67 / 128

E. Discursive — 39 106 164 56 66 185 177 109

F. Aquatic plant having sharp-pointed leaves — 101 168 151 83 126 134 52

G. Consumers' pal, author of *Unsafe at Any Speed* — 28 165 144 135 158

H. Causes to appear small — 118 190 48 60 179 29

I. Cushionlike object for applying ink — 172 188 79 34 100 18

J. Figuratively, brutal military rule — 76 175 107 147 125 191 31 47

K. Serenity, self-possession — 40 63 150 59 99 116 132 53 / 152 36

L. Smoothly continuous — 9 163 84 26 166 61 124 91

M. Syncopated Brazilian dance of African origin — 120 27 97 3 70

N. "They shall see ___, when the Lord shall bring again Zion" (3 wds., Is., 52:8) — 141 187 80 44 92 21 90 131

O. Place for research — 159 146 1 75 192 96 104 15 / 130 127

P. Treachery — 78 13 58 115 65 4 136 20

Q. Spiritual renewal — 7 110 102 11 174 189 162

R. Undertaking — 180 74 23 171 112 72 14

S. 1934 Cole Porter hit from *Anything Goes* (7 wds.) — 157 19 94 161 77 50 176 181 / 12 89 42 87 35 149 68 / 178 57

T. Simple article of sleepwear — 155 98 16 24 182 43 69 139 / 105 88

U. Lay open; expose — 160 17 173 41 55 117 33

V. Judgment, assessment — 62 140 142 49 35 120 [illegible]

W. Barcelona-born "Rumba King" and graphic artist (full name) — 95 154 184 6 113 81 137 64 / 156 22 108

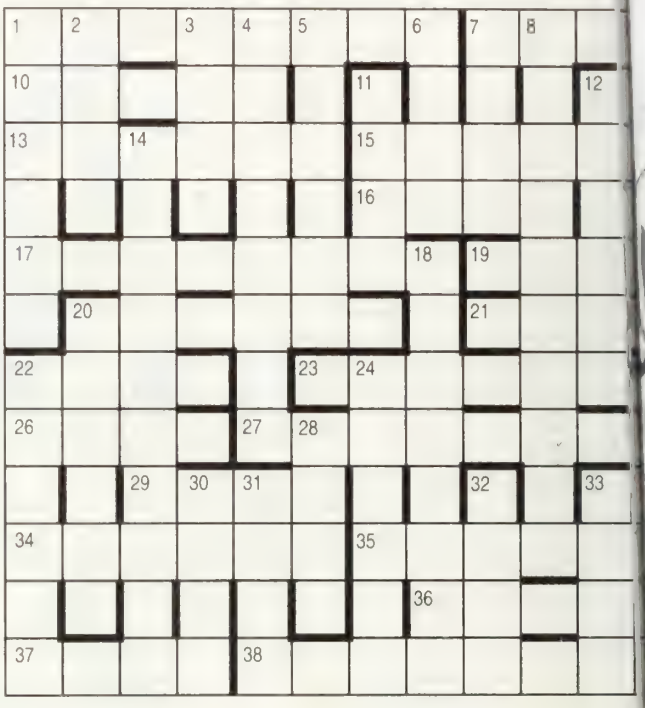
PUZZLE

Alter Later

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

Twenty-four clue answers must be altered before entry by switching the positions of two letters. Thus ALTER could become LATER, or ARTEL. The resultant twenty-four lights, all words, consist of twelve pairs symmetrically placed in the diagram.

Clue answers include one proper name; 17A is not in all dictionaries. Altered lights include four capitalized words, one of them a trade name, and a bit of Latin. Less than common words in the diagram include 15A, 36A, 4D, 8D, and 22D. The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 70.



ACROSS

1. Less apt to be shot surrounding red coats (8)
7. Empty like an egg after opening (4)
10. Tore off around stern of aircraft carrier (5)
13. L.A. Dodger escapes notice? Just the opposite! He stays (6)
15. Glacier is tricky in the middle—step back (6, *two words*)
16. Cardholder for skat? That's what it's said to be! (4)
17. Partially begun that chore, that which an English country roof repairer has to do first (8)
19. Pierce's vice president (4)
20. Is able to leave fifth of scotch, returning brandy (6)
21. Five leaving wild party dance (4)
22. Name for a Frenchman that's half turncoat (4)
23. Sailor hit road, ready for training? (6)
26. Show up without A&P fruit (4)
27. Drunken sprees—Penny's swallowed spirits (8)
29. Get even with Republican in row (4)
34. Almost hit it off with the man—corny idea (6)
35. Petty drunk let off (6)
36. Swindler makes thousand during carnival (5)
37. Curious how the great English poet starts back from the end (4)
38. Lack of effectiveness of traveling salesmen (8)

DOWN

1. Running record held by Flagstick? On the contrary! (6)
2. Place, in the variety show, the best turns (4)
3. Sets back S&L, for example (4)
4. Sharp taste's about representative for sea cucumbers (8)
5. Mistakes are brought up describing rotter (6)
6. Tony's shopworn? (4)
7. Leading sign of summer: love spread (4)
8. The king's aide takes offense concerning man of class (10, *hyph.*)
9. Setting up drink finally, inside shaken (6)
11. Treasury certificates marginally provided in upturn (4)
12. Divine guidance ultimately used in playing cards (6)
14. Meaning is turned around? No, it was expiatory (10)
18. Endless commotion over Turner's resembling a round figure (8)
20. Christmas display cut short one's belief about church (6)
22. What goes with British tea after MP drops bottles (6)
24. Where a lunatic may be blamed wrongly (6)
25. Very French sex appeal upset state (6)
28. Men, we're not finished with Catholic upraising (4)
30. Heads off hick by being distasteful (4)
31. Spare list (4)
32. Duck somewhat stealthily (4)
33. Idle, say, getting handouts in Hawaii (4)

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "Alter Later," *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. Winners' names will be printed in the November issue. Winners of the July puzzle, "Double Dealing," are Brenda Brody, Westport, Connecticut, Trudy J. Kuehner, Philadelphia, and Shayna B. Kravetz, Toronto, Canada.



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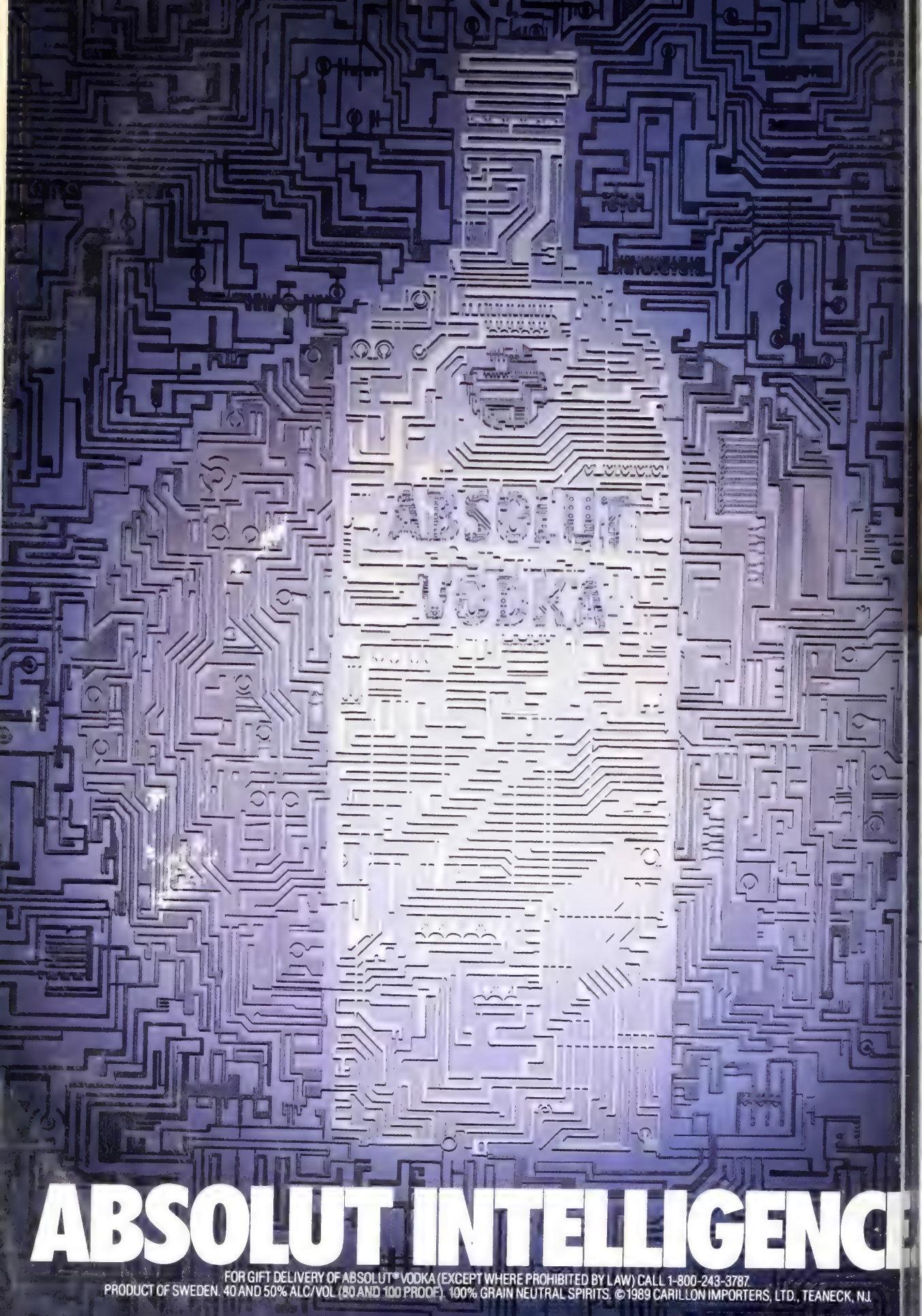
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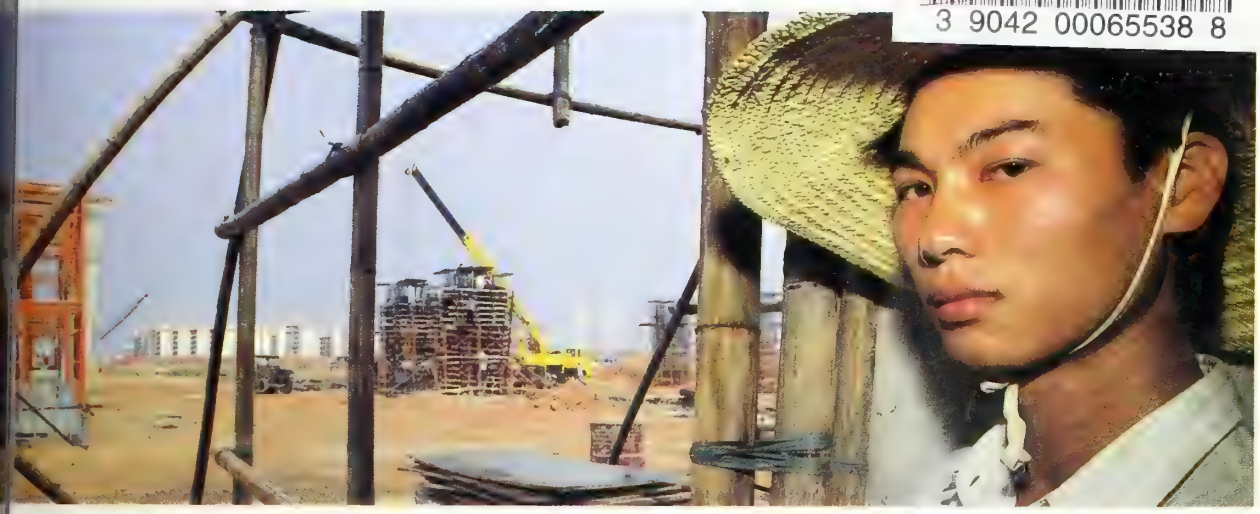
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GOING TO SEE THE DRAGON

A Journey Through South China, Land of Capitalist Miracles, Where Yesterday's Rice Paddy Becomes Tomorrow's Metropolis, and a Thousand Factories Bloom

By Paul Theroux

◆

FAULTY DIAGNOSIS

Why Clinton's Health-Care Plan Won't Cure What Ails Us

By Willard Gaylin, M.D.

A NOTE ON THE TYPE

...m Carlson

..., Robert Olen Butler,
...cts for peace in the Middle East

◆



When David McDavid became a Saturn retailer, his TV co-star ok some time off to dig holes and get his belly scratched.

Like a lot of car dealers, David always believed his commercials st weren't any good without some kind of animal in them. So Vide Track," his advertising, uh, *bark*sperson, has had the job, over the ars, of representing all of David's different dealerships.

It was a good fit. David sold cars the way his Daddy taught him (You trade 'em, swap 'em, and deal 'em"), and people pt coming in—to shake the dog's paw and maybe y a car. David sold a lot of cars that way, but he dn't necessarily like the way it felt. It was just the ay things in the car business had always seemed to work.



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After some skepticism ("Y'all couldn't sell picnic baskets to a ngry bear."), David decided to give Saturn a try. These days, e're happy to say, David wouldn't do business any other way, and 'Wide Track is getting in some quality time with his bone collection. He doesn't mind. He was never much of publicity hound in the first place.

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LETTERS

Does America Need a Holocaust Museum?

Philip Gourevitch fails to grasp the importance of Washington's new Holocaust Memorial Museum ["Behold Now Behemoth," July], which is to remind Americans of the depths of depravity in human nature and of the compelling need for an American foreign policy guided by idealism.

Stalin observed that the death of one man is a tragedy but the death of one million is a statistic. Gourevitch argues that, similarly, the graphic displays of the suffering of Holocaust victims desensitize viewers to the enormity of the Holocaust. I believe, to the contrary, that the museum's design and exhibits commemorate not an abstract statistic but rather the lives and suffering of real people.

Moreover, this memorial is essential to prevent the process of historical compression from erasing the Holocaust from our national consciousness. It is sobering to consider that a child born today will likely find the narrative of World War II condensed into a few pages in a history book, with the Holocaust merely summarized in one or two paragraphs.

If we hope to learn lessons from the Holocaust—and particularly from the moral failure of America and other nations to intervene—we must not allow those events to fade from our collective memory. More than any other single act, the opening [illegible] Holocaust Memorial Museum e[illegible] that those events will not.

Orrin G. Hatch
United States Senate
Washington, D.C.

The thesis advanced by [illegible] Gourevitch that a Holocaust [illegible] um is not necessary, particul[illegible] the United States, is fallaciou[illegible] cause the countries directly re[illegible] sible for the Holocaust have [illegible] interest in erecting a museu[illegible] document this most disturbing [illegible] of modern European civilizat[illegible] was incumbent on the United S[illegible] as the leading exponent of h[illegible] rights, to record man's inhuman[illegible] man.

With the passage of time, th[illegible] for this record grows. As docun[illegible] in a recent book by Deborah L[illegible] stadt, *Denying the Holocaust: The r[illegible] ing Assault on Truth and Memo[illegible]* ranks of the Holocaust revisionist[illegible] increased dramatically over th[illegible] fifteen years, as the few survivr[illegible] that era slowly disappear. Many f[illegible] most virulent revisionists not on[illegible] in the United States but also [illegible] their propaganda to similar g[illegible] throughout Europe, particularly i[illegible] many, Austria, and France. Such [illegible] based organizations include the [illegible] Aryan Movement, the Liberty [illegible] and the Institute for Historic[illegible] search. The combination of su[illegible] ganizations and the lack of edu[illegible] about the Holocaust in our scho[illegible] tems has resulted in an electorate[illegible] up of more than 20 percent who [illegible] the Holocaust occurred and ar[illegible]

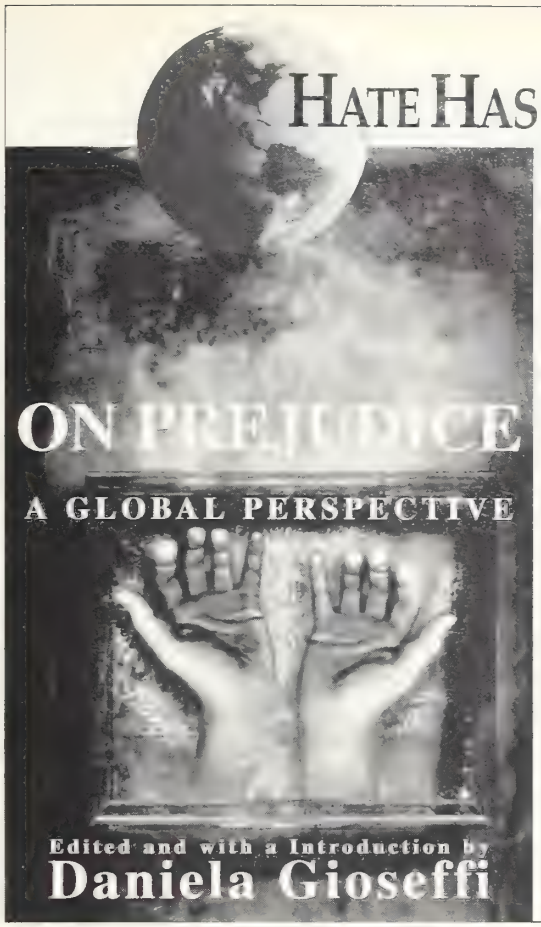
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:ent who are not sure or not suf-
y informed to render an opinion.
his in mind, there should be no
:nt that a permanent American
:n showing the absolute proof of
ror and dimensions of the Holo-
s required.

Marans
Spring, Md.

is deeply shocked to read Philip
vitch's words: "...a program of
idal extermination mandated
nplemented by every organ of a
n-state ... has never entered the
of possibility" in this country.
in quibble over "every organ,"
e fact is that the United States
ed an entire branch of the mil-
–the cavalry—to exterminating
e Americans.
is wasn't a war of mere conquest.
oldiers' motto was "The only
Indian is a dead Indian." When
ayoneted Native American ba-
hey'd say, "Nits make lice." A
te trick was to wait till the war-
ad gone hunting, then move in
laughter all the women, chil-
and old people.
e first use of germ warfare in the
came when the U.S. government
ingly gave "gifts" of smallpox-in-
blankets to peaceful Indians. The
e was racial annihilation. Indi-
ere also herded into camps and
d, driven on long marches through
until they dropped dead from ex-
ion, or (in Mexico) forced into at-
farms with the expressed goal of
ng them to death. Entire tribes—
e nations—have been deliberately
extinct. Isn't this a holocaust?
fore Columbus, our continent
population equivalent in size to
eval Europe. Before Columbus,
ico City was the most densely
lated city in the world. Now Na-
Americans comprise only a mi-
fraction of the population. Elie
el once asked racists who denied
ccurrence of the Holocaust, "If
e was no Holocaust, then where
ur grandparents?" Similarly, Na-
Americans may ask, "If there was
merican Holocaust, then where
ur people?"

res J. Nurss
eley, Calif.



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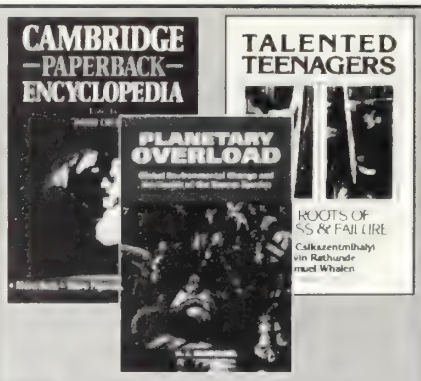
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Like Philip Gourevitch, I ob
Washington's Holocaust Me
Museum. But my objection is t
Holocaust was *only one* genoci
that it was *the only* genocide,
twentieth century. What's wro
forcing us to remember the Hol
Because we are thus invited to
all the others. In fifty years of
again," we have evidence that
man Mao replaced Stalin as the
est mass murderer of all time, bu
Hitler to third place. And we
that almost a quarter of Cam
population was slaughtered by
morseless teenagers of the K
Rouge within the lifetime o
Americans.

It is true that starvation kille
of these people, and we can in
that to be less deliberate than t
dustrial processes the Nazis usec
though both were the results o
ernment policy. Nonetheless, a r
substantial number of Arme
kulaks, Jews, Chinese, and Car
ans have been killed. We in Ar
may not have the predisposit
build a Treblinka, but we do ha
of guns and remorseless teenag
use them. If we need to be rem
of something, we need to be re
ed of that.

Daniel J. Lynch
Tucson, Ariz.

I am a Jewish American, bor
the Holocaust but educated ab
from an early age. Though m
family came to America befo
turn of the century, the Holocau
ry was one that I knew and
about. It was a part of me. In th
ly 1980s I made a pilgrimage to
tral and Eastern Europe to visit
of the sites where the Holocau
taken place. I traveled to nine
tries, visiting seven concentr
camps as well as such places as
Frank's house, Westerplatte, Bas
and the Nuremberg courtroom
starkest memory is of the bins o
sonal effects at Auschwitz: roo
shaving brushes, eyeglasses, s
locks of hair—all mute testam
the magnitude and the intima
the killing. I then understood
deeply what had happened.

Philip Gourevitch loses me

y in his claims that the Holo- was a European event and that, at its utter worst, America is a where the Holocaust has never ed the realm of possibility. Non- It has always been in the realm sibility. Putting aside the various sanctioned atrocities of which ica is guilty, the Holocaust mat- us because it was first and fore- a *human* event. To view it in any terms is to be as blind and arro- as the Europeans who were sure t couldn't happen there. If San- a wasn't dead right about re- ng history's mistakes, he certainly t dead wrong. People *are* capable ong emotion: hatred, violence, er, genocide. It could happen One should be sure to look in the r before asserting the transcen- e of the American soul.

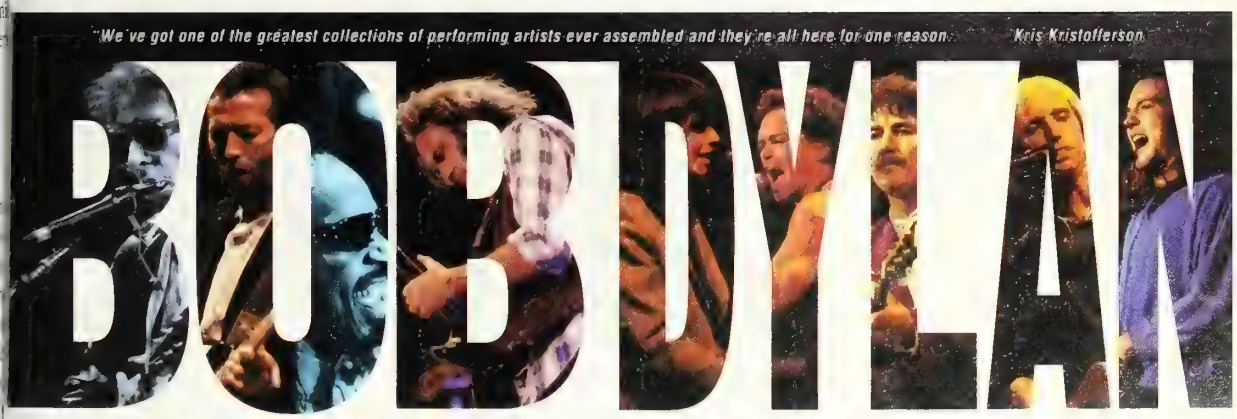
nally, why does Gourevitch so be- ge the tourists their visits to the caust museum? In reading the es- kept hearing a voice, an indig- , petulant voice, saying, *It's mine. an't have it. You can't understand it. If you take it, you'll change it. You won't experience it exactly how I want you to experience it. You'll ruin it. So you can't have it. It's mine.* Yet the identity cards, the film clips, and the rest belong to us all. If the museum experience is at times overpowering and just plain sickening, so be it: so was the Holocaust itself. Fortunately, the new museum in Washington is documentary; it endeavors to give us the experience in all but the most literal terms. That's the difference between recounting and reliving, a distinction Gourevitch loses. In our image-saturated culture, it is easy to confuse an image with the thing it represents. The "constant recycling of slaughter" that he bemoans is actually only the constant replay of an image of slaughter. If I were a victim of the Holocaust—already a leap of imagination Gourevitch would deny me—I would want my name and my suffering to be remembered.

Barry Mann
San Diego

Memories of an Aerospace Childhood

David Beers's father is absolutely right to wonder "whether the Cold War wasn't 'a con on a global scale' " ["The Crash of Blue-Sky California," July]. Take, for example, the notion that there was a Moscow-directed threat to the "internal security" of the United States in the late 1940s. More than twenty years ago, in *The Truman Doctrine and the Origins of McCarthyism*, Richard Freeland demonstrated that something quite different was, in fact, the case: the Truman Administration initiated such measures as the Federal Employees Loyalty Oath (executive order 9835, March 21, 1947) and the Attorney General's List of Subversive Organizations—not to combat Soviet-inspired subversion but in order to win the support of a hostile Republican-controlled Congress for such expensive and unpopular measures as the European Recovery Program.

One of Truman's advisers who most



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strongly urged this bargain was Clark Clifford. Nonetheless, the selfsame Clark Clifford confirmed the accuracy of Freeland's diagnosis when, in 1978, he told journalist Carl Bernstein that "the President didn't attach fundamental importance to the so-called Communist scare. He thought it was a lot of baloney.... There was no substantive problem.... It was a political problem. I don't believe any of us ever felt really threatened, Carl. I don't believe anything there constituted a genuine threat" (Carl Bernstein, *Loyalties*, pp. 197–98).

More recently, in *Harry S. Truman and the War Scare of 1948: A Successful Campaign to Deceive the Nation*, I present the evidence that the Truman Administration, in March 1948, invented a war scare from whole cloth in order, among other things, to bail out the aircraft industry—the same industry that employed the father of David Beers—from the certain bankruptcy that otherwise awaited it. Although all intelligence reports flowing into Washington, D.C., before, during, and after the war scare maintained that the Soviet Union was far too devastated from World War II even to *consider* launching an aggressive war, Truman and his top officials (especially Secretary of State George C. Marshall and Secretary of Defense James V. Forrestal) sought to dupe Congress and the public by stating exactly the reverse. In the atmosphere of panic and hysteria fomented by Truman's startling revelation that the Soviets were about to launch World War III with an attack on Western Europe, opposition to the administration's rescue of the aircraft industry, to a military buildup, and to foreign-aid measures simply evaporated. Clark Clifford, who had also pressed *this* tactic on Truman, was confident about what the outcome would be: "In times of crisis, the American citizen tends to back up his President." What Clifford somehow neglected to add was that it didn't even matter if the "crisis" in question were completely imaginary. "A con on a global scale" charitably understates the extent of the fraudulence.

Frank Kofsky
Professor of History
California State University
Sacramento, Calif.

Duck Daffy!

I don't often write letters to [e]itor, but the photograph on pa[ge] the July issue under the c[ap]tion "DETHPICABLE!" inspired m[e] the photograph to be lewd, t[a]te and offensive.

If I wanted to see pictures [of] male anatomy, I would subsc[ribe] magazines whose business it is [to] vey such images to the public[.] scribe to *Harper's* because of [its] utation and tradition as a fir[st-] publication whose business is [to] purvey such images to the p[ub]lic. am disappointed by the edito[rial] cision to publish the pictu[re.] wonder how the decision wa[s] fied. Has *Harper's* lost its mor[al] pass?

Is this picture the beginnin[g] erosion of the values that mak[e] *er's* the fine publication that [it] the values that created the imp[act] reputation it holds among Ar[ti]periodicals?

Barbara P. Fleming, Ph.D.
Yellow Springs, Ohio

After I thtopped laughing t[hat] hilariouth photograph of "Daf[fy] mi" by Keith Boadwee on pag[e 2] the July issue of *Harper'th*, I wa[th] denly thiezed by a thenth of ur[gency] *I muth write them quickly*, I th[ought] *to gainthay what will thurely be th[e] derouth cathcade of proteth[ts] fr[om] prudth and idiotth among thei[r] thcriberth!*

Tho, to thethe thqueamish[ly] theriouth people I thay, "Pith[aw]

(One can't help but wond[er] long they *thtared* at thith pict[ure] fore dethiding they were u[n]th Thecondth? Minuteth?)

Anyway, it wath wonderful [to] thomething tho refreshing [as] erodokth and funny in thith[is] querulouth prothcription. An[d] I athk you, ith funnier than a[ny] penith?

Keep your edge, *Harper'th*. [To] the latht left with any keen a[nd] approved thenth of humor.

The photo wath a thcream.

Thintherely,

Jason Scott Bell
Afton, Vt.

NOTEBOOK

Washington phrase book

By Lewis H. Lapham

dest, wisest politician grows not uman so, but is merely a gray rat at last.

—Henry David Thoreau

ast year's presidential campaign the hope of moving the nation- ernment in some sort of new di- n, and if none of the candidates fix the precise compass bearing, it they were sure that it pointed rom politics as usual, away from indless extravagance of a feck- id spendthrift Congress. The mo- vas approved and seconded by iblic-opinion polls (almost all of n indicated profound disgust with atus quo in Washington), but ap- tly it was meant to be seen and eard. As I listened to this summer's e about President Clinton's bud- its virtue and presumed benevo- , its theory of deficit reduction, its g from the rich and giving to the —I wondered what had become of e navigational charts and maps. election had come and gone, and iew direction was the old direc- Here were the same feckless and dthrift politicians, not yet six hs in office, demanding even more ey (approximately $241 billion in ional tax revenues) in return for ame dubious promises to restrain expenditures over the next five by the sum of $255 billion.

heir specious accounting was as fa- ir as their smiling sophism, and al- gh I could admire their gall, I found ird to imagine the audience that had in mind. Were they talking to themselves, or did they serious- elieve that the American people e likely to grant them immunity the laws of cause and effect? Maybe thought that the language spoken Vashington was so heavily encrust- ith euphemism that it defied trans- n into the vulgar dialects spoken where in the country. The latter sup- position prompted me to make occasional notes on the speeches in progress during the months of June and July, and by August 6, the day that Congress ratified the President's budget (by a margin of one vote in both the Senate and the House of Representatives), I had worked out the meanings of a few of the principal words and phrases. On the assumption that the government will continue to find itself hard-pressed for money, I offer the definitions as program notes for what is likely to become a continuous performance of the Washington vaudeville revue variously entitled "Directions Lost" or "Promises Deferred." As follows:

TAX AND SPEND—What all elected politicians do for a living. An occupation, like nursing or carpentry, not an ideological program.

BUDGET PROJECTIONS—Federal arts projects, in which the numbers express the authors' indifference to money as well as their contempt for the bourgeois taxpayers who supply them with funds. In October 1990, President Bush also promised a $500 billion deficit reduction over five years in return for a tax increase. Even as soon as 1991, he said, the deficit would dwindle to the modest sum of $63.1 billion. Six months later, after receiving the favor of a higher tax rate, the government reported the 1991 deficit at $318.1 billion, and by the end of 1991 the sum had been raised to $384.6 billion—an error of $321.5 billion over the span of a single year's accounting.

GRIDLOCK—A comfort presented as an affliction. When speaking for the record, even a first-year congressman can be counted upon to nominate the condition as the chief obstacle to the just reforms that otherwise would take place no later than next Wednesday afternoon. Speaking privately, all present welcome the condition as the best of the available excuses for the failure to act. Inaction is always preferable to action because actions of even the smallest and most hesitant kind (subtracting the subsidy from the suppliers of mohair or closing down an ancient submarine base) imply friction, and friction is un-American because friction translates into resentment, and resentment loses votes. The trick is to convey the impression of progress and change while preserving the freeze-frame of the status quo. The adepts learn to speak of "processes," "structures," and "empowerments"; to postpone decision by referring the questions at hand to another committee, another authorization, another hearing, another signature. When properly managed, gridlock carries everybody safely forward to the out years.

THE OUT YEARS—The imaginary moment in time, invariably after the next presidential election, when the government reduces its expenditures and pays its debts. The most reliable authorities fix the happy day at a distance of four or five years in the future, and then only if the Congress still remembers that it was once moved by a vision of monastic simplicity.

As distinct from the spending cuts that occur in the out years, the higher tax rates take place in the world of historical event, retroactive to January 1, 1993.

THE DEFICIT—The dogma or slogan that serves as Washington's replacement for the Cold War. Not one politician in fifty can explain the theory of deficit reduction, but then neither could one politician in fifty explain the mystery of supply-side economics or the mechanics of the hydrogen bomb. Why quarrel with a great truth in which the public wishes to believe and for which it stands willing to pay?

SACRIFICE—Various forms of financial discipline applicable to the Amer-

ican people as a whole, not to the political hierarchies in Washington. Although the exercises are best performed by "the wealthy," they also can be practiced by "the middle class." The members of Congress often wish that they, too, could make sacrifices, but the burden of keeping up the appearances of good government obliges them to forgo the domestic pleasures available to ordinary citizens.

The Congress in 1992 allocated $2.7 billion to the cost of its own privileges and comforts. The comparable sum in 1970 amounted to $353 million; in 1980, to $1.2 billion. No other form of public expenditure has expanded at so grandiose a rate. Over the course of the last twenty years, Congress has increased the spending on itself by 705 percent—more than twice the 280 percent rise in inflation or the 311 percent rise in the defense budget. Each member of Congress (435 U.S. representatives and 100 senators) receives an annual salary of $133,600, but the pay is augmented by perquisites (pension plans, health insurance, etc.) worth an additional $23,500 a year. The pensions, far more generous than those offered in private industry, allow quite a few of the members to retire with as much as $100,000 a year, and they support a good many other members with as much as $2 million over the course of their retirement. Together with the routine luxuries of free parking, subsidized meals, gymnasiums, attending physicians, valets, florists, and hairstylists, Congress provides its members with the services of several dozen video producers, who arrange their publicity, and at least four upholsterers, who tend their office furniture.

TAXABLE INCOME—A donative granted by the state to a fortunate but sometimes ungrateful citizenry. What is given also can be taken away, and if the state imposes a retroactive tax or subtracts a percentage from a social security pension, it is because the state always has better uses for the national revenue than do the people from whose labor it is derived.

GUT-WRENCHING DECISION—[illegible] paper term for a Democratic [illegible] cian's choice between two cat[illegible] of self-interest. Which course o[illegible] most harms his or her chance[illegible] election—a vote that risks the[illegible] of the electorate or a vote that p[illegible] reprisals from the White Hou[illegible]

SOUND FINANCE—Lesson tau[illegible] precept rather than by exampl[illegible] American citizen who modelec[illegible] her financial dealings on those[illegible] American government would[illegible] clared bankrupt or be convicted [illegible]

ECONOMIC THEORIES—Acqu[illegible] reasons of convenience or fash[illegible] if they were hats or scarves. Di[illegible] theories come into vogue with[illegible] ent seasons or administrations[illegible] taxes or low taxes, deficit spen[illegible] fiscal restraint, Great Society [illegible] World Order), and any or all o[illegible] can justify the demand for mor[illegible] ey, more grandeur, more marbl[illegible] body in Congress needs to know[illegible] the words mean. What is impor[illegible] that the money continues to ar[illegible]

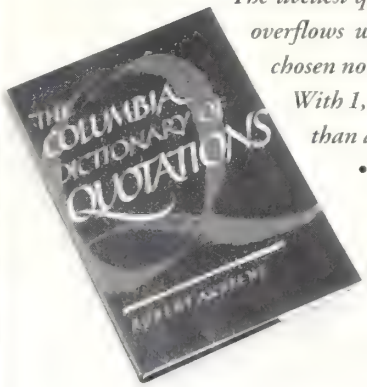
Q: Which is the only quotation book that gives you:

Ruth Bader Ginsberg on abortion: "The emphasis must not be on the right to abortion but on the right to privacy and reproductive control." **Alice Walker on Sundays:** "Anybody can observe the Sabbath, but making it holy surely takes the rest of the week." **Marcel Proust on happiness:** "Happiness serves hardly any other purpose than to make unhappiness possible."

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UNIVERS[illegible]
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amounts sufficient to fund the
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: and the rights of the unborn.

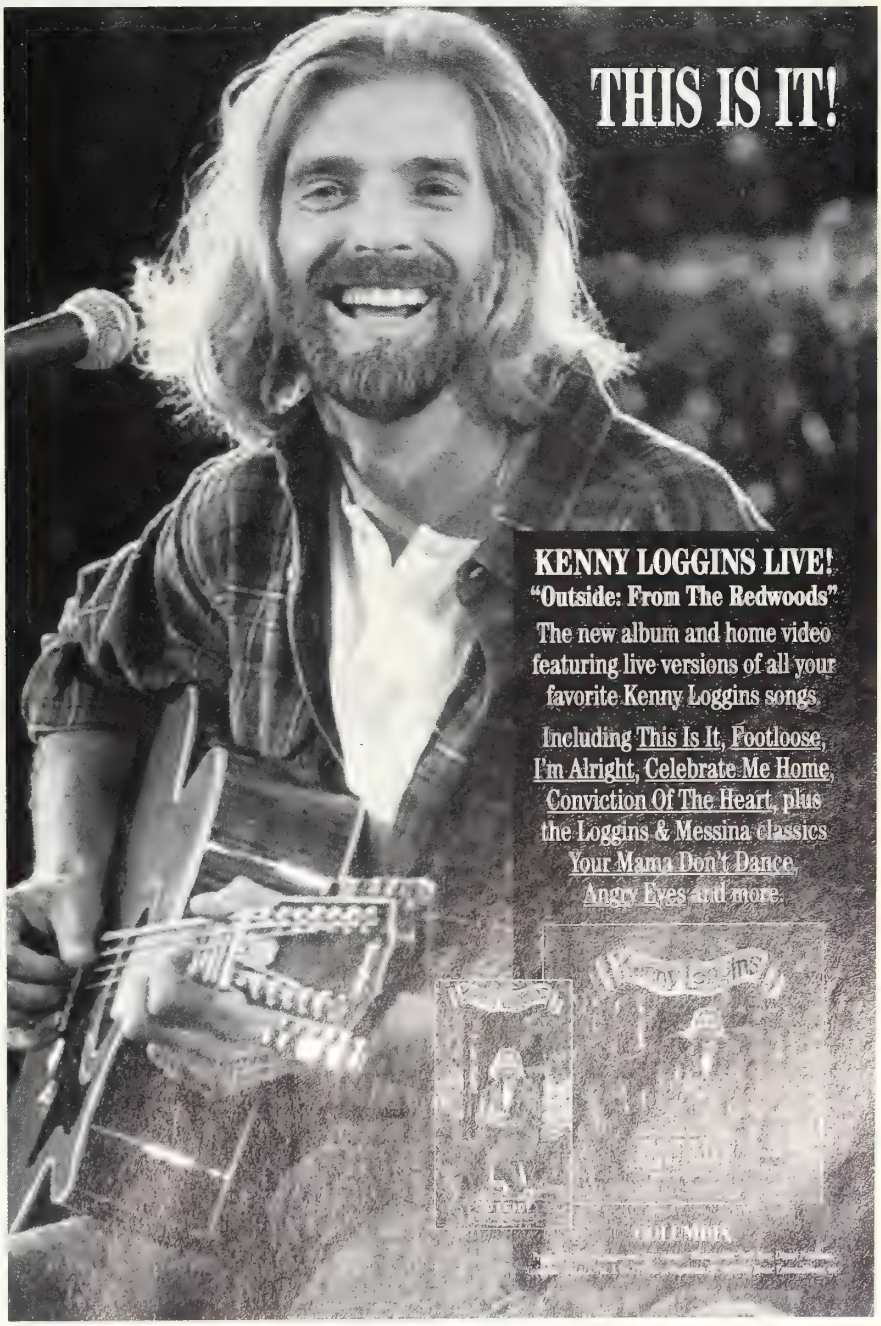
AMERICAN PEOPLE—Admired
ccessively praised as an abstrac-
ut distrusted when encountered
son. Too many of them cling to
perstition that their money is
own.

NGRESSIONAL DEBATE—Ritual
mances meant to sustain the be-
democracy. Like the church,
overnment derives its income
he tithes imposed on the faith-
nd in a democracy the faithful
e the proofs of principled dis-
ment and plain argument. All
nt on Capitol Hill share the same
t need for money, but in order to
n it they must make a successful
of their differences of opinion,
oring one another with the props
atchphrases of political truism.
n necessary, they exchange parts
everse their theories of the pub-
ood. Championing President
's $500 billion deficit reduction in
utumn of 1990, Senator Bob Dole
ansas employed the same argu-
s that he condemned as ruinous
when they were presented by
dent Clinton, almost word for
, in the summer of 1993.

ne older and more antic politi-
s in Congress sometimes have
le keeping a straight face when
ing their lines. On a television
show in late July, Senator Daniel
ck Moynihan, who was charged
overseeing the passage of Presi-
Clinton's budget into law, bare-
uld restrain his laughter when
tioned by his hosts about the
edness of the deficit. I remem-
d seeing the same glint of humor
is expression when we had been
duled to appear on the same radio
ram some years ago in New York.
ile we were passing the time in
green room, Moynihan observed
no politician could possibly know
nderstand everything that his au-
nces expect him to know or un-
tand. He ran through the long list
bjects on which he was supposed
e fully and definitively informed—
cation, health care, foreign policy,
hway construction, the multipli-
cation of cancer cells—and then he laughed at the absurdity of the proposition. "The thing is impossible," he said, "but I'm not allowed to admit that it's impossible. If the people guessed how little their rulers know, they might become frightened."

Given the expectations of infallibility, Moynihan said, the rulers of the state must pretend to know what they are doing or saying, and so government becomes representative in the theatrical, not the constitutional, sense of the word. "It's like a fourth-grade Christmas play," he said. "The little boy comes out onstage wearing a crown of paper stars and saying that he's the north wind. I do the same thing when I stand in front of a microphone and answer questions about the intelligence services or what happened to the Cold War."

He laughed again, more merrily than before, and when he was called into the studio, he paused in the doorway to strike a theatrical pose. Looking over his shoulder, he said, "Enter the north wind." ■





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HARPER'S INDEX

Number of trips Bob Dole has made to New Hampshire and Iowa so far this year : 8

Number of the three tax increases supported by Ronald Reagan or George Bush that Dole voted for : 3

Rank of *High Noon*, among Bill Clinton's favorite movies : 1

ntage of Americans who believe that Clinton's advisers make "most of the important decisions in the White House" : 59

Percentage who said this about Ronald Reagan's advisers ten years ago : 58

Change in funding for the Star Wars defense system in the 1994 budget : –$669,795,000

Change in funding for ground-based-missile defense systems in the 1994 budget : +$704,976,000

Ratio of the number of U.S. troops stationed in Iceland to the number stationed in Cuba : 4:3

Percentage change, since 1987, in the number of foreign firms registered in Cuba : +200

Percentage change, between 1991 and 1992, in foreign investment in China : +155 (see page 40)

Percentage of all shares of Japanese corporate stock that is owned by other Japanese companies : 70

Percentage change, since 1987, in U.S. pension assets invested in non-U.S. equities : +350

Chances that an American has never heard of the North American Free Trade Agreement : 2 in 5

Portion of the 107,000 manufacturing jobs lost in California since 1987 that went to Mexico : 1/6

Chances that a U.S. resident is foreign-born : 1 in 13

Chances in 1910 : 1 in 7

entage change, since 1983, in the number of Harvard freshmen identifying themselves as "Native American" : +100

Chances that an American adult under the age of 30 believes that Columbus "discovered America" : 2 in 3

Chances that an American over the age of 30 believes this : 1 in 2

Portion of the U.S. pumpkin crop that is canned : 1/3

Percentage of Missouri's corn crop destroyed by rain and flooding this year : 40

Percentage of South Carolina's corn crop destroyed by heat and drought : 66

umber of the 60 gardeners employed by the Mirage Hotel in Las Vegas who are responsible for artificial plants : 12

Number of emergency-room admissions last year for injuries involving houseplants : 2,421

Number of admissions for injuries involving pillows : 5,840

Number of U.S. doctors whose surname is Nurse : 3

Average amount a U.S. funeral parlor charges for makeup and hairstyling, per customer : $92

Chances that an Azerbaijani man has a mustache : 2 in 3

Chances that an Azerbaijani has at least one gold tooth : 2 in 5

Number of Iraqi merchants executed last year for profiteering : 42

Estimated number of women arrested in Iran this year for inappropriate public dress : 800

Average life span of a hairdo on the head of Hillary Rodham Clinton since last November, in weeks : 8

Number of handbags equipped with gun pouches sold last year by Feminine Protection of Dallas : 3,000

Rank of Mother Teresa and Elizabeth Taylor, among the women most admired by U.S. Latinos : 1, 2

Rank of Bill Clinton and the Pope, among the men most admired : 1, 2

Number of jokes told about Bill Clinton this year in the monologues of late-night network TV talk shows : 391

Number of jokes told about George Bush during his first six months in office : 60

Price paid at auction in August for a set of unwashed sheets slept on by President Clinton last February : $900

Price paid at auction last year for a beeper contract signed by Amy Fisher : $1,430

Figures cited are the latest available as of August 1993. Sources are listed on page 74.
"Harper's Index" is a registered trademark.

READINGS

[Speech]

AN UNSENTIMENTAL MIDEAST PEACE

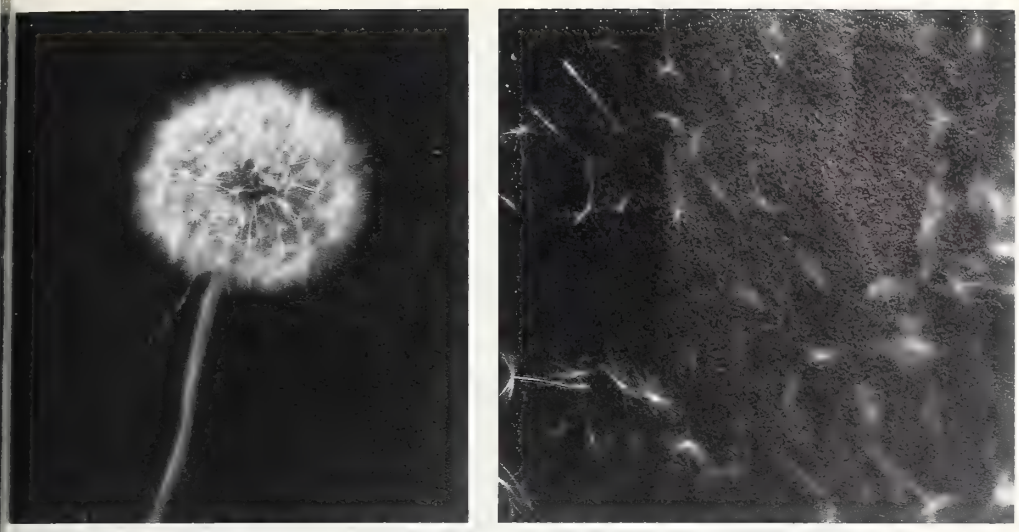
Adapted from "The Israeli-Palestinian Conflict: A Storyteller's Point of View," a speech given by Amos Oz as the Tanner Lecture on Human Values at the University of Michigan, and published in the Spring issue of the Michigan Quarterly Review. *Oz is an Israeli novelist and a leader of Peace Now, the Israeli peace group; his new novel,* Fima, *will be published this month by Harcourt Brace. Oz's speech "Writing Toward Imperfect Peace" appeared in the February issue of* Harper's Magazine.

Possibly the worst patch of the Israeli-Arab conflict is now over. I am not implying by this that we will not be seeing any more bloodshed. I am afraid we will. But the good news is that the cognitive block that existed on both sides, in different ways, is beginning to dissolve at last. For too many years, the Arabs believed that if they would only rub their eyes hard enough, Israel would go away, like a nightmare. Many Israelis, for their part, have believed for too long that the entire Palestinian issue is not a real one; that Palestine is nothing but an invention by a vicious pan-Arabic propaganda machine, aimed at eroding Israel's integrity and damaging its reputation abroad.

Now both sides are beginning to sober up. They are opening their eyes to face reality, like patients awakening from an anesthetic slumber only to discover, with pain and frustration, that after surgery things are never going to be the same again. There is a lot of rage and disillusionment, sadness and insecurity on both sides. But I think each now realizes that the other side is real and, in fact, is here to stay.

Yes, considerable progress has been made in the last decade. What Mr. Arafat is now proposing to the Israelis, although too late and too little, still would have been enough to cause the Mr. Arafat of the past to shoot today's Mr. Arafat in the head. What the Israelis are now proposing to the Palestinians, again too little and too late, is enough to make Golda Meir turn over in her grave. Despite the suspicion, frustration, and rage on both sides, let us not be blind to the fact that the distance we have all come is very significant indeed, considering our respective stances of ten, twenty, or fifty years ago. Now the Israeli-Arab conflict is at long last becoming a dispute about territory, not a theological dispute or a racial clash, though some fanatics on both sides are trying to turn it into a holy war. Essentially, it is now a dispute over real estate: not "who is going to go away altogether?" but "who is going to get what?"

Even if peace is achieved, both parties will still disagree about the past. They will almost certainly remain divided as to who was David and who was Goliath in this conflict. The issue is not an easy one: If you focus on the West Bank and Gaza, then the Israelis are a clumsy Goliath



omas Brummett. This diptych is part of a series of Brummett's photographs titled Rethinking the Natural. *His work red last summer in the Delaware Art Museum's Biennial '93. Brummett lives in Philadelphia.*

and the stone-throwing Palestinians are poor little David. But if you adjust the zoom and frame the conflict as one between Israel with its 5 million citizens pitted against more than 100 million Arabs—or, worse still, between Israel and many hundreds of millions of Muslims—you'll draw a totally different conclusion. Fortunately, there is no need for the parties to agree on this issue: peace is still possible between parties who have different notions of the past.

In order to understand the Israeli psyche, you must bear in mind the Israelis' legitimate fears and apprehensions: for seventy years now Israel has more or less lived out the experience of a collective Salman Rushdie. For seventy years there has been a collective death sentence hanging over our heads, issued by Islamic fundamentalist leaders and by Arab politicians. It is understandable that the Israelis have grown untrusting, even neurotic. Such a Salman Rushdie experience would be enough to drive even the sanest society insane, and I can hardly claim that Israel is the sanest society. I know that Palestinians have equivalent feelings, for decades having heard Israelis describing the country, as it was before the Jews settled it, as "an empty land."

It is important to recognize that one of the things both parties *do* have in common is that they are both, though in different ways, victims of Christian Europe. The Arabs have been victimized by Europe through colonialism, imperialism, oppression, and exploitation. The Jews have been victimized by Europe through discrimination, pogroms, and ultimately through mass murder. Two battered children of the same cruel parent do not necessarily love each other; they sometimes hate each other bitterly, as each of them, looking at the other, sees the image of his past oppressor. So it is between the Israelis and the Arabs. The Arabs look at us Israelis and can't see us as we really are: a bunch of half-hysterical refugees and survivors. What they see when they look at us is a nightmare image, an extension of the white, oppressive, sophisticated, colonizing Europe, coming back to the Middle East with the purpose of oppressing and humiliating the Arabs once again. When we Israelis, on the other hand, look at the Arabs, we often fail to see them as victims of colonialism, paralyzed by identity crises and tyrannical regimes, as an oppressed people. What we see is nothing but an incarnation of our past oppressors: cossacks, pogrom-makers, Nazis. They have grown mustaches this time and wrapped themselves up in kaffiyehs, but they are still out to do the same old thing: cut Jewish throats.

This tragic inclination, on both sides, to see the other not as what he is but as the old enemy incarnate calls for the transcending of stereotypes; for learning the other's culture and history; for an imaginative dialogue. I have never shared the somewhat sentimental view that it is necessary to change hearts before one can make peace. Throughout history, things have tended to work the other way around: make peace first, then work toward changing hearts and removing the conflicting stereotypes. Time and again I receive invitations from well-meaning European and North American institutions to come and spend a few days in idyllic retreat with Palestinian artists and intellectuals, in order that we

[Promotional Letter]

BULLETS, BOMBS, BREAKFAST IN BED

From a promotional letter sent recently to prospective customers by the Let It Be travel agency, in La Spezia, Italy. The agency offers guided tours of war-ravaged areas; future trips are planned to Bosnia, Somalia, and Angola. According to the agency, participants will have an opportunity to "visit areas often reported on in the press, to photograph or film the sites, and to come into direct contact with the reality of war." Translated from the Italian by Massimo Commanducci.

Objective: Tour of Lebanon

Travel Plan: October 3, 1993: Participants will congregate at the point of departure. You will be met by a guide, a doctor, and a bodyguard. Together, we will fly to Lebanon, go through customs, pick up our vehicles, and head to our base. (At the request of our security personnel, this date may change to avoid the presence of journalists. The exact date, hour, and point of departure will be communicated to you by phone a few days before departure.)

Beginning on October 4, if there are no complications or unexpected turns, one-day or multiple-day excursions are planned, with provisions made (sleeping bags) for overnight stays. For security reasons, our destinations will not be revealed until the night before the excursion.

On October 10, we will leave for the airport, return the vehicles, and fly back to Italy. Even this date may vary by a day or more.

Participants may procure bulletproof vests for themselves if they deem them necessary. Emergency medical supplies will be carried at all times by the guide.

Remember that arms of any kind are not allowed and dress cannot be military in nature. We remind the ladies to wear no jewelry, to dress extremely modestly, and, for their own protection, to avoid makeup.

The total package price is $30,000 per person. The price includes a bodyguard for the group, vehicle rentals, a business-class round-trip airline ticket from Italy, accommodations at our base with breakfast in bed—with the possibility of as many as three extra days (at no extra charge) if unseen conditions arise—the excursions, a guide and a doctor, and medical supplies if necessary. The price does not include any insurance, meals, extras, tips, or drinks.

might get to know and like one another. It seems that many well-meaning people in the West have completely forgotten that conflicts *do* exist. These people seem to believe only in "misunderstandings" that may somehow be settled through group therapy or marriage counseling, in quiet, pleasant surroundings. Well, I've got some news: there are no basic misunderstandings between Israelis and Palestinians, and there is a very real conflict: they want the land because they think it belongs to them; we want it because we think it belongs to us. This conflict can be resolved through compromise, through a partition, but not by simply having a nice cup of coffee with the enemy. Rivers of coffee cannot extinguish the tragedy of two peoples loving the same homeland. I don't need to go somewhere for a tête-à-tête with my Palestinian colleagues in order to get to like them—I already like them, and yet they are my enemies. But it is precisely because they are my enemies that I believe I need to make peace with them. The opposite of war is not love; the opposite of war is peace. Hence my own attitude toward the Palestinians: make peace, not love.

For some time I have been hearing from Western intellectuals something like this: You must understand the Palestinians; they have suffered a lot; they've been oppressed and humiliated; they *are* a part of the Third World, after all, so it's only natural for them to become a bit violent; what else do you expect? The Jews, on the other hand, they've suffered so much, they've been oppressed and discriminated against, how on earth can they, having experienced all this, behave violently toward others? This line of reasoning gives double standards a bad name. It is true that in real life some victims of oppression and discrimination and racism become more tolerant, more receptive, more sensitive to the sufferings of others. Yet other victims of the same horrible experience tend to become more vindictive, more angry, and more suspicious. These contradictory responses to suffering may not be equally humane, but they are equally human.

I am fully aware of the fact that many well-meaning people in the West, indeed in Israel itself, are somewhat disenchanted and disillusioned with the reality of Israel. Our record on civil rights is not good, though certainly it is not the worst in the Middle East. Some of our internal conflicts are painful and occasionally ugly. The disagreements about our identity and where we go from here are sometimes melodramatic. But Israel's realities could never have possibly been as magnanimous as her initial dreams. Israel was born out of the monumental visions and huge expectations not only of her founding fathers and mothers but also of millions of other people all over the world. Unlike many other political visions, such as communism, Israel is a dream come



a War Dance, Auckland," by Geoff Mason. From Endangered Peoples, *a collection of photographs ral histories of indigenous peoples, with a text by Art Davidson and published this month by Sierra Club s. The war dance above was performed by a group of Maori, who are among the 300,000 surviving bers of New Zealand's native population. Mason lives in New Zealand.*

true. As such, it is bound to be flawed and imperfect. The only way to keep a dream intact is never to fulfill it. This is true of an initial vision for a novel, for a family, for a sexual encounter, or for planting a garden. Certainly it is true for building a nation.

I think the Israeli-Palestinian conflict, as opposed to the Israeli-Libyan or Israeli-Iraqi conflict, is a tragedy in the exact sense of the word. It is a clash between one very powerful claim and another no less powerful. And it is high time for honest people outside the region to conceive of it as a tragedy rather than some Wild West show populated by "good guys" and "bad guys." Tragedies can be resolved in one of two ways: there is the Shakespearean resolution and there is the Chekhovian one. At the end of a Shakespearean tragedy, the stage is strewn with dead bodies and maybe there's a measure of justice hovering high above. A Chekhovian tragedy, on the other hand, ends with everybody disillusioned, embittered, heartbroken, disappointed—indeed, absolutely shattered, but still alive. I want a Chekhovian, not a Shakespearean, resolution for the Israeli-Palestinian tragedy.

Perhaps the very first joint project to be undertaken by Palestinians and Israelis, as soon as peace between them is established, should be the creation of a monument to our mutual stupidity. After all, in the end, the Palestinians are only going to get a fraction of what they could have had with peace and honor back in 1948, forty-five years, five wars, and some 150,000 deaths ago, ours as well as theirs. The Israelis, too, will get less than they could have had, had they been imaginative, generous, or even realistic back in 1967 and afterward. The dead will get nothing except for some wreaths and a flood of high-flown rhetoric.

Conflicts, whether individual or international, do not usually resolve themselves through a miraculous formula that sends rival parties falling into each other's arms like long-lost brothers; rather, most conflicts tend to gradually fade away as a result, simply, of exhaustion on all sides. I think this blessed exhaustion can be observed today among many Israelis and Arabs.

Let all of us, but primarily us Israelis, realize now that the present Palestinian leadership is the most moderate and the one most willing to compromise that the Palestinian people are able to produce today or tomorrow. At the same time, let us all, though primarily the Palestinians, Syrians, and other Arabs, realize that the present Israeli government is the most moderate and the one most willing to compromise that Israel can produce today or tomorrow. Let's take it from there. Above all, we mustn't forget that Shakespeare could still take over, and that we must work doubly hard for Chekhov.

[Dialogue]

JAPANESE ETIQUETTE: WHEN PEARL HARBOR COMES UP

From English to Make You or Break You—Communicating Effectively in Social Situations, *a handbook for Japanese businessmen who work in the United States, by Fred F. Yoshino, Christine Leggett, and Elizabeth A. Fedor, published by Asahi Shuppan-sha, in Tokyo. The book contains dialogues, such as Scenario One below, that show "how a Japanese would typically react to a situation and the unfavorable consequences thereof" and provides alternatives, such as Scenario Two, that show the Japanese "growing, listening, and working toward a win/win solution."*

Scenario One

PHIL: Hiroshi, I'm glad you could take a break after class and join me for a little relaxation.

HIROSHI: I'm pleased that you invited me.

PHIL: Hiroshi, I'd like you to meet my friend Bob. We grew up in the same neighborhood.

HIROSHI: I'm pleased to meet you, Bob. I've enjoyed meeting so many new people in this wonderful country of yours.

BOB: Phil, I thought just the two of us were getting together.



From The Stranger, *a Seattle weekly.*

PHIL: Gee, I don't understand why you're upset. Hiroshi is a very nice man, and I enjoy being in class with him. Please don't be rude to him.

BOB: Rude! That's a joke. Maybe you have forgotten that my grandfather was killed at Pearl Harbor!

PHIL: Wait a minute, Bob. You can't blame Hiroshi for your grandfather's death. You are simply not being fair.

BOB: If you want to talk about fairness, do you think it's fair that the Japanese are now stealing jobs away from American workers? I think it's crazy that you are welcoming him into your business class.

HIROSHI: *[Looking at Phil]* I'm terribly sorry that I have caused these problems for you. I will leave immediately. *[Looking at Bob]* Please forgive my country for World War II.

Scenario Two

BOB: I thought just the two of us were getting together.

PHIL: Gee, I don't understand why you're upset. Hiroshi is a very nice man, and I enjoy being in class with him. Please don't be rude to him.

BOB: Rude! That's a joke. Maybe you have forgotten that my grandfather was killed at Pearl Harbor!

HIROSHI: I understand your anger over losing a family member at Pearl Harbor. The citizens of Japan deeply regret the actions taken by our ancestors in World War II.

BOB: Well, your sympathy can't change history, can it?

PHIL: Wait a minute, Bob. You can't blame Hiroshi for your grandfather's death. You are simply not being fair.

BOB: If you want to talk about fairness, do you think it's fair that the Japanese are now stealing jobs away from American workers? I think it's crazy that you are welcoming him into your business class.

HIROSHI: Bob, as Japanese, we are concerned about having a good relationship with American consumers, business, and government. We have chosen to establish several auto-manufacturing plants and other businesses based in the United States. We are providing jobs in the United States and producing the goods that your consumers want.

PHIL: Bob, you really need to put your old animosity behind you and look at reality in the 1990s. We are living in an international marketplace, and the Japanese have the right to do business in our country and serve our consumers.

BOB: *[Silence]*

PHIL: Well, Bob, did you watch the basketball game last night?

[Building Permit]

BEVERLY HILLS MANSION ENVY?

From a list of "mitigation measures" appended to a preliminary building permit issued in April to Robert Manoukian, a London financier, for the construction of an eighteen-bedroom mansion on his property in Beverly Hills. Although Manoukian agreed to the restrictions below, a group of his neighbors, headed by Jack Lemmon, the actor, and Sidney Sheinberg, the president of MCA, appealed to the Beverly Hills City Council to revoke the permit because of the size of the proposed dwelling. In an interview, Lemmon complained that "the property overlooks about twenty houses. They look like tiny little closets compared to what this man wants." In August, the council rejected Manoukian's application.

1. All construction-related parking shall be located on the site or, if necessary, off-site at an approved parking lot. If parking is located off-site, the applicant will provide workers with a free shuttle to the site.

2. Construction workers will not be permitted to congregate on adjacent streets prior to the scheduled work commencement hour of 8:00 A.M.

3. The applicant shall implement a ride-share program for construction workers. The program shall include incentives for workers who participate, such as designation of preferential parking and partial reimbursement of travel costs.

4. Catering trucks providing services to the workers will not be allowed to sound their arrival in any manner such as by horns, loudspeakers, bells, and the like.

5. All demolition and ready-mix trucks will be staged outside of the immediate neighborhood. The drivers will be equipped with two-way radios and linked to a traffic controller at the job site who will contact the trucks when they are needed. The trucks will then enter the area and follow a route approved by the City, thereby entering the project site without waiting in the residential area surrounding the project.

6. All trucks carrying soils excavated from the site will be cleaned of exterior soils prior to exiting the site. The surrounding streets shall be swept or washed by the applicant to be clean of construction dirt.

7. Where practicable, electrically powered equipment will be used during construction, rather than diesel- or gasoline-powered equipment.

8. Low-emission fuel, such as is available at local service stations, will be used for the minimal amount of equipment powered by means other than electricity.

9. All steel connections will be bolted or welded. No riveting shall be permitted.

[Plea]

WHEN ACTORS THINK REALLY, REALLY HARD

From an appeal sent in July to Creative Artists Agency and other Hollywood talent agencies by the actors Eric Stoltz, Bridget Fonda, and Matthew Modine.

TO: All the people capable of change

FROM: Eric Stoltz, Bridget Fonda, and Matthew Modine

In this economically difficult and environmentally important time we live in, it is important to always look for opportunities and ways to save.

May I humbly suggest to the powers that be at Creative Artists Agency to take the opportunity to lead our industry in a new direction.

The scripts that are sent to clients and brought home by agents could surely be printed on both sides of the page. Whatever inconvenience that the reader might have (none that I can think of) would be alleviated by the realization that less paper, therefore less resources, are being consumed.

Every night scripts are sent back and forth across the United States via Federal Express. If you send more than two scripts to a client, you would be forced to use the larger Fed Ex packaging and pay more. Just think of the savings if the scripts were double-sided!

I have spoken to the kind gentlemen in your mailroom and the manufacturers of the copiers used in our mailroom. All have said that the most difficult thing about copying a script *duplex* or *duplexing* is, NOTHING: "With the machines we got all ya have to do is push a button."

Or consider the fact that instead of schlepping ten pounds of scripts home you carry five!

Or consider the trees that won't be cut down.

Or consider how many gallons of deadly dioxin won't end up in our nation's rivers from bleaching the script paper white.

Or consider that books are printed on both sides. People read books all the time without any malfunction to their nervous systems. One simply adjusts their eyes, head, or wrist.

Let's have the world-famous Creative Artists Agency be the leader in this very simple, yet necessary, move.

Thank you for your time.

Eric Stoltz, Bridget Fonda,
and Matthew Modine

10. The applicant shall, at the applicant's sole cost and expense, establish a seven-day-a-week, twenty-four-hour-a-day hot line to which any construction impact problems can be reported. This number shall be distributed to the City and to all residents within five hundred feet of the project site.

11. A construction-relations officer will be designated by the applicant in order to provide solutions to construction-related issues that may occur, including construction nuisances to neighbors.

[Letter]

THE FLOOD'S FORGOTTEN VICTIMS

From a letter faxed in July to All Things Considered, *the National Public Radio news program, by Deborah Efron after the program broadcast a report on the flood in the Midwest. Efron lives in Bellevue, Washington.*

I would like to thank you for being one of the few broadcast outlets to make any mention of the effect the Midwest floods have had on our domestic-pet population. But the depressing Iowa segment about the little girl who had to abandon her dog (why did you not address the entire issue of the Red Cross refusing shelter to pets?!) was made even worse by the fact that there was no attempt made to address the fact that a child writing a "letter to her dog," saying she hoped she would have another just like it, graphically illustrated the way children are taught that dogs and cats are "disposable commodities." This little girl will never be able to treasure a pet as a true family member again. She has learned, traumatically I am sure, that in a moment of crisis or emergency she must abandon her dog (a living creature equally entitled to rescue) to a horrible fate: the emotional trauma of being forced to exist without care, affection, food, or water while awaiting a slow, agonizing death by drowning. Why did your reporter accept that this was the dog's fate? Why weren't the parents asked why they didn't try to save their dog? Why are people so blithely accepting the Red Cross decree that they cannot take their pets with them? If an emergency were to hit my area and I were required to abandon my condo, there is no way that I would ever allow anyone to require me to abandon my cats!!

[Essay]

CLASH OF THE MIDDLE CLASSES

From "Middle-Class Moralities," by Alan Wolfe, in the Summer issue of The Wilson Quarterly, *a special issue on class. Wolfe is University Professor and chairman of the sociology department at Boston University and is the author, most recently, of* The Human Difference: Animals, Computers, and the Necessity of Social Science. *His essay "The Politics of Privacy, Right and Left" appeared in the May issue of* Harper's Magazine.

As the 1992 election demonstrated, middle-class anxieties about the economy, crime, and social issues are likely to dominate American politics for years to come. But although both the Republicans and the Democrats attempt to appeal to "the middle class," it is becoming increasingly clear that there is no longer one monolithic entity called "the middle class" in America today. Instead, we have two distinct middle classes and two distinct middle-class moralities, each defined by different opportunities, expectations, and outlooks.

What I will call the "old" middle class rose to prominence in the Forties, Fifties, and Sixties, when economic growth was taken for granted and opportunity was abundant. Each rite of passage upward into the middle class, at least for white people, seemed preordained: the breadwinner's income rose, the family moved to a larger apartment, then bought its first house, along with a car, a television, and a few other accoutrements of the good life. The children were sent off to college, perhaps the first in their families to go, and the parents could look forward to spending their retirement years in Florida or Arizona. Many people in this generation became middle class just by showing up. Given what often seemed like their unexpected good fortune, they were willing to share some of the surplus generated by the economy with those left behind.

The long national economic downturn that began around 1973 halted the postwar escalator that automatically carried millions of fortunate Americans upward into affluence. But as some people saw the American dream slip away, a surprising number of newcomers still managed to grab hold of it. Some were urban white ethnics—policemen, civil servants, unionized blue-collar workers whose jobs were spared—who were driven from the cities by crime and who, with the aid of a second paycheck from the wife, moved out beyond the established suburbs in search of a middle-class lifestyle they could afford. Others were new graduates of the state universities and



Our seamless neck. It's enough to convince you that not all turtlenecks are cut from the same cloth.

We could tell you tons about a Lands' End turtleneck. But today, let's focus on the neck. Because what we put into *that* is enough to make you feel warm all over.

For one thing, our neck is rib-knit to size in a *single piece.* So, there's no need for a seam. Now, if you've ever worn a turtle that has a seam here, you know how it can rub and chafe you. Doesn't happen with ours.

Another thing: our neck, like our body, is made of 100% long-staple cotton, or a cotton/poly blend, if you prefer. But we add a touch of Lycra® spandex to it. This lets the neck s-t-r-e-t-c-h. You can roll it into a turtleneck, and wash it time and again – and it won't sag or poop out like some.

A neck is not a neck is not a neck.

A neck has a hard life. Just think of the trauma it goes through every time you pull it over your head. So, we add another bit of Lycra® spandex where the neck connects to the shoulders. When you squiggle through, it *gives* a little.

(Some turtlenecks use a piece of cotton tape here. It doesn't stretch the same way; it's likely to pucker and tear.)

We could tell you lots more about the neck – and obviously, about the rest of our turtle. It's neck and shoulders over anybody else's. We'll just mention one other thing: the price.

"What? Only $15?"

It's only $15 for men's or women's regular: same as it's been for four years now. (Tall and larger sizes are a little more.) That's astounding when you think of everything we put into these beauties.

But it's not astounding when you know Lands' End. You see, we've built our whole business on giving our customers quality products, at a fair price. And that's as true of our sweaters and buttondown shirts, our soft luggage and home furnishings, as it is of our turtles.

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community colleges—vastly expanded during the good years—who took jobs in engineering, insurance, and other flourishing service industries. In addition, an unprecedented number of African-Americans joined the middle class in the Seventies and Eighties, as did Koreans, Iranians, Cubans, and other new immigrants. Having achieved their middle-class status through hard work and sacrifice at a time when moving up the economic ladder was no longer automatic, this new middle class had little sympathy for those who they believed were supported by government handouts.

What divides these two middle classes is not how much money their members make—though the older middle class tends to be somewhat wealthier than the new—but the different degrees of effort involved in making it. So different are the experiences of these two groups that, for all their economic similarity, they have little in common culturally or morally. Both middle classes are moved by a set of cultural symbols, but each attaches dramatically different meanings to them. The following list of these symbols is far from exhaustive, but it starkly illustrates how completely the middle-class worldview has been divided in two.

Politics. Although the new middle class tends to be more conservative than the old, more concerned with the government's role in maintaining civic order than its role in aiding the disadvantaged, the political differences between the two middle classes can be only partly understood in the conventional terms of right versus left. The more important political division between the two groups occurs not over questions of government regulation or economic policy but over the purpose and meaning of politics itself.

Whereas the old middle class tends to live in cities or in nearby suburbs, many in the new middle class have moved to the far suburbs, fleeing crime, crowding, poverty, and the other dangers and irritants of the city. One of those urban irritants is politics. Traditionally, urban politics was organized around party machines, which provided favors in return for various tokens of obligation. Though these machines are now largely defunct, they have left their mark. Reformers who once fought them remained politically active even as they moved to the suburbs close by.

Politics in the outer suburbs, on the other hand, is diffused and irregular. It does not ask for support in return for favors. Public services—good schools, roads free from potholes, regular trash collection, working sewers—are viewed as entitlements, irrespective of whether people vote or even pay taxes. As long as suburbanites can drive to work, educate their children, and afford occasional vacations, the political system is working for them. To these members of the new middle class, political "causes" of any sort, conservative or liberal, are suspect. This group generally fails to pay much attention to the civic virtues, including active involvement with issues once thought essential to the cultivation of a healthy political system. Private life is valued over and above public participation. Whereas the older middle class finds liberation in the

[Advice]

THE GRUNGE DIET

From an interview with Courtney Love in Rollerderby *No. 12, a bimonthly magazine published in San Francisco. Love is the lead singer of Hole, a punk band; her husband is Kurt Cobain, the lead singer of Nirvana. Love was interviewed by Lisa Carver, the editor and publisher of* Rollerderby, *as part of a series of interviews with women about their bodies.*

COURTNEY: I have a tip! I lost forty pounds, and I have a real tip. I was fat from fourteen to twenty-four. When you're fat like I was—which is five feet eight inches and 150 to 170 pounds—you do not get to fuck the boys you want to fuck. Right? . . . Right?

LISA: Perhaps.

COURTNEY: The minute I got skinny and got a nose job and became photogenic, all of a sudden I had a bidding war, and every boy I ever wanted wanted me.

LISA: What's your tip?

COURTNEY: The thing you gotta do is: A.) Stop counting calories! Okay? B.) Do not get on a scale! 'Cause lean muscle weighs more than fat. All right? I cut out FAT! That's *all* you gotta do. FAT! *No cheese*. That's it, Lisa. Period. NO CHEESE. I told this to KROQ, I told this to my nanny. People I tell this to lose ten, thirty pounds. STOP CHEESE. You know why Orientals are not fat? 'Cause they look on cheese as this gross Western habit. It's like sour milk—LARD. They don't want anything to fucking do with cheese. If you're gonna eat cheese, take it out on a picnic, cut it up carefully, and really taste it—with wine or something. Don't *melt* it on shit. And I lost FORTY POUNDS by not eating cheese. And I even ate a little mayonnaise. All right? Skip the butter and skip the cheese and you will lose weight. I swear to God, Lisa.

LISA: Here's my second question—

COURTNEY: *Don't eat cheese*. There are a million things to eat that are not cheese.



"Women of the Fifties—A Pivotal Era," an ongoing series of photographs by Judy Olausen of her mothsing as various objects. Olausen says she views her mother as a member of a "forgotten generation of womho put kids and husbands before their own needs and hovered in the background, like furniture." Olausen in Minneapolis.

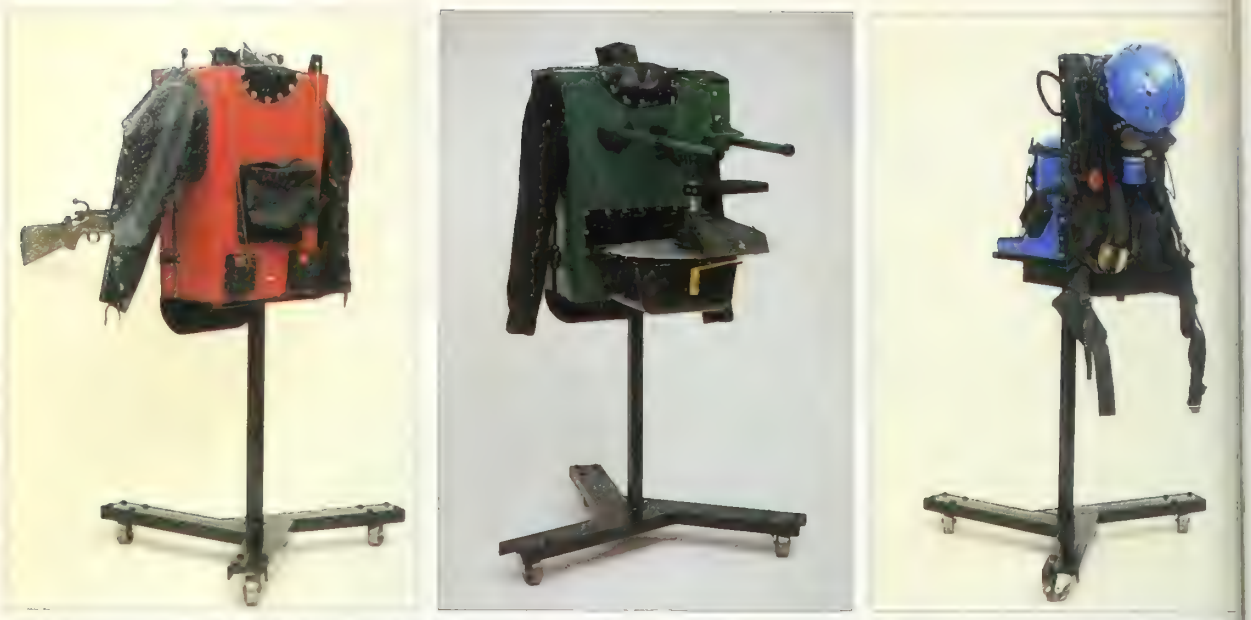
public sphere and feels that an insular private life is confining, the new middle class derives happiness in private life and experiences life in the public realm as a chore.

God. Religion remains a meaningful symbol for both groups, but in different ways. Those who moved to the suburbs in the 1950s and 1960s did not so much give up religion as they gave up orthodoxy. They still wanted to have their children experience the sense of community that organized religion can provide, but they also wanted the advantages of secular modernity. Fortunately for them, America pioneered "lite" religion: quasi-secular beliefs that merged ideas born in spiritual quarters with a generalized belief in America, modernity, and progress.

Whereas for this middle class, old-time religion conveys all the distasteful symbolic imagery of the world left behind in the quest for middle-class status, the new middle class is not averse to traditional religion playing an important moral role. They are far less likely to view fundamentalism—Korean Baptists converting former synagogues into churches or Protestant evangelicals proselytizing to Hispanics in Chicago, Los Angeles, and New York—as antagonistic to their moral objectives. Religion, for this new middle class, is only partly a matter of personal belief; it also has the potential to change the character of American life. If the schools paid a little more attention to God, there would be less criminality and homosexuality. The troubles of the inner city are surely due to lack of faith. A more God-fearing society would pay more attention to hard work and its rewards.

Productivity. Classical republican ideals about production are at the heart of the moral worldview of the more newly arrived middle class in America, ideals that are strengthened, rather than weakened, by the increasing difficulty the group's members have in finding productive work. For those who believe in the sanctity of work, morality is shaped by the conviction that those who do not make things—lawyers, stockbrokers, "bureaucrats"—deserve a lower place in the moral hierarchy.

If the new middle class believes in work, the old middle class believes in *career*. These contrasting values also imply different ways of thinking about time and space. Because work involves producing things, it takes place within fixed boundaries. Not only is it tied to a specific neighborhood



"The Abdominizer" (left), "The Gutslicer," and "The Gasmaster," by William Scarbrough, from Suicide, *an exhibit held at New York C Gallery One in August. Each suicide machine is fully operational, and is accompanied by an instruction manual and a lifetime warra According to Scarbrough, the show "attempts to mix the Kevorkian crusade with capitalist theory." Scarbrough lives in New York.*

employer, or industrial quarter; it is time-bound and regulated by hours or weeks. Careers, by contrast, tend to be loosened from the constraints of space and time. People who have careers are prepared to move anywhere in search of the next stage, either within the firm or within the country. They are not, however, prepared to punch a clock. Process, not output, counts as the measure of success. Those who pursue careers manage rather than produce. Indeed, one of the things they devote a great deal of time to managing is the transition to an economy that produces less.

Country. Loyalty to country inevitably means very different things to people whose fundamental perspectives on place and time are as different as those of the careerist old middle class are from the work-oriented new bourgeoisie. For the new middle class, loyalty to country means above all else the acceptance of spatial constraints: This is where we are. This place has meanings that no other place has. To be loyal to it means that we cannot wish we were somewhere else, nor can it mean that we bring somewhere else here. The only alternative to loving America is to leave it.

These members of the American middle class express opposition to bilingualism and to some of the more exotic forms of multiculturalism favored by the left. This is the case despite the fact that they themselves claim an ethnic identity (though it is often a superficial one; most cannot speak even a single sentence in their mother tongue). Yet they do not believe that schools today should teach what their own parents or grandparents left behind. Dual loyalty is, simply put, something such people cannot understand.

If anything, ethnic identity is even less important to the more established and more liberal middle class than it is to the one that came after it. The old middle class's ethnic identity, in fact, is so weak that it verges on no identity at all. When ethnic identity is relatively unimportant, one can, paradoxically, often be more sympathetic to others who are asserting *their* identity, since that proclamation is not threatening. If America is politically and economically pluralistic, why can't it be culturally pluralistic as well? No one is harmed if Hispanic children are taught in Spanish as well as English. If learning more about Africa instills pride in inner-city youth, who can object?

Given the antagonistic worldviews of the two middle classes, one might be tempted to find ways to reconcile them. But perhaps this temptation should be resisted, at least for a while. Instead, we might be better off if we face up to the major political and moral issues that divide us. One way to do that would be to experiment a bit more with what I call "moral federalism." Both sides in our moral debates want to universalize their positions: Condoms should be distributed to teenagers in *every* school or they should be distributed in *none*. In reality, different localities

and different states will try different approaches, and this is how it should be. There was no reason why all New York City children needed to be instructed under the controversial "Curriculum of the Rainbow" favored by the head of the city's school system. Let Queens keep it out and Manhattan keep it in. A policy of encouraging particular rather than universal moralities may violate consistency and philosophical principles, but it makes a good deal of political sense. Eventually, universal moral principles may emerge as people learn that their particular moralities are, when actually implemented, more problematic than they had assumed. It is never easy to predict the next step in American politics, but it does seem likely that our public life over the next few decades will be preoccupied with watching the middle class make up its mind.

[Study]

MY DEAR JOHN DEERE

From "Autoerotic Fatalities with Power Hydraulics," by Ronald L. O'Halloran and Park Elliott Dietz, in the March issue of the Journal of Forensic Sciences. *O'Halloran is a doctor in the Ventura County, California, medical examiner's office; Dietz is a professor of psychiatry and biobehavioral sciences at UCLA.*

When accidental death results from dangerous techniques of sexual self-stimulation, family members are always puzzled and often find the victim's behavior incomprehensible. When the dangerous technique involves bondage, suspension, complex apparatus, or machinery, even seasoned death investigators may be perplexed. We report two cases of asphyxiation during autoerotic activity employing hydraulic shovels on tractors.

Case 1

A forty-two-year-old Asian man was found hanging by the neck, suspended by a rope attached to the raised shovel of a John Deere model JD 410 diesel-powered backhoe tractor. He was last seen alive by his parents the previous evening at 10:30, when he walked out of their shared rural home. Shortly thereafter they heard the tractor engine start, as they had on prior occasions, but they did not investigate further. The following morning the father noticed that his son's bed had not been slept in, and he heard the tractor engine idling. When he went out to the yard, he found his son dead, stiff, and cold.

The decedent was suspended in a semi-sitting position by a cloth safety-harness strap wrapped

[Catalogue]

HOT FEET

From a catalogue distributed by Fantasies Unlimited, "innovators of Foot Fetish Products," in Jupiter, Florida.

FANTASY FEET

You thought you'd seen it all, but our Fantasy Feet go well beyond your wildest imaginings. These are no cheap plastic replicas. Our Fantasy Feet are similar to the state-of-the-art artificial limbs used for Hollywood special effects, and that sophistication is what makes the Fantasy Foot so remarkable.

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If gorgeous feet make you weak, then these videos are for you! These thirty-minute "sneak videos" feature the feet of ninety different women. That's right—ninety different pairs of feet! Our videographers have been out shooting videos of unsuspecting women who love to take their shoes off at phone booths, at their desks, at the park, or sitting in restaurants. We promise an unforgettable video experience! *Volume One $24.95, Volume Two $24.95. Both $39.95.*

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QUOTABLES

"Thank you for giving me what I've wanted since I was eight or nine years old!"

"Your product is far better than I ever expected. Keep up the good work!"

"Superb product! Lifelike women's feet: finally someone has done it!"

around his neck and clipped to a rope that was hooked on the raised shovel of the backhoe tractor. The victim had used the ligature to achieve partial autoerotic asphyxiation, and it was hypothesized that he lost consciousness and accidentally hanged.

Two years before his death, the decedent had bought the backhoe tractor as a Christmas gift to himself and named it "Stone." He used the backhoe on occasional ditch-digging jobs. He wrote about it in a Christmas newsletter to friends, in which he enclosed Stone's picture. He also wrote about his tractor in a long poem, which alluded to flying high in the sky with his friend, Stone.

Case 2

A sixty-two-year-old white man was found dead in his barn, pinned under the hydraulic front scoop of a John Deere 1520 model 145 tractor. A neighbor found him lying prone on the ground with the scoop of the tractor on his back. The tractor engine was no longer running, but the ignition was still in the on position.

The victim was nude except for a pair of red women's style shoes with eight-inch heels, knee-high nylon stockings, and duct tape wrapped around his ankles. His ankles were tied to a four-foot-long segment of pipe such that his legs were spread. A yoke was attached to the center of the pipe, which was attached to the front loader bucket by a chain. Two ropes led from the victim to the tractor's control lever for raising and tilting the bucket. Fully raising the hydraulic bucket would have caused complete suspension of his inverted body by the ankles.

Autoerotic deaths involving the use of machinery have been reported previously, most of them involving household or homemade electrical devices that caused electrocution. To the authors' knowledge, no prior cases of autoerotic death involving the hydraulics of heavy machinery have been reported.

[Memo]

THE MORON LOBBY STRIKES AGAIN

From a memo sent in May by Darlene Lieblich, the head of Fox Television's Broadcast Standards & Practices department, to Sheldon Bull, the producer of Satellite News, *a Fox sitcom currently in development. As a result of this memo, a line in the show's pilot that read "Dammit!! Stupid, idiot, moron, jerks!!" was changed to "Dammit!! Stupid, mallet-head, brain-dead, jerks!!"*

Dear Mr. Bull:

This will confirm that I have received and read the 5/3/93 draft of the *Satellite News* pilot and have the following comment:

"Idiot" and "moron" (page 3) are clinical terms which can cause great pain to the families of those afflicted with mental illness. Please find alternatives; words such as "wuss," "wimp," "bozo," "yahoo," and the like come to mind.

Yours truly,
Darlene Lieblich

[Dreams]

THE VERY LATE EDITION

The articles below are taken from the first two issues of DreamWorldNews, *a 'zine published in Northampton, Massachusetts, by Luke Jaeger and Shoshana Marchand. The publication consists of accounts, written in the style of wire-service news stories, of dreams that Marchand, Jaeger, and their friends have had. As a publisher's note in the first issue explains, "No reputable news syndicate has dared apply to dreams the cold, harsh light of objective journalistic standards—UNTIL NOW."*

Safeway Debuts New Convenience Item: Live War-scarred Infants!

A San Francisco man, traumatized by an unusual supermarket display, wandered in a daze through active subway tunnels for several hours.

The man was in the poultry section of the Safeway supermarket when he noticed live babies packed in cellophane among the chickens. Many bore wounds and severe burns from the aerial bombardment of Iraq.

Unsure if the babies were real, the man picked up a wooden drumstick and tapped one lightly on the abdomen.

Hours later the same man was spotted wandering through a Brooklyn subway tunnel. Witnesses say the man, still dazed from his experience at the Safeway, got off a train between stations and continued his journey on foot.

Madonna Caught in Robbery

A local man foiled an attempted burglary when he found actress-singer Madonna ransacking his house. The man knocked the pop goddess unconscious with a cast-iron skillet. Ac-

]
/ING IT TO THE MAN, WITH RELISH



hotograph above appeared on the cover of the July 21–27 issue of New Times, *a Phoenix weekly. The man is Grant Woods, the attorney general of Arizona; the man handing him a hot dog is Robert Carter, a con-felon who escaped from an Arizona work-furlough program in May. According to an accompanying article, r contacted* New Times *because he was offended by recent public statements that Arizona law-enforcement ıls had made, boasting about the success of the work-furlough program from which Carter had escaped. Carter sted that the paper arrange the encounter pictured above, explaining that he had briefly worked selling hot dogs nt of the county jail after his escape. The paper's staff told Woods, who has a reputation as a publicity seeker, he photo would be "part of a promotion for the upcoming Best of Phoenix supplement"; they did not tell him ɔe posing with an escapee. Woods is now contemplating a lawsuit against the paper; Carter is still at large.*

cording to police, Madonna was attempting to steal the man's secret Scrabble plans.

Peasants Walk Down Road

Migratory peasants, thought by some to be Chinese laborers and by others to be Hasidic Jews, were seen walking single file down a desolate stretch of suburban highway near a recently built corporate park. Some witnesses have also stated that two dogs were seen in the vicinity driving a red pickup truck, though others have said that the dogs were merely a photograph.

Woman Arrested by Own Double in High-speed Chase

A very pregnant woman was arrested by her own double in a high-speed motorcycle chase on Interstate 5, say police.

The unnamed San Francisco woman, who is thirteen months pregnant, claims she was cruising at a constant, legal speed when she became aware of a leather-clad cyclist following her, mimicking her movements. When the woman applied lipstick, so did her pursuer. The woman reached for a mint; her pursuer did the same.

At this point, she became determined to identify the copycat aggressor. The suspect claims that her pursuer's face, when seen in the magnifying rearview mirror, was identical to her own. The suspect further claims that her double repeatedly whooped and hollered "Yippee!"

Fearing for her safety, the pregnant woman sped up, doing "pop wheelies," jumping flaming mattresses placed by the highway patrol, crushing recycling bins, and riding right through the fire ring at a popular breakdown-lane barbecue spot.

Man Forgets Own Address

A local man was unable to remember his address when mailing a letter. The man has lived in the same house for more than two years, say authorities.

[Essay]

LEFTOVERS

From "La Poubelle Agréée" ("The Pleasing Garbage Can"), in The Road to San Giovanni, *a collection of essays by Italo Calvino, published by Pantheon. Before his death in 1985, Calvino had planned to publish a series of "memory exercises" about his life and work. After he died, his wife compiled five such exercises, written between 1962 and 1977, to form this collection; it is the first time these essays have appeared in English. Calvino is the author of numerous novels, including* If on a Winter's Night a Traveler *and* Mr. Palomar. *Translated from the Italian by Tim Parks.*

When it comes to housework, the only task I can perform with a certain amount of competence and satisfaction is that of taking out the garbage. The operation involves a number of stages: removal of the *poubelle*, the kitchen garbage can, and emptying of the same into the larger can in the garage, then transportation of said larger can to the sidewalk outside the front door, where it will be picked up by the garbagemen and emptied into their truck.

The kitchen garbage is a cylindrical bucket made of a plastic material that is pea green in color. Before taking it out one has to wait for the right moment, when it can be assumed that everything there was to throw away has been thrown away; that is, when, having cleared the table, the last bone or peel or crust has slipped down off the smooth surface of the plates.

Taking out the *poubelle* should be interpreted as a rite of purification, the abandoning of the detritus of myself, and it doesn't matter whether we're talking about the very detritus contained in the *poubelle* or whether that detritus refers us back to every other possible detritus of mine; what matters is that through this daily gesture I confirm the need to separate myself from a part of what was once mine, the slough or chrysalis or squeezed lemon of living, so that its substance might remain, so that tomorrow I can identify completely (without residues) with what I am and have. Only by throwing something away can I be sure that something of myself has not yet been thrown away and perhaps need not be thrown away now or in the future.

If this is true, if the gesture of throwing away is the first and indispensable condition of being, since one is what one does not throw away, then the most important physiological and mental gesture is that of separating the part of me that remains from the part I must jettison, to sink away into a beyond from which there is no return.

It is thus that the purificatory rite of *enlèvement des ordures ménagères* ("taking out the garbage") can also be seen as an offering made to the underworld, to the gods of death and loss, the fulfillment of a vow. The content of the *poubelle* represents the part of our being and having that must daily sink away into darkness so that another part of our being and having may remain behind to enjoy the light of day, may truly be and truly have—until the day when the last support of our being and having, our physical body, itself becomes dead detritus to be laid on the cart that leads to the incinerator.

Thus this daily representation of descent belowground, this domestic and municipal garbage funeral, is meant first and foremost to put off my own personal funeral, to postpone it, if only for a little while, to confirm that for one more day I have been a producer of detritus and not detritus myself.

[Essay]

HARD TRUTHS ABOUT CONCRETE

From "Concrete and Burton," by Peter Schjeldahl, the catalogue essay for Scott Burton: The Concrete Work, *a show of Burton's furniture sculpture at the Max Protetch Gallery in New York City. Schjeldahl is an art critic for* The Village Voice.

Concrete is the most careless, slovenly stuff—until it is committed, when it becomes fanatically adamant. Liquid rock, concrete is born under a sign of paradox and does not care. Pour concrete out on the ground and it will start to puddle and spread, in rapture to gravity, but then will think better of it: enough spreading! It heaps up on itself in lazy glops, sensual as a frog.

Concrete takes no notice of what is done with it, flowing into any container; and the containers one makes for it, the molds and forms, must be fashioned with laborious care, strong and tight, because concrete is heavy and entirely feckless. Promiscuous, doing what anyone wants if the person is strong enough to hold it, concrete is the slut, the gigolo, of materials. Every other material—wood, clay, metal, even plastic—has self-respect, a limit to what it will suffer to have done with it, and at the same time is responsive within that limit, supple in the ways it consents to be used. Concrete is stupid and will do anything for anyone, without protest or pleasure, so long as the person indulges its mania to lie down.

Let concrete set, however, and sense the difference. Concrete hardens in the shape of whatever container received its flow, its momentary sensual abandon in thoughtless submission to half-loved gravity. Once it has set, what a difference! Concrete becomes adamant, fanatical,



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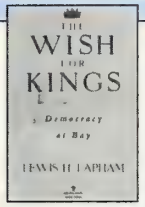
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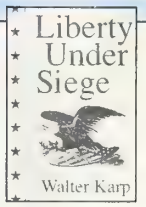
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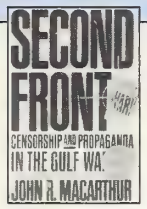
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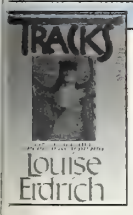
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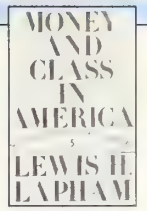
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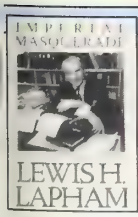
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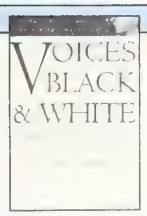
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"Leaf Pattern, Sea Grape Tree, Loxahatchee National Wildlife Refuge, Florida," by William Neill. Fro
Nature's Design: An Exploratorium Book, *a collection of Neill's photographs, with a text by Pat Murphy,*
lished by Chronicle Books, in San Francisco. Neill lives in Yosemite National Park, in California.

a Puritan, a rock, Robespierre. It declares like no other material the inevitability, the immortality—the divinity!—of the shape it comprises, be the shape a glopped heap on the ground or a concert hall, ridiculous or sublime.

Concrete that has set will have no thought, no monomaniacal obsession until the end of time, except this shape. No other material—not brick, not wood, not the very stone blocks of the Great Pyramids—forgets itself to such an extent. Bricks, planks of wood, and stone blocks whisper from their built configurations of their willingness to be disassembled and to become something else. Whorish but ironic plastic holds back from a lasting passion for the form it takes, murmuring of its readiness if given heat, just some lovely heat, to melt into other forms. Likewise metal and glass. Not concrete once concrete has set.

Set concrete insists, insists, insists. It insists on the rightness, permanence, godliness of the form into which it flowed so carelessly. You must smash set concrete to bits if you would shut up the voice of its insistence, and even then the smashed bits will lie around insistently piping. I was in Berlin early in 1990 and remember a thousand hammers banging away at the Wall, banging out "die, die, die!" The concrete of the awful thing was shrieking back "wall, wall, wall!" It took a long time for the hammers to win the argument, and even then the shattered corpse would not give in. I brought a handful of fragments home, and the ones that retained any flat surface still shrill "wall" in tiny voices, totalitarian for eternity.

There is something inappropriate, not quite right, about the notion of "working" concrete, finely finishing it, making its forms true, smooth, and pristine. It seems insulting to concrete's gross strength and simplemindedness, mocking concrete as one might a rough farmworker by forcing fancy evening dress on him. Unlike the farmworker, however, concrete is unmockable because it is impervious. Go ahead and make fun of concrete. You might as well. Concrete will never notice.

Concrete has no feelings to hurt. It does have feelings, as we know, but they are adamantine, fanatic, and untouchable by anything. Concrete is solipsistic. By contrast, clay is touchy, wood is as woundable as the flesh it is, and brick has a yeoman worker's pride, stolid and prickly. All have good reason to fear misuse and to exude sadness when misused. But kick concrete as much as you like, all you will hurt is your toe.

Concrete is among the world's best exercise devices for unrequited loving. You may love and serve it until your heart is worn out and be assured of no responsiveness, not a quiver in return. No loathing, even. Nothing! Concrete is like Don Quixote's Dulcinea, only colder. Coarse and stupid beyond compare, it combines these qualities with the *froideur* of a goddess, of Pallas Athena! It is a dominatrix, blind, deaf, and dumb,

dumb beyond anything. You have to be a masochist to love concrete, enjoying the strength that your own capacity to love displays when the loved one is a pitiless idiot.

[Fiction]

THREE WAYS TO DIE FROM THE FIFTIES

By Robert Olen Butler. Parts of this story are drawn from Butler's new novel, They Whisper, *which Henry Holt will publish in January. Butler is the author of six novels and a collection of short stories,* A Good Scent From a Strange Mountain, *which was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for fiction this year. He lives in Louisiana.*

This is what comes of reading the health sections of newspapers when you are past forty: memories that arrange themselves like this.

One. Even before I knew there was another part of girls that would one day whisper to me, that would call me over and over, there was the machine in my uncle's shoe store and there was Karen Granger and she was on my mind all the time and I somehow knew that I had to get her to put her feet in the machine. My uncle's was the last shoe store in Wabash, Illinois, to put in an X-ray machine to check the fit, and as soon as it was ready, I went to Karen and brought her to the shop. She had on her black Mary Janes and white lace anklets and she went up on the step and put her feet in the slots and my heart was beating furiously as I stepped up beside her, for there were two view ports and together we looked at the bones in her feet. I lifted my arm and I put it around her, cupping her far shoulder in my hand. "Wiggle your toes," I said.

She did, and to this day, though I am now forty-eight years old, there have been few moments in my life as intimate as the sight of Karen Granger's actual bones, her actual articulated bones with their shape visible to me, the shape that had been secret even when she stood barefoot in the grass of her front yard bossing me and giving me an excuse to keep my eyes cast down. She wiggled her toes in the green glow of the X ray and she let me keep my arm around her and she began to hum softly.

As I think of her now, it seems true, what I just said, that the intimacy of the moment with Karen Granger in 1955, in the tenth year of my life, has been rarely matched in all the years since. And yet I did not think of her for decades. She did not begin to hum again in my head until yesterday and then she came with a newspaper article on X rays and health and I let the paper fall from my hand by my canvas chair on the beach at Puerto Vallarta, she came briefly with that and then, much more strongly, an hour later, with the smell of shoe leather in a shop in the hotel, the smell and a glimpse of the bare feet of a slim blonde woman wearing a towel knotted at her hip slipping past me without a glance. I can't remember what song it was that Karen hummed as I pressed her against me, though trying to remember it distracted me in the Mexican shoe shop. I did not look again at the blonde woman but fixed on the buckle of a sandal in my hand and I tried to make the humming shape itself into a tune.

And now, of course, I understand that it's not the tune I really want to know. I want to know why she hummed. Did she know her bones were beautiful to me? Did she feel the same intimacy? Did she wait for me to ask to put my own feet in the machine? This is the thought that bothers me.

[Poem]

LEAVES

By Charles Simic. From Grand Street *No. 45. Simic's most recent volume of poetry is* Hotel Insomnia. *His essay "On Not Thinking About Nature" appeared in the August issue of* Harper's Magazine. *Simic lives in New Hampshire.*

Lovers who take pleasure
In company of trees,
Who seek diversion after many kisses
In each other's arms,
Watching the leaves.

The way they quiver
At the slightest breath of wind,
the way they thrill,
and shudder almost individually,
One of them beginning to shake
While the others are still quiet,
Unaccountably, unreasonably—

What am I saying?
One leaf in a million more fearful,
More happy,
Than all the others?

In this oak tree casting
Such deep shade,
And my lips closing sleepily
With that one leaf twittering
Now darkly, now luminously.

I wish now, wish devoutly, that I had whispered to her, "My turn," and I had put my feet in the machine and she had seen my bones.

Two. I went out of the hotel later yesterday afternoon and I put my room key in my pocket and I thought: I am married no longer. And down at the end of the long drive there was a pothole and a road crew mixing tar in a caldron, and with the smell of tar she rode past me on her bike and she had long russet hair and she was barefoot and I was ten years old and I stood beneath the horse chestnut tree in my yard and watched her go by and it was early summer, school was out and all the summer lay ahead, and somewhere in the direction she was heading, a street was being resurfaced and the smell of tar was in the air and I ran to my bike and I raced after her, watching the lift of her hair behind her and she was willow thin and her bare heels rose and fell and rose and fell and the smell of tar grew stronger and she turned at the corner and I turned and ahead the street was slick black and at the far end the dump truck had just whooshed into emptiness and stopped in a cloud of gravel dust and I'd been thinking all along about how to overtake her, how to speak to her, and miraculously she stopped ahead and got off and nudged her kickstand down with the ball of her pretty foot and already I had the instinct from this moment of enchantment, looking at her summer-bare feet, to follow the line from her instep up her ankle up her leg to the sweet subtlety of her knee to her thigh and then to vague thoughts of things that were still as secret to me as the origin of the universe, and she was moving to the straight edge of fresh tar.

I pedaled up and I stopped and I said, We're stuck. She turned to me and she had a thin face and her eyes were russet too and very large and she brushed a lock of her hair back from her cheek and she looked at me for what felt like a very long time, deciding something that I suddenly wished I had not encouraged, but then she smiled and in that smile the smell of tar was rendered sweet to me forever and she said, I wanted to stop. And she crouched beside the tar and she stretched out her hand and scooped a little dollop of it onto her fingers and without standing up, without making a show of it for me, without the slightest pause, she brought her hand to her face and took the tar into her mouth and began to chew it.

I felt my eyes bug at this, but she was not looking and I quickly smoothed out my face and said, Is it good to chew? Yes, she said, and she rose and chewed for a time, concentrating on it as if she were trying to guess its vintage, and she did not ask me to join her and at the time I was grateful for that and I did not volunteer, though for a few days afterward I was hard on myself for not doing this thing also, not showing my connection with her at once, and I blamed my aversion to licorice and what a dumb thing that would have been to lose this wonderful girl for the rest of my summer just because I hated licorice so much and I replayed the rest of that little scene over and over trying to rewrite its ending but it always went the same way, just as it really had. She chewed with calm contemplation for a long while and I stood and watched her without speaking, without moving, carefully subduing even my breath so as not to disturb her, and finally she stopped and lifted her hand to her mouth and took out the ball of tar and she held it up and I looked at it in wonder and it was slick and wet and it was the blackest thing I'd ever seen and I thought of the inside of her mouth and then she tossed it away and moved silently to her bike and I knew I had missed a chance, I knew she'd been waiting for me to get off my bike and join her in this and when I did, she would have told me her name and would have asked me to ride with her and now I was lost as she lifted the kickstand on her bike with her bare foot and her toes were long and the nails were painted pink and she got onto her bike and at least I had the presence of mind to say, I'm Ira Holloway, what's your name? And she said, Karen Granger, and then without a pause she pedaled away.

Three. That was when I first met her and, of course, I hadn't entirely lost my chance. We spent some time together that summer and I even took her to the X-ray machine and I put my arm around her. That was the first time I ever touched her, and I never touched her again. The summer was almost over and she moved away before school began and the last time I saw Karen Granger she was riding her bike. Riding it the way many kids in our neighborhood did in 1955: following the truck around that sprayed for mosquitoes. Following in the cloud it gave off. It was soon after the sun was down and I was sitting on the front step of our house and I could smell the heavy scent of the poison and I could hear the hoarse whisper of the truck and I was ready to rise and go into the house and then I saw her. She was riding in the cloud of spray, following the truck. I could not see the russet of her hair and I could not see her eyes and she was barefoot, I think, but I could see nothing of the details of her feet. She was just a dark shape there, following some impulse in herself that I did not understand. And she turned her face to me as she passed and she waved at me and I came down off the porch and the cloud rolled softly over me and made me suddenly lightheaded and I turned away. And that was that.

I do not know if Karen Granger's lungs now are whole, or if her blood is whole, or if her bones are whole. I only know that, as I sit on the beach at Puerto Vallarta and watch a parasailor glide out over the bay, in some less definable part of me, I am not. ■

GOING TO SEE THE DRAGON

A journey through south China, land of capitalist racles, where yesterday's rice paddy becomes tomorrow's metropolis, and a thousand factories bloom

By Paul Theroux

ONE: SETTING OUT

THERE IS NO better place for the traveler than a land outside the scope of guidebooks, beyond the reach of maps, where only local knowledge matters and word of mouth is ything. China is just such a place now. You to go there to find out what is happening. y travels around China's southern provinces uangdong and Fujian in April of this year, I overed that roads are being built so fast, in so y new directions, that no maps are accurate. guidebooks cannot keep up with the hotels restaurants that have opened—every one is of date. So are telephone directories and company listings. These explosive changes make China terra incognita.

I first visited China in 1980. Since the death of Mao in 1976 a power struggle had been going on between the Maoists, led by Hua Guofeng, Mao's handpicked inheritor, and the reformers, led by Deng Xiaoping, now the ruling patriarch. Hua's portrait was displayed everywhere with that of his benefactor, Hua's cheek next to Mao's jowl. Deng's face was nowhere, and yet from the shadows of the Chinese hierarchy he was sketching his master plan to revitalize China. This was not yet obvious. I sailed down the Yangtze and visited ten cities. China then was all struggle, people in blue suits and cloth slippers riding bicycles down muddy streets, workers going blind in poorly lighted factories, waiters refusing tips and

Theroux is the author of thirty-four works, among them the books of travel The Great Railway Bazaar, The Old gonian Express, Riding the Iron Rooster, *and* The Happy Isles of Oceania *and the novels* My Secret History *and* Mosquito Coast. Millroy the Magician, *a novel, will be published by Random House in January.*



chanting, "Serve the people!" The only bright colors were the ribbons the more daring women and girls wore in their hair. Near Guangzhou (Canton) I visited a Maoist model commune called Da Li. It was like a good-natured prison of reluctant sloganeers and suppressed ambitions—71,000 people working 6,000 acres of rice fields and making Whistling Cicada brand firecrackers. It seemed at once appalling and wonderful for its unity and its innocence. Every job was carried out with crude tools and great spirit. It was a society of intimidating and ingenious frugality in which everything was mended—shoes, clothes, vehicles. The Chinese were poor, but their ingenuity made them seem indestructible.

In the spring of 1986 I made another visit to China, taking the train from London through West and East Germany, Communist Poland, the Soviet Union, and the People's Republic of Mongolia—all of them gone now. I was astonished by the changes and new attitudes, the communes either closed or changed—the charade over, the rice fields buried, the people turned loose to find employment at large. Late in 1986 there were student demonstrations in most of the larger Chinese cities. Shanghai was shut down for two days. No one outside China any notice.

This past spring I returned to China for a time, to have a look at what the newspapers calling the "Chinese miracle." What I had re indeed suggest that something miraculou afoot. Almost overnight, while few people paying attention, China had emerged as the w third-largest economy, according to the Int tional Monetary Fund, and as America's l trading partner after Japan. In the first quar 1993, China's GNP grew at an annual rate percent, outstripping every country in the w in contrast, America grew, in the first quar this year, at a 1 percent annual rate. The e driving most of China's growth is centered i southern provinces, a region of 290 million ple, where the government has establishe Special Economic Zones. From what I'd re sounded as though China had embarked own version of the type of industrial revol that transformed England and America.

Viewed from a distance, such changes wondrous, but up close the story turns out messier and more complicated. Like the satanic mills of William Blake's "Jerusalem,

Photograph by Greg Girard / Contact Press

e economic miracle has been a deranging and an ecological disaster, as demonby the chemical blast in Shenzhen last that killed an estimated seventy people troyed eight warehouses. In some places ity is the worst to be found on earth. To ay for cities erected in a matter of months, ins are being moved, rice paddies filled in, cleared—a process that has caused dev- floods in south China. The dynamo of ism has been loosed, and the "creative tion" that economist Joseph Schumpeter the defining feature of nineteenth-cenmerican capitalism is on display in the of 1993. It is a sight the likes of which few alive today have seen.

re was once a time when all American pes looked like south China's new indusnes—most of us in the West live at the reltranquil terminus of a very messy econrocess that had its start in a raw cityscape henzhen or Guangzhou. Here is street afet of large, new factory buildings—strucimilar to the factories I grew up with in chusetts, factories that fell into dereliction World War II. Fall River had them, and New Bedford, Lawrence, and Brockton; till have them, but the structures have evived now as "factory outlets," selling de-label Chinese-made goods. The cities of China are functioning versions of towns re familiar to anyone who has lived in an area in Europe or America where the fac- are now empty and the machines have d. Not just Boston and Chicago, but Brad- nd Manchester in England, and Derry in hern Ireland, and so many others. They shut down.

ina is succeeding because China is at work. world has put the country to work and has ted in it, and the world has received a re- on its investment. Most people reading this e are wearing a Chinese shirt, or sweater, or ers, or pair of shoes. "Traditional" English ts are Chinese. Carved Christmas decora- are Chinese. Our do-it-yourself tools, ham- and screwdrivers and socket wrenches, are ese. Our children's toys are Chinese. Our . High-fashion beaded dresses are Chinese. a Turtles are Chinese. The tires on our cars Chinese. Many of the Japanese electronic s we buy are actually assembled in China. Chinese sell AK-47 semiautomatic rifles to esale buyers for $200 per unit, making war ver the world cheap, deadly, and endless. In t years China has sold Silkworm missiles to and last August was suspected by the Clin- Administration to be shipping the chemicals to produce mustard and nerve gas to Iran. Chinese sell tin pots in African countries and baseball caps in America and, ever since the pit closures in Britain, might well be shipping coals to Newcastle. There is hardly a gift shop in America that is not stocked from top to bottom with candles and carvings from the many kitsch-producing provinces in China. Those pretty masks and doormats and mailboxes and Santa Clauses and almost-Hummels and porcelain dragons and classic cars that are so sensibly priced in any Olde Worlde Gyfte Shoppe? They're from China. And so, too, are high-tech aircraft parts now being made in Fujian Province, a place that for six thousand years was known only for its cork paintings and oolong tea.

"In the nineteenth century," Michael Lind recently wrote in *The National Interest*, "corporations in European lands of settlement would actually import coolie labor from China and India by the thousands to compete with home-country nationals for jobs, driving down wage rates. In the twenty-first century, corporations may take the jobs to the coolies, as it were, rather than bringing the coolies to the jobs."

The Chinese dragon, scorned in the Maoist era as a superstitious symbol, is China's favorite creature, one of its friendliest and most enduring guardian figures—a good omen representing power and prosperity. Now the dragon had risen again. It was breathing fire. I wanted to see it.

TO MAKE WAY FOR CITIES, MOUNTAINS ARE BEING MOVED, FORESTS CLEARED. THE DYNAMO OF CAPITALISM HAS BEEN LOOSED, A SIGHT FEW PEOPLE ALIVE TODAY HAVE SEEN

TWO: ON THE ROAD TO SHANTOU

SUDDENLY, ON A road in eastern Guangdong—all bulldozers and buffaloes—my driver, Li Zhong Ming, veered left and began driving on the wrong side of the road. Was it the freshly dismembered human corpse, all its separate parts splashed Chinese red, scattered widely like a load of fresh pork off the back of a truck on our side of the highway—and the ensuing traffic jam—that made him do it? No. Mr. Li *liked* spinning the steering wheel and whipping over to face the oncoming traffic. He had hardly glanced at the mutilated body. "This is quicker," he said. Of course, the risks were enormous—trucks and buses bore down on us head-on—but he got in front of everyone with an eat-my-dust expression on his face, his teeth ajar in aggression.

Mr. Li was so persistent I began to think of his driving on the wrong side (and the carnage on the right, one of the numerous auto accidents I saw in an average day) as a metaphor for modernized China. He booted our assembled-in-China Audi down the main road to Shantou (old Swatow), past the red hills being shoveled apart and bulldozed to use for filling rice fields and making room for tenements and factories. The entire landscape was being leveled for hundreds of miles, and when it began to rain, water coursed down the clawed, eroded hills, washing silt into the sewers and flooding the roads, causing another traffic jam.

WE CAME TO A TOWN. WHAT WAS ITS NAME? "I DON'T KNOW," MY DRIVER SAID. WE ASKED. IT WAS BOU LOU. "IT WAS JUST A SMALL PLACE LAST YEAR." IT WOULD BE A CITY NEXT YEAR

Into the wrong lane Mr. Li went again, playing chicken with oncoming dump trucks and tractors and bikes. He did not dodge them. He just blew his horn and surged forward against the flow of cockeyed headlights. Bolstering Mr. Li in his luck was a portrait of Mao Zedong on his dashboard. This gesture, wholly nonpolitical, was a recent fetish for drivers in China. Just a year before, a taxi driver in Beijing claimed in the *People's Daily* that he had been spared in a car crash, in which there had been many fatalities, because he had kept a picture of the old man on his dashboard. Many Chinese drivers began using the picture for spiritual protection. This reminded me of the images of St. Christopher that I saw in cars when I was growing up in Massachusetts in the 1950s.

Mao kitsch is popular in China again. You can buy Mao badges and Mao portraits, and embroidered knickknacks of the great man in baggy pants. His speeches are back in print. I often thought of them, of one in particular, his "Report on an Investigation of the Peasant Movement in Hunan," written in 1927, after he had traveled around the countryside, noting abuses, jotting down wisdom, and making suggestions. That was what I told myself I was doing now—simply looking around, gathering impressions for my "Report on the Factory Workers of Guangdong and Fujian in this Era of Chinese Prosperity." And, in fact, I was traveling to the music of Mao. In a dusty shop in a small town in rural Guangdong I had bought some Mao playing cards and some Mao cassettes. *Memories of Mao* was playing on Mr. Li's tape deck, the tuneful "Dong Fang Hong":

The East is Red!
The sun rises!
China produces Mao Zedong!

WE PASSED TWO men on a red 350-cc joint-ven WuYang-Honda motor and the man on the rea was talking wildly into lular phone—making a deal without a helr seventy miles an hour. Gunning his engin Li was happy. And everywhere I looked ruined hills and abandoned paddy field bamboo scaffolding where just months b there had been bamboo groves. These we only landscape features apart from the fr robbed graves, one of the more recent grow dustries in rural China (ancient artifacts as pots and clay animal figures are unearth smuggle and sell for good prices in Hong K and the odd forlorn pagoda, almost cert doomed. But nothing ancient, nothing no nothing but new brown, crumbly buildi factories and tenements—rising from the f in rice fields.

I penetrated farther east into Guang beyond the red hills and paddy fields and s of bamboos, the muddy ditches and hot ders, the haunts of snakes and eels and l and frogs, popular in the restaurants in parts. In spite of all the new wealth, some t in China never change: the small side made by hand, squatting people poundir asphalt flat with mallets; the rice-growin cess—women scooping water into the te using large wooden ladles, others bent d planting the rice shoots, the men plowing buffaloes, up to their knees in water. We p cyclists transporting squealing pigs or le of steel reinforcing rods on their bike and edge-of-town dump pickers, usually a and a boy, studiously sorting junk into p glass, metal, rags, paper. There were bar men kneeling by the side of the road we metal without masks or eye protection, s flying; on the highest and most ambitious ings, men erecting scaffolding of poles ar ing them together with string or split strands instead of using metal clips; gard lugging heavy buckets on yokes and wat their beautiful vegetable gardens; men fi for tiddlers in canals. "The principle o gence and frugality should be observed i erything," Mao said, though it hardly n saying.

Although I have a basic grasp of *Putongh* Mandarin—I was traveling with a transla case the conversation became abstract or tentious. We came to a town. What was its n

"I don't know," my driver answered.

We asked. It was Bou Lou.

"It was just a small place last year."

It would be a city next year.

We then passed what appeared to be a r

bamboo scaffolding and rising buildings, er city being created in the middle of re, with an archway lettered WELCOME TO MOU TOU.

this is Zhang Mou Tou," I said as we drove h the flying dust. "It's not on the map."

s new."

year it existed as a mud-and-buffalo rice- ng village of ten huts. The buildings are and to fill in the rice fields they have had l down all the surrounding hills, an amaz- ht, just like the Maoist fable, quoted in the Red Book, of "The Foolish Old Man Who ved the Mountains."

T WAS ON the road that I had a vision of the new strangeness of China. Perhaps it was the twilight, perhaps it was the dust. Whatever, it was the apparition of a city-in-the-making. For days I had been see- dditions, enlarge- s, new subdivi- and districts, but vas something else letal, unfinished, f it brown with n dust and dried Everything was be- uilt at once—the s, the pedestrian es, the apartment s, the factories, the s. The buildings thirty or forty sto- igh and still clad indly scaffolding. use of the time of wilight, no one was ing, and only work- were involved in No one lived here. pt for detour ar- s, there were no . There was no col- nothing alert or . I had never seen hing like it in Chi- or the world, a le city under con- ction, and what e it strangest of all that no heavy machinery was in evidence—ulldozers, no cranes, just the odd wheel- ow or ladder and the stitched-together folding covering every structure and making city seem fragile. We drove through, look- for someone to ask about it—perhaps its e. But there was no one around. Then it behind us.

But this was south China. In a short time—months maybe—the town would be inhabited and brightly lit

THREE: GUANGZHOU

AS SOON AS you get to China you hear the success stories. Everyone tells them, affirming the Chinese miracle. The $8-a-week driver for the company in Shanghai who spent his nights at the free market flogging defective shirts with designer labels, used the profit to get involved in a joint venture, and is now making $60,000 a year and is the owner of a house in Australia, having paid for it in cash by sending his cousin to Sydney with the purchase price in a brown paper bag. Or the man who recognized a need for cycle helmets. His were very cheap, because his were very unsafe—just a plastic shell, but never mind, you could have one for ten yuan. This entrepreneur became a multimillionaire and prospered until he died in what was described to me as "a bizarre fishing accident." Foreigners tell these stories even more than the Chinese, and always in a tone of admiration and amazement, because anyone who



graph by Greg Girard / Contact Press Images

was in China ten or more years ago knows that this bountiful place exploded from a monochrome country of faded clothes and gruel, a scrimping, saving, mend-and-make-do society of toiling comrades. These days, however, the stories are of decadence and wealth: "Last year ten new Rolls-Royces were imported into Guangdong by Chinese businessmen—"

"The most popular dish in Canton these days is lobster sashimi—"

"There's a massage parlor in Shenzhen staffed entirely by Russian girls—"

"There is a Chinese businessman in Zhuhai who buys ten bottles at a time of Louis XIII brandy, and it costs thousands of dollars a bottle—"

"It's a feeding frenzy—"

Some of the new fortunes are now made at the China Export Commodities Fair in Guangzhou, often called the Canton Trade Fair. The first official fair was held in 1957. A frenetic bazaar, the fair fills one of the largest buildings in Guangzhou. The trade fair was once the only way foreign businessmen could do business in China, since they were forbidden to pass beyond the Guangzhou threshold into China. These days foreigners travel to factories around China to place their orders, and yet the trade fair remains the main focus of Chinese commerce. Here, buyers for Western corporations, middlemen, suppliers, and even individuals converge, buying goods by the containerload. In past years the fair's areas have been demarcated by varieties of merchandise—carpets here, electrical appliances there, hairpieces and bikes over here, and so forth. But this year, for the first time, the fair's stalls and stands were divided by provinces: Jiangxi here, Shandong there, Inner Mongolia right down the stai costs about ten dollars to register as a dele and have your picture inserted into an badge, and the rest is easy, like a long vulgar browsing through the biggest market on e a gift shop almost without end.

In the lobby is a musical fountain, with l flashing to the piano of Richard Clayder playing "Don't Cry for Me, Argentina." The ers are bused in from their hotels; they are m ly huge sweating men and feverish-loo women from all over the world, squinting poker-faced, like most bargain hunters.

"Zis bench grinder—tell him I want two sand pieces," a Frenchman is saying to hi terpreter.

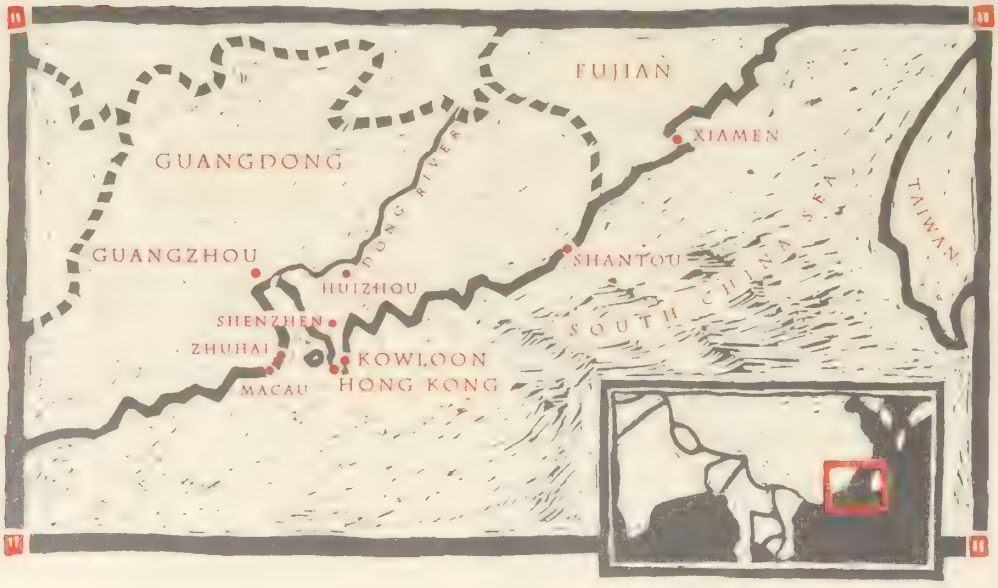
"When these shirts arrive Lebanon?" a antine woman is saying.

A man is buying an orange lifeboat, anc haggling over cotton baseball caps mad Shanghai, which cost $7 a dozen, at 1,000 d per color, minimum order.

A German is ordering sleeping bags, ma Tianjin in a factory that employs 2,400 w ers. Two million are exported annually, a number to Germany. The wholesale pric these well-designed ones—warm, light, e compressible $11.80 a bag.

I drifted over stall where a read FOSHON H WARE & PLA FACTORY, and ir one small spa saw fishing (eight sizes), mo door locks, h mocks, pipe jo cups, plastic flo brake shoes, we electrodes, hir washers, fauc windshield wi spoons, small dogs that jum and yapped, an assortment of arette lighters— or more—on which was a panther whose eyes lit up as its m expelled a jet of fire.

In other stalls you could get a floor-le raccoon coat for $418 (including delivery to ifornia); a "Chinalight New Magnetic Mas Cushion" ($14); Black Dragon brand rollerb made in the remote northern province of longjiang ($13.60 a pair, delivered); a wig of Chinese human hair, dyed blonde, Sh Temple–style, for $10.25. A mountain bik



ashmere scarves were $8, herbal remedies
rgical tools were all reasonably priced, and
g Fu 250-cc motorcycle was $663. The
ng I had seen on the road with the pas-
riding and talking on a cellular phone
,000 wholesale. There was every machine
nown to man. There were inflatable toys.
were more Virgin Marys and plaster saints
rucifixes than you would see in a whole
pilgrimage in Italy.

ent two days at the fair. My most produc-
me was spent at the tea stalls, where all the
ies of tea in China are displayed. My pre-
type of tea is Long Ching (Dragon Well),
Hangzhou. It is green tea, and its flat smooth
s resemble the needles of a fir tree. "Why is
a so expensive?" I asked the tea company's
sentative, Mr. Jin.

his tea is picked in a small area," Mr. Jin said.
best is found on just one hill. There are not
trees, the season is short, only two tons a
h of the best quality are picked in the har-
eason." I discovered it on my first visit to
a in 1980 and have drunk it ever since,
ng it in Friendship Stores or else in New
where the best quality sells for $50 for a box
o cans. But "expensive" is an impression
get only if you buy it outside China. This
tea at the trade fair can be bought for rough-
a box from the China Tuhsu Zhejiang Tea
rt-Export Corporation.

alking through the exhibition hall, I came
s a provincial stall selling herbal remedies,
h included ginseng, royal jelly, anti-cancer
(made of "myrrh, muschus, mastix, and
lus bovis"), and my eye was caught by
thing called "Love Solution." It had some-
g to do with health and sex, and the box
ned that with it "100% of AIDS virus and
mydia can be killed within two minutes."
re was a spray version for men, a plunger for
nen.

Many of the products at the fair are lovely
finely made—the carpets, the embroideries,
ace, the silks. The tools are among the finest
cheapest in the world, and have put many
erican tool companies out of business. But if
e is one business that the Chinese now mo-
olize worldwide it is Christmas decorations.
dly a Santa or a hanging ball on earth is not
luced in the People's Republic, and even the
istmas lights that were formerly made in Tai-
are now made in China, many of them in
t ventures with Taiwanese partners who are
ing to find cheaper labor as wages have risen
Taiwan.

Are they any good?" I asked an Italian, Mario
n Modena, who was in Guangzhou for no
er reason than to buy Christmas lights to sell
taly.

"They are very good," he said. "They conform to Italian standards. They are cheap. It's perfect."

And he smiled.

"But this place"—and he made an Italianate gesture, his hands and face simultaneously expressive, to take in not only the fair but Guangzhou and perhaps the whole of China—"is 'orrible, eh?"

Yet Mario knew better than to dismiss what was before us. We were talking about how China made everything and shipped it everywhere. "China," he said, "is the manufacturer for the world."

Browsing through items at the fair, I understood why the Chinese are considered to be masters of the art of copyright infringement and have found it an effective way to generate business, make enormous profits, and earn hard currency. Despite being closely monitored in Hong Kong by people representing the brands and labels that are assiduously pirated, the infringers get away with murder. "Take running shoes," a Hong Kong lawyer told me. "It is a billion-dollar business. I am not exaggerating when I say a billion. They make the shoes and label them NIKE or PUMA, they put them in boxes printed MADE IN KOREA, and they ship them all over the world."

THE CHINESE NOW MONOPOLIZE THE CHRISTMAS-DECORATIONS INDUSTRY. HARDLY A SANTA OR A HANGING BALL ON EARTH IS NOT PRODUCED IN THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC

The Chinese purloin trademarks and labels and logos willy-nilly. You don't have to be in China very long to recognize the rip-offs. Mickey Mouse is gallivanting all over China without a license—on every conceivable consumer item—and sometimes Mickey wears a curiously almond-eyed expression. The Playboy bunny appears on any number of products without the approval of Hugh Hefner. Knockoff Swiss Army knives are fairly common. Lux soap has been popular in China for so long that there are a dozen pirate versions, with the same colored wrapper and often the same name or a similar one—"Lid," "Lix," "Lud," "Lus." These items are exported to Africa and Southeast Asia, where they may be found stacked near "Goldgate" toothpaste and "Rodigate" toothpaste (the same Colgate colors, no relation), "Pepsi-Cola" biscuits, or fake and almost unchewable Chiclets.

False labeling—especially regarding the label of origin—extends to clothing exported worldwide but especially to the United States,

which last year purchased $4.5 billion in clothes and textiles from China, this despite certain quotas that are reached by negotiation between the two countries. China's production far exceeds its quotas, so many Chinese products are given labels such as MADE IN HAITI or MADE IN MONGOLIA and transshipped through those places, the third-country connection, where a fax machine in a dusty office may be the only apparent chinoiserie. MADE IN MONGOLIA has been very popular on Chinese labels because little is manufactured in that country of grasslands and yaks and nomads.

WHY IS THE MADE IN CHINA label now so commonplace? There are many reasons: the collapse of Eastern Europe and the fragmentation of the Soviet Union created new markets and diverted investment to China. The world recession inspired manufacturers to look for cheaper labor and more consumers—China, these businessmen discovered, not only can make electronics and Ninja Turtles at a fraction of the cost of making them elsewhere, for even less than in traditional cheap labor centers such as Taiwan and Korea and Hong Kong, but also can supply an immense new domestic market. That 70 percent of urban households in China now have color televisions and 81 percent have washing machines suggests a growing middle-class market; that there are 750 million people in China under the age of thirty-five foretells a twenty-first-century economic juggernaut. Last year the government approved 48,000 new foreign investment projects, and foreigners invested $11.2 billion in the country, up from $4.4 billion the year before.

THAT THERE ARE 750 MILLION PEOPLE—CONSUMERS—IN CHINA UNDER THE AGE OF THIRTY-FIVE FORETELLS A TWENTY-FIRST-CENTURY ECONOMIC JUGGERNAUT

So suddenly China is no longer a sprawling, monolithic gerontocracy of enigmatic ideologists but rather an enormous if somewhat clumsily businesslike place that inspires confidence among the world's venture capitalists.

Perhaps it is this simple: Foreign investment was invited. Factories got built. The Chinese workers accepted the lowest wages in the world. They didn't argue. They were not religious. Because of their peculiar political indoctrination, they were totally materialistic. And they showed up on time.

FOUR: SHENZHEN

AS RECENTLY AS 1971, Shen was no more than a railway form lettered SHUMCHUN tw miles north of Hong Kong i province of Guangdong. In I described it in my diary as a wilderne barricades and barbed wire; it had just designated a Special Economic Zone. No ancient-seeming metropolis, Shenzhen is with a railroad station almost as large as York's Grand Central and scores of hotels a city of 2.5 million, nearly the populati Hong Kong, and sprawling in all direct Looking older than its years, the city is mous for its prosperity and buoyant stock ket as it is notorious for its massage parlor prostitutes, its organized (and approved) bling, its bustling streets and busy fact brilliantly lit by blinking signs. On a vis Shenzhen in 1992 Deng had said, famous like this."

Mao's legacy is all those communes and lective farms that have been reconstitute manufacturing villages or else plowed u their people dispersed to find their niche i labor market. Deng's creation is Shenzhen, f set into play the forces that allowed its s ingly spontaneous birth. At eighty-nine old, Deng is often rumored to be near death face appeared on a billboard in Shenzhen l ing ghostly and cadaverous. A lifelong c smoker who has carried an oxygen bottle fo past eight years, he has emphysema, which evident in his sucked-in cheeks and pop eyes. On the billboard he was making a monishing gesture with his fingers:

> If you don't adhere to the Socialist Road
> If you don't follow the Reforms
> If you don't develop the economy
> If you don't improve your livelihood
> Then the only way for you is death.

IN A SIMPLIFIED history, China's prosp may be charted by the rise of Deng, w from an early stage Mao had sniffed o a "capitalist roader." Later, Deng wa scribed with more elaborate contem "an arch unrepentant capitalist roader harbinger of the right deviationist wind." this comrade in arms turned pariah is som who, politically speaking, came back from dead—and not once but three times.

One of the many goals of the Cultural R lution was to rusticate the bureaucrats and " traitors," to sweep aside such bourgeois notio modernization, and to take the starch out o

who had become known as revisionists. the son of well-to-do landlords, was put un- use arrest. One of his sons, Deng Pufang, to have been thrown or dropped out of a -story window (he is still in a wheelchair). er the death of Zhou Enlai in 1976, an that provoked greater grief and more in- emotion in China than the death of Mao hat same year, the Maoist Gang of Four rrested for conspiracy.

were blamed for ng many other things) cesses of the Cultural ution, and Deng was ated to the party and to posts by the Eleventh Congress in 1977. In and 1980, Deng con- ted his power and put ends and like-minded ates and bridge part- nd hatchet men in key

y illusion that Deng high-minded Jefferso- at odds with the forces rxist-Leninist darkness nattered in 1980, when, olitical convenience, he osed deleting the four oms from the 1978 con- ion: speaking out freely, g views fully, holding tes, and writing big- acter posters, the tradi- al form of political st. Deng's proposal was rsed in the fifth plenum 80.

the same year, Deng es- shed the Statute of Joint ure and the new Com- ion for Foreign Invest- t. Although business the outside world had going on since the visit by Richard Nixon 72, these two policy changes marked the be- ing of contemporary China's prosperity. They nt that foreign companies could start facto- in China with Chinese partners, that capi- nd technology could be easily transferred, perhaps most important, that foreign loans h government and private) were permitted. as crucial, it meant that business affairs were ntralized. Now foreign businessmen could ne- ate directly with factories, bypassing the bu- cracy (and bribery) entailed when every deal once had to be routed through the min- es in Beijing.

With this start of China's Open Door Policy came some practical steps to develop China. One was the concept of Special Economic Zones—sealed zones where foreigners could transact business without stinking up the rest of the country with their decadent or subversive notions. Special money also was created, not *renminbi* (people's money) but Foreign Exchange Certificates. So, just over the Hong Kong border station of Lowu, in a village on the railway line



fringed by bamboo groves, at a place then known in its Cantonese form as Shumchun, a new city was planned.

Stung by the ferocity of the Cultural Revolution, and receiving mixed signals from the right and the left of the party, the Chinese people were at first tentative in carrying out Deng's exhortations. His cry "To get rich is glorious!" remained little more than a yearning. What I saw in China in 1986 and 1987 was mainly confusion, tentative movement toward a free market, and severe official punishment for crime (10,000 people were executed for various crimes between 1983 and 1986). After the 1989 Tiananmen Square massacre, it appeared that China was in

graph by Greg Girard / Contact Press Images

the economic doldrums. This was an illusion. As we now know, a serious businessman is unlikely to be deterred by a little thing like a massacre.

Deng himself was unrepentant about the killings. "Kill a chicken to scare the monkeys," he said, quoting a Chinese proverb to justify the massacre he had ordered. It is a standard military tactic in Sun Tzu's *The Art of War* to hack a soldier to pieces in front of his regiment in order to make a vivid and memorable point about discipline. The feebler the pretext, the sterner the lesson. Deng is often described as "pragmatic." His desire to host the Summer Olympics in the year 2000 was strictly to give China an aura of international respectability and had nothing to do with the Olympic ideals of fair play and brotherhood. Mao, by contrast, had a sort of monstrous style. He was a romantic, a poet, almost Byronic, and yet someone who rather enjoyed his reputation as a demonic manipulator. He was happy to hand power to the Red Guards and turn the country upside down for ten years just to see what would happen. Deng is without charisma—doesn't have it, doesn't want it. No cult of personality has grown up around him, nor will it in what remaining time he has left. His briskness and frankness are a reaction to the time-wasting and secrecy of the past. Mao—arrogant, ruthless, serene—was an emperor whose image was iconographic. Deng is a sort of blandly non-ideological CEO and is almost faceless. One of his main dictums of reform is "Tight on the inside, loose on the outside."

I WENT TO THE market in Shenzhen with a friend of a friend, Mr. Lu, who told me, "I would much rather live here than in Hong Kong. I have a larger apartment here than I would have in Hong Kong. Shenzhen is cleaner and better organized."

When I asked Mr. Lu about his family he said, "They were very red," meaning they'd had power but no money, had never been landowners, and were party members. I took this to indicate that their credentials were perfect during the Cultural Revolution. Mr. Lu said this was so. I asked him whether he had been active himself—he was forty-eight, just the right age. He said yes. Had he been a Red Guard? He said yes.

"What was your unit?" I asked.

"Revolutionary Revolt—the reddest," he said, and smiled, as though having been a member of this fanatical ultra-leftist unit had been a youthful indiscretion. Mr. Lu had been teaching English in 1966, but after being subjected to intense self-criticism (essays, confessions, recitations), he had become a Red Guard. His unit fought regularly with other units, mostly throwing cl at one another, over which unit was the t guardian of Mao's thought. In 1969, Mr. Lu chosen as a model Red Guard, having worke a year at a lathe, making parts for machine t in a factory in the countryside. Machine during the day, Marxist-Leninist study at ni He was selected to be a propagandist, trave the country, galvanizing Red Guard units, leading political pep rallies from Mongoli Shanghai. In his spare time he studied revolut around the world. Then, when foreign visitor gan arriving, Mr. Lu, whose English was no asset, was appointed to take them around. M were well known. John Kenneth Galbraith one.

Just after Deng took control, Mr. Lu was to study in the United States and Canada, that experience, the sight of prosperity, tr formed him. "It was the way people lived," said. "I wanted that for us." Mr. Lu becam passionate reformer. In June 1989 he was at barricades in Tiananmen Square. "It was too that some students died," he said, obviously cl tened by the violence. "But that is the past. have to be optimistic."

I asked him about the man whose speec had incited the students, Professor Fang Li now in the United States.

"The great number of Chinese people d care about his ideas. He is better off in Amer anyway—he is more American than Chine

Mr. Lu seemed the perfect person to w around Shenzhen with. He was small and sli of build but he said that, having been through Cultural Revolution, he was not daunted by adversity, whether it was walking a long dista or carrying a heavy load. As we passed the r way station, I mentioned that we could through the turnstiles, hop on a train at Lo and be drinking a beer in Hong Kong in l than an hour. I had made the trip myself from other direction one rainy morning—caught subway train outside the Sheraton Hong Ko changed trains in Kowloon Tong, and was at border before I had finished reading the *So China Morning Post*. I had gotten back to Hc Kong Central in time for lunch. ("I would mind seeing China," the English poet Phi Larkin had said, "if I could come back the sa day." That was now possible.)

"I don't like Hong Kong," Mr. Lu said. "It's t crowded."

"Is it too full of *gweilos*?" I asked, meaning f eigners.

Mr. Lu laughed politely, so I asked him ab something that had been on my mind for a whi If he happened to be with another Chinese p son and one of them called attention to an Am ican in the distance, would they normally use t

plasmodium (*Plasmodium vivax*) that induces paroxysms at 48-hour intervals

viverrid \vī-'ver-əd\ *n* [NL *Viverridae*, fr. *Viverra*, type genus, fr. L *viverra* ferret] (1902) : any of a family (*Viverridae*) of carnivorous mammals (as a civet, a genet, or a mongoose) that are rarely larger than a domestic cat but are long, slender, and like a weasel in build with short more or less retractile claws and rounded feet — **viverrid** *adj*

vivers \'vē-vərz, 'vī-\ *n pl* [MF *vivres*, pl. of *vivre* food, fr. *vivre* to live, fr. L *vivere*] *chiefly Scot* (1536) : VICTUALS, FOOD

Vivian *or* **Vivien** \'viv-ē-ən\ *n* : the mistress of Merlin in Arthurian legend — called also *Lady of the Lake*

vivid \'viv-əd\ *adj* [L *vividus*, fr. *vivere* to live — more at QUICK] (1638) : having the appearance of vigorous life or freshness : LIVELY 1 : having the appearance of vigorous life or freshness : LIVELY 1 : having the appearance of vigorous life or freshness : LIVELY 1



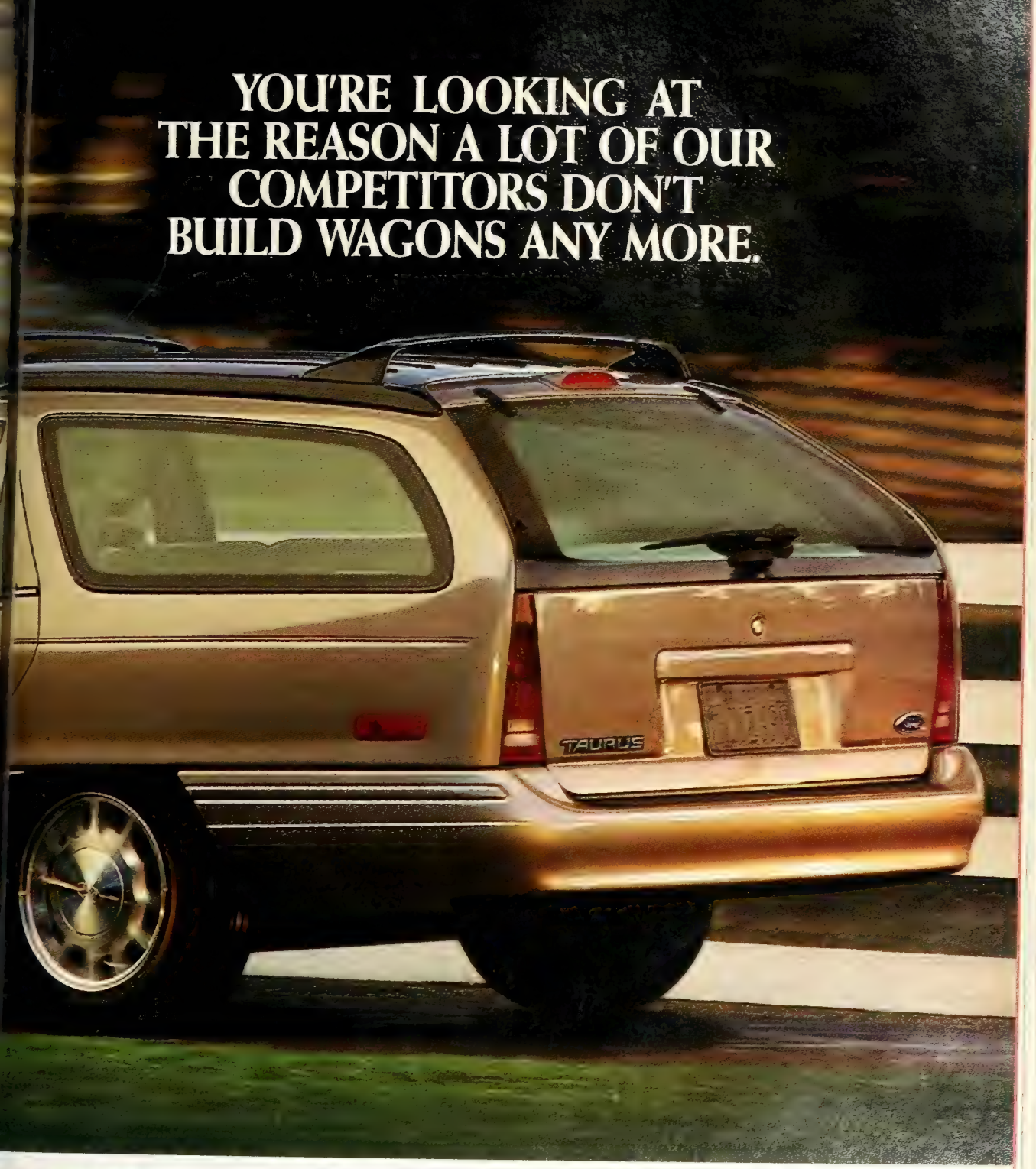
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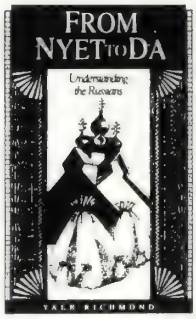
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oreign devil"? ("That foreign devil is very
r example.)
. If he was a man. If it was a woman we
say *gweibo*."
vil-woman."
to speak." There were, however, no *gwei-*
e, no tourists at all. Why would they come
had seen no tourists in Guangzhou. None
provincial towns. There was a park in
nen, but it was not for foreigners; it was for
inese, a China theme park, Splendid Chi-
th replicas of every "sight" in China: a
Wall section, a temple, a pagoda, a group
a-cotta warriors, and so forth. Tourists, I re-
, are an irrelevance in these economic
there is no place for them, everything
too quickly for them, and really, there is
ng to see.

THE SHENZHEN MARKET covered six acres or more. At the butchers' stalls the cheapest meat was chicken at $1.20 a catty (500 grams), beef was $1.20, pork was $1.40, as $1.75, and snake was $18.75. The dog-section of the market was no different from f the others—a series of long stone slabs ed with blood, with blood-flecked Chinese ing their cleavers through stringy bone . The creatures themselves were either gut-nd strung up on hooks or else piled in cuts, ven headless they were recognizable as dogs, their long narrow muscles and their lean ches.

I drifted around the city with him, it was that Mr. Lu had put his Red Guard past be-him. He was proud of this proliferation of fac-s and housing blocks. Shenzhen was ubtedly the best-organized city in China. authorities tried to keep crime to a mini-—although this had become a major chal-e. Eighty-two men in Shenzhen had recently stripped of their party membership for being titution patrons" (and a "half-year re-edu-n" was also part of their punishment). But g women still quietly solicited in many bars ey wore the current Chinese hooker fashion ry short shorts, once known in America by vocative name "hot pants." The women were y. There were brothels too, many of them g the cover of barbershops ("I got suspicious n my husband needed a haircut every day," a says in a current Shenzhen joke). The wom-id not bother Mr. Lu. He called them "flies." f you open a window, you get some flies," he , and he might have been quoting one of g's speeches. Whenever we saw something ident or jarring in Shenzhen, Mr. Lu said, the Chinese gift for euphemism, "More flies."

ONE NIGHT IN Shenzhen Mr. Lu and I were in a restaurant that at ten o'clock was abruptly turned into a disco, the sort of place that would have been unthinkable in Maoist times, when one could be sent to a pig farm in Mongolia for listening to Western music. There we were, talking about the future of Hong Kong over our shrimp and bamboo shoots, and the lights dimmed and young men began setting out sound equipment and tuning their guitars.

"Hong Kong will be handed over. China will give no assurances. These people in Hong Kong who are asking for elections and referendums are wasting their time," Mr. Lu was saying.

Then the lights were dimmed, the youths appeared, and the music started; and it was so loud we could not hear each other. The guitarists wore silver jogging suits, the lead singer was in blue. I recognized one or two of the songs—Michael Jackson was obviously popular here. Then the singer started hectoring the audience and waving green slips of paper.

"What's he saying?"

"He's asking for requests."

The idea was that you would write down your request and hand it over to him. I took a slip of paper.

"I have a request. I want him to sing 'Dong Fang Hong.' "

Mr. Lu, delighted, copied down the Chinese characters and we passed it to the singer, who glanced at it and called out to his musicians. And without batting an eyelash, he began marching in step and singing "*Dong fang hong! Tai yang shang.*"

The East is Red!
The sun rises!
China produces Mao Zedong!
He works for the happiness of the people
He is the savior of the Chinese people
The East is Red!

When the musician was finished, he went back to singing rock songs.

FIVE: HUIZHOU

HAVING TAKEN IN the cornucopia of bargains at the trade fair, I was curious to see where these products were made. I had heard of a well-run factory in Huizhou, and so I went by road through east-central Guangdong to this once sleepy town and met Mel Dickinson, the Welsh manager of a factory run by the Austrian family firm of Swarovski, purveyors of crystal to every duty-free shop on the

planet. Four years ago, Dickinson arrived in Huizhou, the only expatriate in town. His orders were to sort out an almost bankrupt jewelry factory. It was like being sent to an outpost in old China, the *gweilo* stuck in a factory in a riverbank town in rural Guangdong, hating its snakes, consoling himself with his pint of Tsingtao beer at night while he labored with his workers to produce costume jewelry by the ton. The heat, the rubble, the stink, the terrible town, the melancholy—it could almost have been a portrait out of Somerset Maugham's *On a Chinese Screen* or the much earlier narratives of American or European expatriates in China. Dickinson considered my comparison and then said, "People like me came in the nineteenth century, and they lived the way I do. But they exploited the natives. We don't."

This proved to be true in Dickinson's case. He was a kind and hardworking man, clearly liked by his workers. His factory, Huisi Fashion Jewellry and Crafts Company Ltd., had won a top award in the province, Number One for Light Industry in Guangdong, for being the best-run, the most productive. Dickinson and his wife, Freda, had come to Huizhou in January 1989, "and almost walked straight out. The factory was filthy and silent. All I saw were workers having naps amidst orange peels and peanut shells. But I decided to stay. I liked the town. It was quiet and very safe."

A WORKER IN IRELAND WOULD GET $25 A HOUR TO POLISH JEWELRY IN A FACTORY. POLISHERS IN CHINA ARE PAID 50 CENTS AN HOUR AND DO THE JOB JUST AS WELL

Four months later, production was in full swing. Soon after that, the students occupied Tiananmen Square in Beijing. "Not a peep here in Huizhou," Dickinson said. "It was business as usual. There were some tanks in Guangzhou." The Chinese no longer need permits to travel around the country. This fact now allows for the movement of labor and keeps wages low. Within four years things changed in Huizhou. Prices tripled. The small town became a very large town of 2.3 million—a city, by American standards. More factories opened. Rice growers whose fields had been filled in and built on by developers flocked from the surrounding countryside; unable to find jobs, they slept rough and made the place unsafe with their murders, burglaries, muggings, and fights. Highway robbers frequently went through a hijacked bus emptying passengers' pockets. The day before payday, when the Huisi safe was full of cash, one of the factory workers broke in. Dickinson and some c men caught him before he opened the safe man received a four-year sentence for the b in. If he had managed to get the safe ope would have been executed. "This is the West now," Dickinson said. "The authoriti hard, but it's not enough. Go downtown you'll see masses of policemen. But after o'clock there won't be any. They'll all have home."

Dickinson was modest and humorous i self-effacing Welsh way, but he was clearly p of his factory, pleased of its awards and its its. The enterprise had been intended as a port effort, making gold-plated jewelry t sold in American department stores ($40 rings, $60 pendants), the sorts of things make women say, "These are fun." But the elry had caught on locally and was now b snapped up all over China. Soon the Chris orders would be coming in and 350 people w be working to turn out bracelets, pins, n laces, and pendants. His employees earne tween ¥350 and ¥400 a month ($60–$70). their hours were 8:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M., wit hour off for lunch.

The factory, which looked like a gray-b Victorian high school, seemed a happy p most of it air-conditioned, all of it well ligh Yet what impressed me about the operation the amount of technical training the worke ceived as designers and model-makers crea the baubles. Three employees were being se Thailand to study another Swarovski opera Everything—the wooden models, the ru molds—was made on the spot. Even the ti loy was bought in China.

Dickinson and I passed through a room w men and women were polishing earrings pins.

"Polishing is the expensive part of the op tion. See that?" It was a gold mushroom, cu ceous and gleaming, about two inches high polisher can do only five an hour. That's you cannot afford to polish in Europe." He me that a worker in Ireland would get 15 punts an hour, perhaps $25. A polisher in na was paid 50 cents and did the job just as Anyone wondering why world manufactu had moved to China might consider this sit example.

"This is the heart of the factory," Dickin said in the electroplating shop. "This is w we make a silk purse out of a sow's ear." Th loy was plated with a layer of copper and t nickel, then was gilded in a solution of po sium gold cyanide, which Dickinson bough large quantities (about $10,000 a kilo) f Hong Kong.

Being in a well-run, happy factory made

about all the sweatshops that existed in
t of China. They were mostly in villages
nnably hard to find. I had tried to visit
t the owners kept them hidden and off-
not wanting their exploitation to be ob-
particularly by a foreigner. I knew from
informants that the classic sweatshop
xtile- or umbrella-making or simple elec-
operation owned by a Taiwanese or Hong
usinessman,
pically it was
nymous build-
a rural village
h all the em-
s had been
t from one of
rer provinces
six hundred
to the west,
n or Gansu.
in the court-
ter our tour, I
Dickinson
er he had seen
with very bad
g conditions.
, yes. I've seen
Even joint
es. They were
ul they would
made Charles
ns throw up."
at about sweat-
"

ey're all over
ace, but you'll
get in. My sec-
brother worked
, though."

ked to talk to Dickinson's secretary about
hops. Her name was Linda and she was
late twenties, formerly a schoolteacher. Her
h was excellent. "My brother works in one
se places. At first he was making ovens; now
making telephones. He works until ten or
at night. Most weeks he works seven days,
ow and then he gets a day off. His boss is
Taiwan." For this he was paid ¥200, or $35,
th. Such pay was not exceptional; in fact,
of the rural people who had come to
ou would have settled for that sort of job.
e that man?" Dickinson said to me as I was
g. A dapper Chinese man in a well-cut
his hair fashionably permed, was picking
ay across the cobbles of the courtyard with
row shiny shoes. He was in his thirties, the
executive—little man, big Rolex. I had seen
h of such people to realize I had lost interest
m, because they were the exception. I was
interested in daily life as it was being borne by the majority of people—workers, gardeners, market traders—and in the changing configurations of the landscape.

Still, this man was unavoidable. He was a client from Shanghai and had come to sign a contract for an order. When the man was out of earshot, on his tour of the factory, Dickinson whispered to me, "He has a check in his pocket for me, made out for 1 million *renminbi*. That's the down payment. His order is two and a half million."



There was another man in the courtyard, a cripple, and his body was so twisted and misshapen he could move only by occasionally touching the ground with his free hand, straining with his serious face. But he was tidy, his clothes were clean. He made his way crabwise through the gate to the porcelain factory next door.

"I've been looking at him for four years," Dickinson said. "I have never heard him complain."

MEL DICKINSON WAS kindly and solicitous of his employees; he was also atypical. Most factory bosses are more like the man I met who ran a large wholly owned American enterprise in a city forty miles outside Huizhou. I promised my informant I would be circumspect. I was met by a fresh-faced Amer-

raph by Greg Girard / Contact Press Images

to an manager, who asked me why I happened to be interested in his company's product.

"I'm planning to write an article," I said, "about change in south China. And your part in it."

"Wait a minute," he said, becoming officious. "I don't want to be in your article. I don't want to be quoted. I don't want my name on it. Everything I say has to be off the record. If you want information, you can talk to our P.R. people in Hong Kong."

"It won't be much of an article if I use public-relations brochures," I said, thinking that it was precisely the sort of unhelpful attitude I had met among old Commies and hacks in the old Marxist-Leninist China.

"I'm sorry, I can't help you."

"I was just curious about your experience in China. I promise to respect your wish to be anonymous."

SOME PEOPLE WHO DO BUSINESS WITH CHINA IGNORE THE FACT THAT THE COUNTRY IS STILL A DICTATORSHIP THAT PRACTICES CONVICT LABOR AND CONDUCTS MASS PUBLIC EXECUTIONS

The Nameless American Factory Manager in the Nameless American Factory considered this and finally said, "We're doing very well. We're on schedule. Everything's going ahead. We have a great team." He set his face at me as though defying me to find anything wrong with what he had just said. I found a great deal wrong. He was unhelpful and probably untruthful. It was the sort of thing you would have heard from the cadre of the Revolutionary Red Star Work Unit during the height of the Cultural Revolution.

"How many people do you employ?"

"Eighty-five."

"What do you pay people?"

"See?" he fumed. "That's the wrong question! Why don't you ask whether they get transportation? What about cafeteria privileges, holidays, overtime, all the rest of the benefits?"

"I was coming to that," I said (and he might have added haircuts and showers, two other perks Chinese workers receive in joint-venture factories). But, seeing that I had stung him, I persisted with my wage question.

"About ¥500 a month, maybe less," he guessed.

Call it ¥450. That is $80 a month at the official rate of exchange. It was slightly above the going rate by Chinese standards. The clothing factories, run mainly by Taiwanese and Hong Kong businessmen, pay ¥200 or less a month.

"That's a very good salary here," the man said. It is very likely that he was earning 250 times that amount.

"What if your workers didn't think it was adequate and decided to go on strike?"

"They'd have a problem. We're a non-u operation in the States. We don't deal unions, we deal with individuals. My door ways open to anyone who's got a complain

I doubted that anyone would risk it. Ev our brief conversation this Nameless A can seemed to me to be a rather forbidding són. He told me that he had been living hotel in the nearby city for almost s months. A manager of a plant in one o western states of America, he had never in China before.

"How do you like it here?"

"It's an incredible place."

"I think [I named the city] is horrendou

"I've seen fewer beggars here than in hometown in the United States]."

"Have you been to the railway station? E third person is bumming money."

"Maybe you're right. I wasn't counting But there's no hippies. In [his hometown] you hippies everywhere. Guys with long hair, living off the government. I've got a pers pet peeve against graffiti. [His hometown] i of it. You don't see that here. And even if a son lives in a humble house, they're still and clean. I like that."

Very soon after that, he signaled that th terview was at an end and that it was time fo to leave the building. He did not offer to s me the plant. He repeated that he did not to be quoted or identified. I said I would res his privacy, and I believe I have.

The man's identity does not really ma What was notable was that in the course o conversation he had, without realizing it, n or less parroted *Quotations from Chairman Tse-tung*. He believed in obedience, cleanli thrift, learning by doing, and hard work; he w ed each worker to be the "rustless screw Maoist ideology.

I had the distinct sense that most Amer businessmen in China were Maoists in the s sense, not dreamers like the old man, but sembling the monopolistic-minded bureauc who followed him, the Hard Liners (*Qiang pai*) or Extreme Leftists (*Ji zhou pai*). But a " ist" in China is actually very repressive and ri wing, and, to their delight, many fore businessmen find the leftists have a great de common with their own enthusiasms, prejudi and obsessions.

A kind of moral blindness afflicts many p ple who do business with the Chinese, si along with everything else, China is still a tatorship of pitiful wages, fairly miserable liv conditions, and a brutal legal system, and practicing such quaint customs as convict la child labor, and mass (and often public) exe

Most people engaged in trade with the
e are so besotted by their profits that they
ıot care less about these things. Even
he public health is concerned, business is
is. When the British pharmaceutical firm
estimated that there were 30 million asth-
in China, they set up a $10 million fac-
make an anti-asthma medicine in a joint
re, choosing an appropriate city,
qing, where the air quality is reportedly
imes worse than normal.

NE OF MAO'S most interesting essays is called "On the Correct Handling of Contradictions Among the People." It deals with unity and harmony. ites, "As for the imperialistic countries, ould unite with their peoples and strive exist peacefully hose countries, iness with them revent any pos- war, but under circumstances l we harbour any ılistic notions t them." Else- in the essay he , "We must learn ok at problems ledly, seeing the se as well as the se side of things. en conditions, a hing can lead to results, and a thing to bad re- " Mao had been hetic. Many of ities and towns I in Fujian and ngdong, with the ption of the Spe- Economic Zone of ıen, looked much e than they ever more crowded chaotic and far comfortable than or fifteen years The gardens and s were a mess, le's manners gen- y were aggressive and their attitudes in- rable. The physical and social fabric of ıa, in what one presumes is a transitional e, is in tatters. Strangely, this is considered ress.

SIX: ZHUHAI

THE ANCIENT PLACES and the new places in developing China seem interchangeable now. This is an effect of the building boom—frugal, hastily erected structures did not age well and looked elderly and in need of renovation as soon as they were finished. So far, the Chinese miracle has not encompassed graceful or even sturdy architecture. The Chinese have a genius for putting up buildings that are instantly seedy and almost ruinous. As soon as the ribbon is cut, the dust clings and the cracks appear.

Zhuhai, a one-hour ferry ride from Shekou across the wide, tea-colored river mouth of the Pearl, was a Special Economic Zone. The ferry, the *Hai Shan*, had 400 seats, and, this



being China, every seat was taken. Each one was numbered and reserved. You would have thought that since everyone had his or her own seat, boarding the ferry would be a relaxed business. This was not the case. It was a

graph by Greg Girard / Contact Press Images

physical struggle to get up the gangway. Whenever a signal is given in China, people jump. It is as though there is a deep memory of individuals having gone hungry or gotten lost or been left behind because they hesitated or weren't aggressive enough. The habit learned from periods of extreme poverty has now become a Chinese reflex, the instinct to push toward any door, any vehicle, any ticket window; shoving is the only way forward. And so China is an experience of elbows, now more than ever. This get-it-now instinct has been officially sanctioned, and some of the features of society that old *gweilos* and older Chinese lament are the absence of politeness and the presence of a new reckless assertiveness. I was on half a dozen airplane flights, and each time the plane began to descend people threw off their seat belts and jumped up and staggered down the aisle, to be first off the plane. F attendants howl and the passengers ret but when the flight attendants' back turned the people are up again, gathering bags, moving unsteadily in the landing o ing plane. Even traffic in Chinese cities congested roads seems to push and compe the same way, cars and trucks beeping queue-jumping, n ing quickly into available space.



Just a few years Zhuhai was a villag sort, yet now it lo as old and citifie Macau, founded in 1 Walking from the C Bei district of Zhuh Macau—it took m hour, including pas through two sets of migration officers like a stroll from one to the other of the s decrepit city. Yet Zhu on its breezy bay, one of the more pl ant places I saw. It beaches and parks a main drag. In ev restaurant and lobby there were Chinese t ing on cellular pho and on one occasio each of six tables aro me there was some talking on a phone. years ago it was alm impossible to make a from the best hotel. boom in telecommu cations is part of Chinese miracle, even prostitutes w beepers.

"The Yellow Tra —the euphemism vice in China—v brisk in Zhuhai. T city's fairly steamy reputation no doubt deriv from its proximity to Macau, as Shenzhen's rived from Hong Kong. But the present c cern with manufacturing and the downplay of tourism has meant that the Yellow Trad mainly for locals or visiting provincials. A f eign tourist industry would have produced m larger numbers of massage parlors and call g more vicious practices, much higher prices. T narrow lanes in Gong Bei were the haunt skinny hookers in shorts and high heels, a

Photograph by Greg Girard / Contact Press Im

rculated among the outdoor restaurants lewalk cafés and the men selling live —*xiao long*, little dragons—out of baskets ach, for the thick ones they called Cross ain Blacks). Fengboshan Park, in the cen- he city, was popular among transients niors, and in a vice raid while I was in t ten men were arrested there, the eldest y-two. After their pimp, a woman, d, her rates were published. Full sexual in- se cost up to ¥60, or about $10.50; bosom- ng was ¥10; and "nude peeks" were ¥5. As er parts of China, barbershops and hair- s were the cover for "relaxation services" rbation at ¥50).

city is notable not just for adventures in n trade but for violent crime too. I asked s people about the crime rate. They all s, it's terrible, it's these outsiders, young ostly, no respect. No one cared to elabo- lo one liked discussing this subject with *da* "Big Nose"), and who could blame them? teresting facts emerged, though. The peo- d many of the thieves carried weapons. was alarming. The second fact was that robbery was always a capital offense in .. And everyone I spoke to was in favor of ath penalty—for murder, for robbery, for ar- r pimping, you name it. This was not just for idle conversation. With the growth in rity and reform, there were more execu- than ever, and in some cities crime was control.

had death-penalty conversations many before in China. The Chinese response ill unanimous. Give the criminal a bullet head. Let the victim's family watch the throes, and make the criminal's family pay e bullet.

e argument for the death penalty is that it s crime. I happen to think this is a specious ent, and it is manifestly not the case in a, where the crime rate has risen right along the number of executions. Amnesty Inter- nal reported in May 1992 that "estimates unofficial sources for the number of exe- ns in 1991 range from 5,000 to 20,000." scalating use of the death penalty in Chi- nce 1989 is apparently continuing: in the h of January 1993, Amnesty International ded 1,891 death sentences, including more 1,000 executions.

hen I challenged a more forthcoming Chi- man named Liu, he told me that people —and murdered—in spite of the death lty, "because they don't know the law."

ut the government publicizes the execu- s," I argued. "They drive the condemned around town in the back of a truck, with around their neck. They put the dead peo- ple's pictures up at the railway station. How could they not know?"

"They are ignorant."

"But everyone in China knows that they will be executed for committing certain crimes," I said.

Mr. Liu said, "Some people feel it won't apply to them, that they will get off with a prison sentence."

Sometime later, a woman said to me, "Many people in China do not value their lives. They don't regard their lives as precious, and therefore they're willing to take risks."

IT WAS IN Zhuhai that I was able to verify the rumor about expensive brandy. I found some likely bottles at the Zhuhai Merchandise Fair and asked to examine them. They were crystal decanters of Rémy Martin Louis XIII Grande Champagne Cognac, selling for ¥8,580—that was almost $1,500 a bottle.

"Do you sell many of these?" I asked.

"About four a month."

"Any to *gweilos*?"

"No. All to Chinese."

Later that day I was marveling about this to a Chinese woman, who said to me, "When Americans first came to China, we thought they were rich. Now it is we who are rich."

This remark led to a discussion about envy among a number of Chinese around me. Several of them maintained that there was very little envy in the new China.

"If a person gets rich, the attitude is 'Good luck to him,'" one Chinese said. "'If I work hard I'll get rich, too.'"

"You don't burn a man's house down because he has a better one than you," another Chinese said. "There is even a sense that the rich man might help you."

Just as confidently, this view was contradicted by a man who described *hong yen bing*, or "red eye disease," a chronic condition in China wherein the envious person stared greedily at anyone who had more than he had.

Most of the speakers agreed that the wealthiest people in China were hidden. They were not the people one saw on the streets, talking on cellular phones, buying expensive brandy, or wearing Rolexes. They were perhaps living as they always had, except that they were squirreling

FIVE YEARS AGO IT WAS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO MAKE A PHONE CALL FROM THE BEST HOTEL. NOW CELLULAR PHONES ARE COMMON AND EVEN THE PROSTITUTES WEAR BEEPERS

their money away, preferably in hard currency (the currency dealers thronged every sidewalk in these economic zones, pestering and offering twice the bank rate for Hong Kong dollars). People with disposable income bought gold, TVs, appliances. Some bought land. Many believed that the best way to position themselves was to buy stocks of newly listed companies on the Shenzhen stock market.

Inflation, which was running at around 16 percent, was the cause of some of this behavior. It was also the cause of a labor dispute at a Canon camera factory in Zhuhai. There had been eighteen strikes in Guangdong in 1993, but they had been small affairs. This strike was different because the workers were reasonably well paid, the company was immensely profitable, and some of the strikers were administrative staffers. After a three-day stoppage, the 800 striking workers were back on the job while talks continued. The workers (who were earning from $85 to $175 a month) wanted a 30 percent to 50 percent raise in pay to keep pace with inflation. They were concerned not only about rising rents and house prices but also about the recent increase in bus fares and the cost of cigarettes. Canon's Japanese owners had offered 7 percent. There was a stalemate. There may still be a stalemate, both sides refusing to budge. But for the workers it is a losing battle, because there will always be Chinese lining up for jobs at low wages, and the Chinese government has made it very nearly a duty for its nationals to work uncomplainingly.

MAO'S GREATEST SUCCESS WAS THAT HE TURNED HIS PEOPLE INTO MATERIALISTS; THE LONG MARCH HAS TAKEN A SHARP RIGHT TURN, DOWN THE ROAD OF CAPITALISM

Despite such obvious signs of capitalism, there were official posters and radio lectures listing The Four Adheres:

—Adhere to Marxism-Leninism
—Adhere to the Socialist Road
—Adhere to Proletarian Dictatorship
—Adhere to Party Leadership

"Do people repeat these things?" I asked.

The answer: "Yes. Like the Bible."

I thought, *Exactly*, because that clearly reminded me of all the cant and hypocrisy that goes under the name of Christianity. And it was no different for the Chinese, who were able to parrot party slogans while at the same time hustling on the black market or trying (as one man did) to run me down in his BMW while he talked on his cellular phone.

SEVEN: AT THE FERRY IN SHEKOU

I WAS STANDING AT the ferry termi in Shekou, the old merchants' qua on the east bank of the Pearl, and approached by half a dozen yo men, who began jeering at me, fl ing cigarette lighters in my face and nagg me with the Chinese locution for "Are buying or not buying!" They followed heckling and poking fun. This wasn't first time since my return to the People's public that I'd had the sense that this p perous, overcrowded, and in-your-face Ch was much more like the pre-revolution old China than like the period domina by Mao's selfless mottoes of anti-capitali Old China in my mental image was an landscape of factories and farms, expatri and competing crowds, back lanes ring with the hammers of tinsmiths, and vast c of tycoons, prostitutes, beggars, hawkers, tlers, and peasants—furious activity, ev thing for sale, crowded streets, markets p high with produce, an intensely competi commercial life, factories turning out cry goblets, and sweatshops making shirts. Ex for the occasional intrusion of police, went on, and politics was a novelty ar nuisance that no one liked but everyone erated. Old China had not been a tou destination either.

Last April I thought of this in many place south China, the ones that had grown in fo five years from being landing stages on tr taries of the Pearl River to the size of pr towns. These settlements looked much like in the old bustling China. But behind thei pearance was something new and crucial: memory of the intervening Maoist years. *Wh sentimental?* seemed to be the Chinese atti now. *Why trust another leader?* This was a p ing and shoving China that had learne Maoist lesson of self-reliance and survival, rejected the rest of the Maoist altruism. Bec of the hardships and unpredictable events o Maoist years, people had developed shar bows and an instinct to snatch what they c while the time was right.

Mao, of course, had wanted to create a ulation of revolutionaries. But in the end campaigns and purges turned out to be an e orate form of aversion therapy. For what se to have emerged from the Age of Mao was a army of reactionaries and opportunists. M

success—though he may
ve realized it—was in
his people into single-
materialists. Ideologi-
eaking, the Long March
en a sharp right turn,
he capitalist road.

WHEN COUNTRIES modernize these days, they become Amer-
d, and often lose their
l identity. China is the
on. The more China de-
the more it seems to be
back into the old China,
egional and unequal, am-
busily self-sufficient, and
o read as China in the
ynasty. As it modernizes,
als a greater complexity
leeper Chineseness. And
re are differences. Where-
old China was informed by
icianism and, in some
Christianity, China now
totally materialistic, can-
wiser, even selfish. The
ces of Guangdong and Fu-
ay have the oily, muddy
f old China, but except for
iety they have few of Chi-
d reverences, the Confu-
virtues of refinement,
ness, decency, and good
And there are the throw-
that show in something as
e as tipping. In Maoist
it was not done. Then,
the tourists and business-
of the 1980s, some tips were
. Now in the 1990s a tip is
cted when a transaction
place or service is given.
e can be a real ugliness
a tip is not offered, and
is a new permutation—for many services
ip comes before any act is performed. In a
short time in China tipping has turned in-
ibery. Or is it bribery? After all, this is the
Perhaps a tip has turned back into what it
been in this hemisphere for thousands of
—baksheesh, not a reward, but merely the
of doing business.
he pressure to get things done quickly has
crime. With bad roads and slow services
backed-up deliveries, grease helps. Many



people I spoke to in China, foreign and Chinese alike, said that grease was an absolute necessity for a smooth business operation. Their view was that prosperity without crime is almost unthinkable. Corruption is not new in China, but it has become pervasive, and China's biggest single social problem will continue to be crime. The triads, crime syndicates, and secret societies that flourished in China for centuries and seemed to be stamped out have returned, many from Hong Kong and Taiwan, where these rit-

graph by Lee Day / Black Star

ualistic brotherhoods and protection rackets were reconstituted. And the highwaymen and cat burglars are back. As recently as seven or eight years ago, you could with confidence have sent your seventeen-year-old daughter traipsing all over China alone. No longer. China has become unsafe; I feel it is likely to become even less safe. But then, it was for thousands of years a country famous for its defensive perimeters—behind the Great Wall were more walls, walled compounds and fortified cities. These days, look at any new housing development of condominiums or apartments or single-family dwellings and you will see high perimeter walls.

Outside these walls there are the poor, some of them predatory, most of them simply pathetic. They are the rural poor of subsistence farmers in neglected provinces that have never known prosperity in the whole of Chinese history. It is doubtful that life will change for them. In the cities the struggle will go on, but such extreme class divisions will re-create even more of the old China, more conspicuous wealth and ownership and a deeper oppression, of which the client and his prostitute are just one version, and the factory owner and his sweatshop are another. No one owned gold in Maoist China—there was none to buy—but before Liberation, the Chinese had always been great buyers of gold and jewelry. The habit is back and was one of the factors in the spectacular worldwide rise in the price of gold in the first half of this year. It is not greed; it is another technique of survival, a Chinese way of concentrating wealth, protecting against inflation, and hoarding against the inevitable hard times ahead. Deng, they know, is not long for this world. His chosen successors are, like him, believers in economic progress, not political change. But it remains to be seen whether they prevail.

THE CHINESE DON'T LOOK BACK, BECAUSE IN THE STRANGE INTERPLAY OF LIGHT AND SHADOW, SPLENDOR AND MISERY, THAT IS THEIR HISTORY THERE IS TOO MUCH TO LOOK BACK UPON

In the past, whenever times were bad, in periods of famine or war or repression, the Chinese—the most portable of people—picked up a small bundle of their belongings and fled for their safety and well-being. Not all Chinese have gold in their little bundles, but some do. The others pay it in advance to men who smuggle them out of China and into other countries. As recent events have shown, eve time of Chinese prosperity, people wish t China, many of them for the United S China's growth and destabilization may c have important consequences here. Am immigration officials estimate that as m 80,000 undocumented Chinese are ar each year on America's shores, and the n is rising.

UNTIL RECENTLY, CHINESE li not so much enigmatic known. We did not have perception of Chinese stub ness, tenacity, or materialis Chinese lack of illusions; their strong se family; their powerful survival instinct; th tred of complainers; their passion for s More than any people I have ever come a the Chinese are obsessive about living i present. They don't look back, because i strange interplay of light and shadow, spl and misery, of their history, there is too m look back upon—and so it is fatal to be mental. Chinese life is both active and hes like a creature being pursued, now in m now stopped and tremulous, never at re ways alert.

The Chinese clock has a tick unlike an er on earth, sometimes fast, sometimes contracting, expanding, with an alarm might go off at any moment. We America pect tomorrow to be pretty much like t and perhaps a little better. We find it strang a people should perpetually anticipate dis But then, six thousand years of disasters made the Chinese skeptical and somewh trusting. These days everyone speaks of the nese miracle, but when has the world much notice of Chinese catastrophes, of the Japanese rape and plunder of China and during World War II and the earth that instantly killed a quarter of a million nese in 1976 are but two instances? The Ch people know they cannot count on the f since "future" in Chinese terms might m brutal decree or sudden reversal enacted i dark hours of tomorrow morning. What are doing now was illegal yesterday, and be proscribed once again. Understandin uniqueness of the Chinese clock, you be get an inkling of Chinese hope and the a tiveness of Chinese labor. Their sense o vival is not a racial but a political imperati Chinese life is full of instances of people wh gered and looked back and were lost, whelmed and buried by one avalanch another in their country's long, unpredic history.

FAULTY DIAGNOSIS

Why Clinton's health-care plan won't cure what ails us

By Willard Gaylin, M.D.

As Hillary Clinton's Task Force on National Health Care Reform completed its deliberations last summer, it sometimes seemed as though the health-care debate we were told the nation was clamoring for had been replaced by a process akin to the selection of a pope. Some five hundred health-care "experts" met behind closed doors over a period of four months, occasionally emitting smoke signals for the media laced with obscure acronyms and buzzwords: HMOs, DRGs, HIPCs (to be pronounced "Hipics," we were instructed), "global budgets," and "managed competition." By now, the public response to the idea of health-care reform is reminiscent of the way most of us feel about our doctors when they begin spouting incomprehensible jargon: we trust that they at least know what they're doing and pray they do no harm.

The most unfortunate thing about this shuttered process is that a remarkable opportunity has been missed. What could have been a wide-open, far-ranging public debate about the deeper issues of health care—our attitudes toward life and death, the goals of medicine, the meaning of "health," suffering versus survival, who shall live and who shall die (and who shall decide)—has been supplanted by relatively narrow quibbles over policy. It is a lot easier and safer for politicians and policymakers to talk about delivery systems, health-product-procurement procedures, and third-party payments than about what care to give a desperately ill child or whether a kidney patient over the age of fifty should be eligible for a transplant. The paradox of our current situation, however, is that unless we address such basic, almost existential questions, we stand little chance of solving our nation's health-care crisis.

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ALTHOUGH THERE IS CERTAINLY WASTE IN THE HEALTH-CARE SYSTEM, THE RELENTLESS INCREASE IN COSTS CAN BEST BE UNDERSTOOD AS THE RESULT NOT OF THE FAILURES OF MODERN MEDICINE BUT OF ITS SUCCESSES

Partly because of its unwillingness to confront these issues, the C Administration now finds itself tangled in a profound yet largely knowledged contradiction. The two key goals of its health-reform p (1) to democratize health care—to confront the problem of the 40 r uninsured Americans who can't get adequate care; and (2) to cont ballooning portion of our gross national product that goes to pay for care. No amount of tinkering with the process of delivery or payme number of new tongue-twisting acronyms, can resolve the fundar contradiction of the Clinton plan: if you promise everyone access to ever medical care he or she needs or wants, you will enormously incre total amount the nation spends on health care—the very costs C was elected to bring under control.

It is of course cost, and not equity, that has driven health care to th of the national debate; injustice has never been as urgent a moti principle as insolvency. The pressure for health-care reform comes heels of a staggering surge in spending that threatens to swamp the budget and distort our national purposes, not to mention the bottor of America's corporations. Twenty-five years ago, 7.6 percent of the gr mestic product was devoted to health, 6.8 percent to education, a percent to defense. Today both defense and education expenditu roughly 6 percent, whereas health expenditures have climbed to 14 p of GDP and are likely to reach 18 percent by the end of the decade.

It can easily be argued that it is better to spend money to cure ca AIDS than to build more bombs and space stations—and, in fact, th argument I agree with. But at the rate by which we are increasing our ing on health care, soon the contest for resources will no longer pit th guys against the bad guys. For however you define the bad guys, quickly running out of them. It is becoming a question of good guys good guys, as health-care costs gobble up money that ought to go to

authentic needs that are ancillary, yet essential, to a prehensive conception of health: such things as drug c education, crime prevention, housing, and poverty.

Most students of the economy, and of the medical econ particular, agree that the need to contain medical costs is absolute a gent. The questions that divide us involve how it should be done. A solutions being offered generally depend on how one accounts for t plosion in health-care costs. Most of the experts and policymakers in ington have been focusing on the deficiencies and failures of m medicine: greedy pharmaceutical and insurance companies (not to m physicians); unnecessary procedures; bureaucratic inefficiency and pape expensive technologies; and so forth. These "efficiency experts," as I call have taken control of the debate; their ideas have been embraced by the ton Administration. They see the solution to our health-care crisis in of improving the efficiency of the system. The shibboleths that id their approach include managed care, HMOs, and managed compe Implicit in their recommendations is the assumption that the elimi of waste will obviate the need for "rationing" health care.

Opposed to this group are those, myself included, who acknowledg although there is waste in the system, it is incidental to the basic force ing up costs. I would argue, in fact, that the greatest part of the incre health-care costs can best be understood as the result not of the fail medicine but of its successes. The relentless increase in costs is actually uct of the expanding capabilities of medicine. Implicit in this view is t sumption that controlling waste will save money only in the short ha that we had best use the limited time such a strategy will buy to figu a way to confront the deeper and more challenging reasons for esca health costs: our unbridled appetite for health care and our continui pansion of the definition of what constitutes health.

The efficiency experts generally advocate a few basic, businesslike pri

lopted, would supposedly solve the cost crisis. The first is the need the venality of health-care providers, particularly physicians. (If on- ad the same generosity of spirit and humanity as other profession- society—say, lawyers, accountants, and bankers.) Another way of is is that we must cut the fat out of the health-care system. But what there that has no fat? Is our goal to make the health-care industry it as the airlines, the automobile industry, the steel industry? Where ook to find models of efficient managed competition outside of :? And where can we look within medicine?

nd bête noire of the efficiency experts is what is called the "halfway gies"—technologies that extend the life of a patient without actually s or her disease. Kidney dialysis is an example. Such technologies eople with chronic illnesses at great expense. But the distinction al: since everyone alive is destined to die, *all* medical technologies ay technologies. They sustain the human being in the terminal con- e call life.

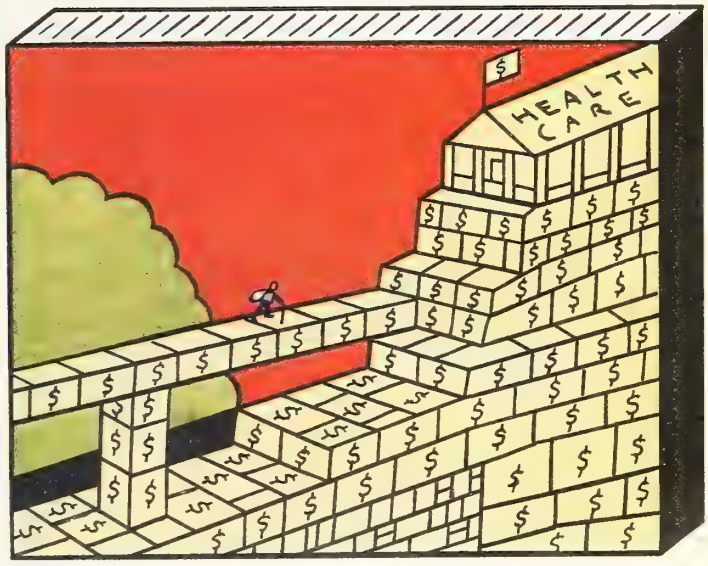
eads directly to the third argument made by the efficiency experts. ore money were spent on preventive medicine, as opposed to ther- medicine, we could solve the problem of health-care costs. The da- are misleading. We all are familiar with the s: a measles shot costs $8, whereas hospitaliza- a child with measles costs $5,000; nine months tal care for a pregnant woman costs $600, medical care for a premature baby for one day 500. But when you try to extend the econom- is beyond the individual case to the entire sys- ecomes clear that the rationale for preventive e is not an economic one. The child who would d from polio or measles or pertussis will grow a very expensive old man or woman. Preven- licine drives up the ultimate cost of health care y by enlarging the population of the elderly and am certainly not opposed to preventive med- ly to irrational arguments for its use. The prop- ent for preventive medicine is the grief and mis- it averts and the fact that it allows individuals healthy and productive lives.

efficiency experts offer several other explana- ballooning health-care costs, each one based on her supposed defect in the current system: un- y tests, malpractice litigation, bureaucratic waste, ring drug companies. Each of these factors adds its penny weight to the ut even together they don't begin to account for the sort of quantum health-care spending we have seen. Even if we were to make angels ospital employees and philanthropists out of drug-company executives, would not stem the forward march of health-care costs.

hat, if not venality and inefficiency, is really driving health costs ev- rd into the stratosphere? I would divide the principal causes into four.

IE INCREASE IN MORBIDITY RATES DUE TO GOOD MEDICINE. It is often t for laypeople to appreciate that good medicine does not reduce centage of people with illnesses in our population (what is called the ity rate); it *increases* that percentage. There are more people wandering eets of the cities of the United States with arteriosclerotic heart dis- abetes, essential hypertension, and other expensive chronic diseases here are in Iraq, Nigeria, or Colombia. Good medicine keeps *sick* alive, thereby increasing the number of sick people in the popula- atients who are killed by their disease are no longer a part of the pop- . Even outright cures of diseases ultimately add to medical costs. We ger talk about diphtheria rates or whooping-cough rates, even though

PREVENTIVE MEDICINE DRIVES UP THE ULTIMATE COST OF HEALTH CARE TO SOCIETY BY ENLARGING THE POPULATION OF THE ELDERLY AND INFIRM. THE CHILD WHO WOULD HAVE DIED FROM POLIO WILL GROW UP TO BE A VERY EXPENSIVE OLD MAN OR WOMAN



ns by Maris Bishofs

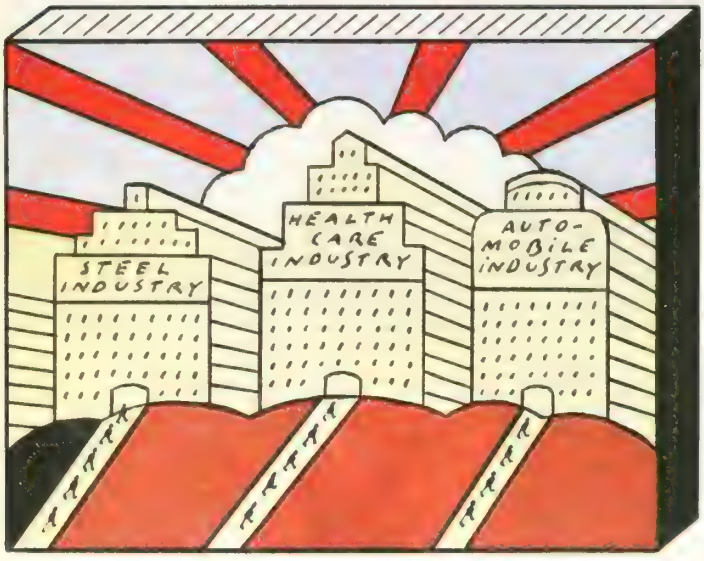
MOST PEOPLE ASSUME THAT MEDICAL RESEARCHERS FIRST UNCOVER AN ILLNESS AND THEN SEEK A CURE FOR IT. WHAT IS LESS FAMILIAR, BUT BECOMING MORE COMMON, IS THE OPPOSITE MECHANISM: WE DISCOVER A CURE AND THEN INVENT A DISEASE TO GO WITH IT

those were the two leading causes of death in children for many gene
Those diseases have ceased to exist. But they were rarely expensive. Tl
either lived or died, and, for the most part, did so quickly and chea

2. THE EXPANDING CONCEPT OF HEALTH. Health today does not me
it did a hundred years ago. If I might begin by casting stones at my o
house, consider the case of psychiatry, though psychiatry is not the w
fender. The fact is that the patients I deal with in my daily practic
not have been considered mentally ill in the nineteenth century. Me
ness then was rigidly defined. Those considered mentally ill were in
patently different from you and me—and they were put into hospit
leading causes of mental illness were tertiary syphilis and schizophreni
more or less, was psychiatry (a minor branch of neurology) at the tur
century, before the arrival of its genius, Sigmund Freud. Freud decid
people did not have to be exclusively either crazy or sane, but tha
mal person, like himself or people he knew, could be partly crazy. The
mal" people, who were still in touch with reality, exhibited only i
symptoms of irrationality—phobias, compulsions, etc. Freud inve
new category of mental diseases now called "neuroses," thereby va
creasing the population of the mentally ill.

Some thirty years later, Wilhelm Reich decided that one does n
have to display mental symptoms to be mentally ill, that one ca
from "character disorders." The personalities of even completely
tomatic individuals might so limit their productivity or pleasure in l
we are justified in diagnosing them as mentally ill.

Then medicine "discovered" the psychosomatic disorders. There a
ple with no symptoms of mental illness who have *physical* conditio
psychic roots—peptic ulcers, ulcerative colitis, migraine headache, al
and the like. These people, too, were now class
mentally ill. By such sophisticated expansions of
egory, we eventually managed to get some 60
to 70 percent (as one serious study found) of t
dents of the Upper East Side of Manhattan i
population of the mentally ill.



What has happened in mental health has ha
across the board in medicine: we have radically
our concept of what it means to be sick or health
ably the best way to understand this process is to c
how medicine goes about "discovering" new dis

Most people assume that medical researchers f
cover an illness and then seek a cure for it. T
course, does happen; the infectious diseases
paradigm case. What is less familiar, but is bec
more common, is the opposite mechanism:
cover a cure and then invent a disease to go w

As I am writing this article I am using readin
es. These reading glasses are paid for by a health
based on the diagnosis of "presbyopia" (an eye "d
made by an ophthalmologist (a specialty physicia
fore the invention of the lens there was no such
as presbyopia; there were also no ophthalmologists. Old people were
pected to read. A decline in faculties was simply part of the aging p
with age, sight would be impaired or lost, as would be hearing, poten
fertility. As we began to find treatments to delay the aging processes,
classified various aspects of aging as "diseases."

This vast expansion of the concept of health can be demonstra
surgery, orthopedics, gynecology—indeed, in any field of medicine.
tility, for example, was not considered a disease until this generation;
then, it was simply a God-given condition. With the advances of n
medicine—including artificial insemination, in vitro fertilization, a
rogate mothering—new cures were discovered for "illnesses" that n

vented. All of them make demands on the health-care dollar. An-
xample: People do not get their knees or elbows operated on mere-
ntinue to function or be employable; most of us do not work at jobs
g physical strength. Many operations on the knee are performed strict-
at the patient can continue to play golf or ski; it is the same with el-
erations. Are these justifiable "medical" expenses? If one is free of pain
on the tennis court, is one "ill"? Should "inability to play tennis" be
d as an insurable disease?

E SEDUCTION OF TECHNOLOGY AND THE DECEPTION OF MARKETPLACE. All of us know about how doctors can be seduced by medical tech-
—how, for example, the ubiquity of delivery-room fetal monitors
alert obstetricians to the merest hint of fetal distress) has con-
to a surge in cesarean sections. But it is not only the physician who
ed by technology; the patient and her family are, too—and not be-
f an infatuation with gadgetry, but because of the nature of decision-
; in matters of life and death. Decision-making becomes distorted
er extreme risks are involved; also, our perceptions of probability vary
antly depending on the setting.

river is probably safer in an $80,000 Mercedes than in an $8,000
ut few people are likely to mortgage the house for the Mercedes, at
ot for reasons of safety. Similarly, driving 65 miles an hour carries a
risk of a fatal accident than driving 55, yet this well-publicized fact
seem to keep many drivers under the speed limit. The possible con-
ce is too remote; on a drive to Cape Cod one is thinking about a dip
ocean, not the imminence of death. But these perceptions change in
ital setting. Imagine if a doctor were to tell a patient that he sees no
a tumor in the X ray and that though a CAT scan *might* pick up the
nt of tumors that X rays miss, he is not sure it is worth the extra mon-
e patient would fire him on the spot. He wants any edge, however
, when what is at stake is the life of his child, his wife, or himself. When
ctor then tells him, after a negative CAT scan, that an MRI might
ck up a tumor, the patient demands the MRI. He will mortgage the
for that, although the statistical validity of doing so, compared with
ing prudence on the highway, may make no sense. Death has a greater
in the hospital setting. People will pay anything to defend against the
ility of death, all the more so when the money involved doesn't come
y out of their own pockets.

ause our approach to medical technology is special, we are wrong to as-
hat the marketplace in medical technology will ever follow classical pat-
Generally, as technologies mature and become more prevalent their costs
e rapidly. I remember once discussing with a brilliant money manager
rilous rise in the cost of medicine. I was being unduly pessimistic, he
d—it is in the nature of new technologies to become cheaper over
and he cited the ballpoint pen, the CD player, and the computer as ex-
s. What he failed to realize is that highly specialized technologies con-
l by small groups of manufacturers do not respond to the marketplace
same way that mass-produced items do. Nor did he take into account
ct that, in health matters, people are willing to pay substantially more
y for relatively minor improvements. When what is being improved is
pectancy rather than, say, the fidelity of sound coming off of a record-
ll the rules change. Medical technology will continue to be expensive
because it pays to market a 1 percent improvement even though it might
0 percent more expensive. Armed with this knowledge, a manufactur-
l rush to market with an expensive procedure or a drug only marginal-
erior to one that is already available at a significantly lower price.

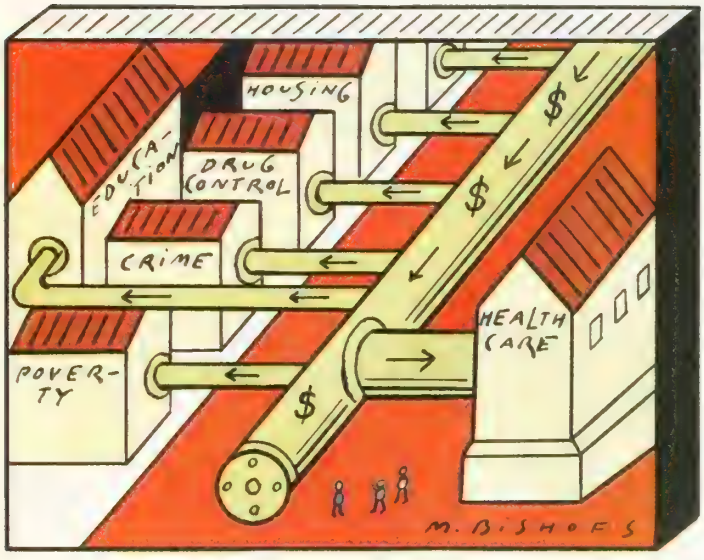
HE AMERICAN CHARACTER AND APPETITE. People often ask how nations
as England and Canada can provide health care comparable to ours for
less money. First of all, they use a single-party payment system—that
e government pays everyone's health-care costs directly, an option,
gh highly efficient, that we seem unwilling even to consider. Second,

PEOPLE WILL PAY ANYTHING TO DEFEND AGAINST THE POSSIBILITY OF DEATH, ALL THE MORE SO WHEN THE MONEY INVOLVED DOESN'T COME DIRECTLY OUT OF THEIR POCKETS

THE HMO CONDUCTS WHAT AMOUNTS TO A HIDDEN FORM OF HEALTH-CARE RATIONING—CONFIDENT IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT MUNICIPAL AND UNIVERSITY HOSPITALS ARE STILL AROUND TO PICK UP THE SLACK

they are not, in fact, offering comparable services. Their health-care s does not make nearly as much use of technology, and they are willing, for now, to settle for less. (But this appears to be changing: most natio managed care are now accelerating their health-care spending at a *mo* rate than we are.)

The health-care crisis is at its most critical in America not only b we are the preeminent high-technology culture but also because of t ture of the American character. I was reminded of this recently during inar at which a distinguished English Marxist was holding forth venality of the American medical system by citing the higher rates nia-repair surgery done in America as compared with England. Since cidence of hernias is the same in both countries, he interpreted the inc rate of repairs as the product of unnecessary surgery, driven by American It occurred to me that there might be at least two or three other ex tions. The simplest, of course, and the one that turns out to be the m curate, is the funnel effect. Under the medical system in England, healt services are free and widely distributed. But in order to control cost also to save hospital space, voluntary surgery to c conditions that are not life-threatening is limite relatively small number of hospital beds. This in a long waiting period—a six-lane highway l to a single tollbooth will allow fewer cars thro an hour than one with six tollbooths. Limited fa simply mean that the system allows for fewer h to be repaired in a given period of time. The di does not require the greed of the American sur



The deeper explanation, however, is rooted ferences between the American and the British acters. Americans want things solved complete they want them solved now; they don't want t about restrictions, especially on something like l care. I can easily conceive of a typical midlan glishman actually *preferring* to walk around wea truss, reflexively moving his hands to his low domen every time he coughs, rather than rushi for surgery to repair his hernia.

The American character *is* different. Perha cause of our frontier heritage, Americans refuse lieve there are limits—even to life itself. Consid struggle in America to define such terms as "death with dignity," whi ally means death without dying, and "growing old gracefully," a r term that, on closer analysis, means living a long time without agin ing in one's sleep at ninety-two after having won three sets of tenni one's forty-year-old grandson that afternoon and having made love t wife twice that same evening—this is about the only sc I have found most American men will accept as fulfillin idea of death with dignity and growing old gracefully.

Medical costs will bankrupt this country if they contin their current trajectory. And there are no data to demonstrate that imp management techniques will solve the problem. "Managed care" and aged competition" might save money in the short run (though the exa of some other managed industries—such as the utilities and airline not inspire confidence). But the bulk of the savings achieved by H Maintenance Organizations has been achieved by cutting back on expe unprofitable facilities such as burn centers, neonatal-intensive-care units, gency rooms, and the like. In other words, HMOs conduct what amou a hidden form of health-care rationing—confident in the knowledge th nicipal and university hospitals are still around to pick up the slack.

As the managers of HMOs know only too well, the surest ways t

th-care spending are to limit access to health care and to rethink expanding concept of health. But if we must have allocation, the ıould not be hidden from public view or determined by a small group -care professionals. It requires open discussion and wide participation. hat we are rationing is life itself, the decisions must be subjected to rutiny and debate. The first step is to admit to the cruel necessity ing health care. The second is to set limits on health care accord- inciples of equity and justice.

inds of questions we will need to debate can be divided into three: access (how do we decide who gets to receive a scarce health re- egress (how long may they receive it?), and allocation (what med- ices can the system as a whole provide to everyone?).

ESS. We can no longer leave to the marketplace decisions about ac- ıedical care. We do not want kidneys to be sold to the highest bid- yet we now tolerate something perilously close to that. People can influence, power, position, and simply money to buy access to life- ıg services. It is disgraceful to see a parent forced to "advertise" for ır her baby on *Oprah* while the governor of Pennsylvania is rushed ead of the line for his heart and liver transplant. Access to scarce esources must be organized on some equitable basis—even if equi- es not necessarily mean full coverage for everybody for everything. are various factors we might consider in evaluating competing n scarce and expensive services. One obvious consideration is age. us would agree that a seventy-two-year-old man, let alone a ninety- -old man, has less of a claim on an organ transplant than a thirty- r-old mother or a sixteen-year-old boy, all other things being equal. proponents of such policies are commonly attacked as "ageists." are never easy decisions. They force us to face our own mortality and that we look beyond our own sympathies and interests. But they confronted nevertheless. When I recently presented the problem of o an interdisciplinary class of law, medical, and theology students, ents' first response was that a lottery would be the best way to guar- irness. Yet leaving such an important decision to a lottery—precise- se it seeks to avoid questions of justice and fairness—is itself immoral. ıme were put into a drawing for access to a lifesaving resource along daughter's or my granddaughter's, and my name were the lucky one my first act upon recovery would be to throttle the idiot who set up ystem. Claims on life must be based on enunciated values. Only after decided on our priorities and established our categories should we con- ıg a lottery, as we have done when we have operated a wartime draft.

RESS. The ethical dilemmas do not end with decisions about access e services or technologies; now comes the even trickier (and seldom question of deciding if and when that access should end. Imagine a in which we have a limited number of artificial-heart devices. We locate not only a patient's access but also the amount of time he or y have on this lifesaving machine. A year might seem insufficient; ıt five. But forever until death? Even when someone else, much r, will be dying while waiting for access to that very machine? So per- pull the plug after an agreed-upon period—say, ten years, or twen- w we have been forced out onto the treacherous moral ground of asia—and yet this is precisely where our technology, coupled with our g crisis, is taking us.

ludicrous to think we can take away a lifesaving technology once we ıtroduced it. Since every new medical technology, however expensive, becomes part of the therapeutic norm (and, from the patients' point , no longer a privilege but a right), we might be better off deciding in e not to develop certain new technologies. Such an argument is now nade by bioethicists in debates over the boundaries of future medical h. Some argue, for example, that in view of the health-care system's

IT IS DISGRACEFUL TO SEE A PARENT FORCED TO "ADVERTISE" FOR A LIVER FOR HER BABY ON *OPRAH* WHILE THE GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA IS RUSHED TO THE HEAD OF THE LINE FOR HIS TRANSPLANT

WE ARE NOW TOLD THAT THE PRESIDENT'S HEALTH-CARE PLAN MUST BE "SOLD" TO THE AMERICAN PUBLIC. OF COURSE, HAD THE PLAN BEEN AUTHORED BY THE AMERICAN PUBLIC, IT WOULD NOT NOW HAVE TO BE SOLD TO IT

current economic problems, we ought not develop a left-ventricula (essentially, a portable artificial heart). But how can we limit scien quiry? We can't—but we can debate what we as a society are willing t just as we now debate whether we really need a supercollider.

3. ALLOCATION. What medical services can our society afford to to everyone? Here lies the political mine field that the Clinton A tration has apparently decided not to cross. From all indications, th ton plan will offer a very generous package of "basic" health-care b to be made available to everyone. Guided by a group of "policy won quants disdainful of the sticky dilemmas inherent in moral reasoni terrified by the ambiguities inevitable when dealing with values, th ton task force has indulged in the wishful thinking that we *can* all—as long as we get the flow charts and systems theory right. By f exclusively on cost efficiency, the Clinton plan will do little to dist self-deceptive and self-destructive belief that we can meet every Am every "health" need: artificial organs, genetic screening, transplants, ur AIDS drugs, psychotherapy for unhappiness, surgery for the tennis intensive care for the infirm elderly as well as for the two-pound fe

But we cannot do everything for everybody. Limited resources will to make tragic choices among competing health needs—if not now, ur Clinton plan, then very soon. To the uninitiated, these may look lik cal choices, best made by medical professionals. In fact, they are not choices; they are moral and ethical ones, best made by all of us, strugg ward consensus through the usual, sloppy devices of democratic gover

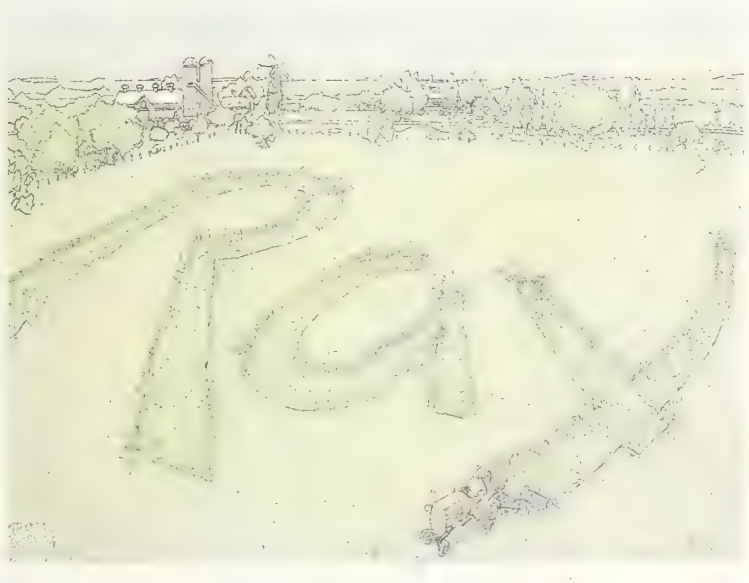
Perhaps this is too much to ask of a governmental task force. Bu is a precedent for just such a public process. Five years ago the state gon attempted to confront the very dilemma the Clinton task force h sen to duck. Oregon sought to guarantee a basic health-care pac everyone; at the same time, it acknowledged that doing so would b the state unless some hard choices were made about what should co "basic health care." Not all health services could be included. I words, Oregon faced up to the issue of allocation, and it did so ou open: in a series of town meetings and a statewide "health parliam sues of access and medical priorities were debated publicly, sometime ly. The state's health commission then published a comprehensiv medical conditions and treatments, each ranked according to its c benefits. More debate ensued; the list was revised. Finally, the legisla cided exactly where on the revised list the state could afford to draw t essary cutoff line: it would pay for hip replacements and neonatal c example, but not liver transplants or in vitro fertilization. (Oregonia still wanted such treatments were free to pay for them.) By con much of this process in public, the health commission was able to a consensus behind some otherwise unpopular decisions.

The Oregon plan is by no means perfect. But at least the state has a the uncomfortable truth that they cannot have equity in their heal system without making anguished, even tragic choices. Even more tant, the people of Oregon have had a searching public conversatio new technologies and medical priorities, chronic care and cosmetic su about how much health care they can afford and what it really mea healthy. That is probably a lot more than the rest of us can expect f narrow, numbing discussion of systems and policies and acronyms t President insists on calling a health-care debate.

We are now told that the President's health-care plan must be " the American public. Of course, had the plan been authored by the ican public, it would not now have to be sold to it. But the task fo more concerned with secrecy than participation, and little inter the questions of life and health and death that would have engaged t lic's attention. It should come as no surprise that the result of suc cess would be bad medicine: a prescription for ineffectual treatmer on a faulty diagnosis.

A NOTE ON THE TYPE

By Ron Carlson



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pment of Ray Bold occurred
was on the outside, actively
the authorities. There's a kind
gy in moving along the sides of
always hungry, sleeping thin-
ard places, that awakens in me
the primal desire toward print.

And though Ray Bold is my best typeface and the culmination of my work in the field, I should explain it is also my last—for the reasons this note on the type will illuminate. I started this whole thing in the first place because I had been given some time at the Fort Nippers Juvenile Facility in Colorado—two months for reckless endangerment, which is what they call grand theft auto when you first start in at it, and I was rooming with Little Ricky Grudnaut, who had only just commenced his life as an arsonist by burning down all four barns in the nearby town of Ulna in a single night the previous February. Juvenile facilities, as you can imagine, are prime locations for meeting famous criminals early in their careers, and Little Ricky went on, as everyone knows, to burn down eleven Chicken Gigundo franchise outlets before he was apprehended on fire himself and asked to be extinguished.

But impulsive and poultry-phobic as he may have become later, Little Ricky Grudnaut gave me some valuable advice so many years ago. I'd moped around our cell for a week—it was really a kind of dorm room—staring at this and that, and he looked up from the tattoo he was etching in his forearm with an old car key. It was Satan's head, he told me, and it was pretty red, but it only looked like some big face with real bad hair—and he said, "Look, Ray, get something to do or you'll lose it. Make something up." He threw me then my first instrument, a green golf pencil he'd had hidden in his shoe.

It was there in Fort Nippers, fresh from the brutality of my own household, that I began the doodling that would evolve into these many alphabets that I've used to measure each of my

rlson is the author of two collections stories, The News of the World n B for the Middle Class. *His sto- Summer of Vintage Clothing" ap- n the June 1992 issue of* Harper's ne.

n by David Johnson

unauthorized sorties from state-sponsored facilities. Little Ricky Grudnaut saw my first *R* that day and was encouraging. "It ain't the devil," he said, "but it's a start."

I have decided to accept the offer of reduced charges for full disclosure of how and where I sustained my escape. In Windchime I had been sharing a cell with Bobby Lee Swinghammer, the boxer and public enemy, who had battered so many officials during his divorce proceedings last year in Carson City. Bobby Lee was not happy to have a lowly car thief in his cell, and he had even less patience with my alphabets. I tried to explain to him that I wasn't simply a car thief, that I was now, in the words of the court, "an habitual criminal" (though my only crime had been to steal cars, which I had been doing for years and years), and I tried to show him what I was working on with Ray Bold. Bobby Lee Swinghammer's comment was that it looked "piss plain," and it irked him so badly that he then showed me in the next few weeks some of his own letter craft. These were primarily the initials *B* and *L* and *S* that he had worked on while on the telephone with his attorney. And they are perfect examples of what is wrong with any font that comes to life in prison.

The design is a result of too much time. I've seen them in every facility in which I have resided, these letters too cute to read, I mean flat-out baroque. Serifs on the *T*'s that weigh ten pounds; Bobby Lee had beaked serifs on his *S*'s that were as big as shoes. His *B* was three-dimensional, ten feet deep, a *B* you could move into, four rooms and a bath on the first floor alone. I mean, he had all afternoon while his lawyer said "We'll see" a dozen different ways, so why not do some gingerbread, some decoration? I kept my remarks to a minimum. But I've seen a lot of this, graffiti so ornate you couldn't find the letters in the words. What all of that is about is one thing—*having time*. I respect it and I understand it; a lot of my colleagues have got plenty of time, and now I've got some again, too, but it's a style that is just not for me.

I became a car thief because it seemed a quick and efficient way to get away from my father's fists, and I became a font maker because I was caught. After my very first arrest—I'd taken a red Firebird parked in front of a 7-Eleven—in fact, in my first alphabet, made with a golf pencil, I tried my hand at serification. I was thirteen and I didn't know any better. These were pretty letters. I mean, they had a kind of beauty. I filigreed the C's and G's and the Q until they looked like they were choking on lace. But what? These letters stood there so tricked up you wouldn't take them out of the house, too much makeup, and you knew they weren't any good. For me, that is. You put a shadow line along the stem of an *R* and then beak the tail, it's too heavy to move.

The initials that Bobby Lee Swinghammer had been carving into the back of his hand with a Motel 6 ballpoint pen looked like monuments. You could visit them, but they were going absolutely nowhere.

And that's what I wanted in this last one, Ray Bold, a font that says "movement." I mean, I was taking it with me and I was going to use it, essentially, on the run. Bobby Lee was right, it is plain, but it can travel light.

I want to make it clear right here, though Bobby Lee and I had our differences and he did on occasion pummel me about the head and upper trunk (not as hard as he could have, God knows), he is not the reason I escaped from Windchime. I have escaped, as the documents point out, eleven times from various facilities throughout this part of the West, and it was never because of any individual cellmate, though Bobby Lee was one of the most animated I've encountered. I like him as a person and I'm pleased that his appeal is being heard and that soon he will be resuming his life as an athlete.

I walked out of Windchime because I had the chance. I found that lab coat folded over the handrail on our stairs. Then, dressed as a medical technician, with my hair parted right down the middle, I walked out of there one afternoon, carrying a clipboard I'd made myself in shop, and which is, I'll admit right here, the single most powerful accessory to any costume. You carry a clipboard, they won't mess with you.

Anyway, that windy sprin
had no idea of the direction t
alphabet would take. I knew
begin writing; everybody kne
always do it. I've been doi
more than twenty years. Whe
ther backhanded me for the l
I fled the place, but not befo
ing my *Ray* on his sedan with t
of a nickel. It wasn't great, an
care to write with money a
but it showed my instinct f
craft at the very start.

I know now that, yes, lands
have a clear effect on the d
ment of Ray Bold, the broa
vistas of Nevada, the residu
those first few April nights,
sharp chunk of flint I selecte
scribe my name on a stock ta
Popknock. That first *RaY*
many clues about the alph
come: the *R* (and the *R* is very
me, of course) made in a singl
(the stem bolder than the t
lowercase *a*, unclosed; and the
Y, which resembles an X. Th
marks of early Ray Bold woul
peated again and again
travels—the single stroke, t
letter, the imprecise armature
they all say one thing: energy

I made that *RaY* just about
the second night, and I was fa
the shepherd might have seen
open ground from a rocky blu
tank, and so, writing there in
dark on the heavily oxidized
tank while I knelt on the shar
and breathed hard from the
had little exercise at Windch
was scared and happy at once
as anyone knows are the perf
ditions under which to wri
name. *RaY*. It was a beginnin

People have asked me ab
type. "Why do it?" they say. "Y
to be famous?" It is a ques
wrongheaded that it kind of h
cause what I do, I do for myse
of the time you're out there
Dumpster behind the Royal
Triplet or you're sitting in a
in Marvin or in a boxcar on
in Old Delphi (all places I'v
and what you make, you bett
for yourself. There aren't a w
of people going to come along
preciate the understated loop
g or the precision of any of y

s. I mean, that's the way I fig-
When I fell into that Dump-
Triplet I was scratched and
from hurrying with a barbed-
ce, and I sat there on the old
looking at the metal side of
n, and then after I'd pried a
ny nail from a wooden melon
nade my *RaY*, the best I knew
owing only I would see it. And
light. I made it for myself. It
or a moment, and then I heard
s and I was on the run again.
e was once, a week later, when
hat gray Le Baron in Marvin
an out of gas almost immedi-
idtown, right opposite the Blue
Hardware, and I could see the
op cruising up behind, and I
f on foot. And I can run when
a reason, but as I run I always
as I was thinking that day:
would I make my *RaY*? The
e linked with me: to run is to
That day after about half a mile
ed into a canal duct, a square
tube with about four inches of
unning through the bottom.
ith a round rock as big as a
uit sitting in that cold irrigation
I did it there: *RaY*. It wasn't for
tics and it wasn't for the press.
wouldn't be along this way. It
me. And it was as pure a *RaY*
ever done. I couldn't find that
oday with a compass.
imes like that when you're in
at of creation, making your
you don't think about hanging
ine serif on the Y. It seems pret-
n that doing that would be an
ence. Form should fit function,
an said, and I'm with him.
er Marvin, that night in the wa-
got sick and slept two or three
n hayfields near there. As ev-
e knows, I moved from there to
uffshed I lived in near Shutout
veek, getting my strength back.
eports had me eating dog food
I just say that I ate some, I think
Yumpup, but there were also
f nuts and berries in the vicini-
l I enjoyed them as well.
eryone also knows about the
families I met and traveled with
. The German couple's story just
red in *Der Spielplotz* and so most
rmany and Austria are familiar
ne and my typeface. I hope that

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A totally new concept. The concept of "land for peace" is a totally new one in the history of the world. It was formulated for one specific purpose only, namely to persuade and pressure Israel to give up territories that it has administered since the Six-Day War of 1967. By its victory in that war, Israel wound up in possession of these territories. Contrary to what many are led to believe, the "West Bank," the focus of today's attention, had never been part of any Arab country. It was part of Palestine, a territorial unit that, by the Mandate of the League of Nations and in line with the Balfour Declaration, had been designated as a national home for the Jewish people.

> "A new idea, perhaps even a good one...but it needs to work both ways to be valid and effective."

Thus, while the concept of "land for peace" is a brand-new one, the concept that to the victor belong the spoils is as old as history itself. Our own country, of course, following its Manifest Destiny, has benefited greatly and has consolidated its territory by applying this motto. But Israel followed a different path. From the day of victory in 1967, it waited for an offer of peace from the Arabs. But that offer never came.

Should be 2-way street. In 1977, President Sadat of Egypt traveled to Jerusalem and presented a peace plan to the Israeli government. The Israelis eagerly embraced his suggestion. In exchange for peace and normalization of relations with its neighbor, Israel returned to Egypt the vast Sinai peninsula, together with the city of Yamit; some of the most advanced military installations in the world; the port and naval installation of Sharm-el-Sheik, and the oil fields that Israel had developed. And, of course, Israel also gave up the natural buffer against aggression that the Suez Canal and the strategic depth of the Sinai itself provided. It was a first in history. Never before in the chronicle of mankind had the victor returned conquered territory to the vanquished in order to attain peace.

One would expect that the concept of "land for peace" would work both ways. After all, should not the Arabs also make some territorial sacrifices for peace? Unfortunately, that is not the case. Every inch of land held by the Arabs is considered "holy Arab soil" and its possession by the "infidels" (Christians or Jews) is inadmissible. No compromise, no concession is ever possible.

Conflict is with Arab nations. The "land for peace" formulation is now applied mostly to Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank"), the Gaza region and the Golan Heights. Israel's foes, but also some of its friends, urge Israel to yield these regions to the Arabs, in exchange for "peace." But no peace will come about by Israel's giving up these areas of vital strategic importance to those who are its sworn enemies and who have declared over and over again that they wish to use these lands as their launching pad for the final attempt at the destruction of Israel. The conflict in the area is not only between Israel and the Palestinians. It is first of all between Israel and the Arab nations. With the single exception of Egypt, virtually all of them are still in a state of war with Israel.

To none of the Arab countries has the possibility ever occurred of *their* trading land for peace, for instance yielding the "West Bank", Gaza and the Golan Heights to Israel for the sake of peace. There isn't even a gesture of accommodation, such as a lifting of the Arab economic boycott against Israel, an apology for the odious slander that Zionism is Racism, or a discontinuation of the yearly charade in the United Nations, in which the Arab states attempt to expel Israel from that body. For the victor to yield land for peace to the vanquished is a new idea—who knows, it might even be a good one. But it surely would have to work both ways in order to be valid and effective.

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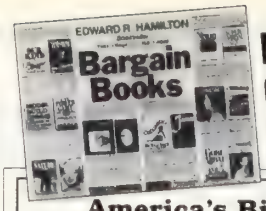
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their tale doesn't prevent other
peans from visiting Yellowston
talking with Americans at the
vistas. I'm still amused that
thought I was a university pr
(because I talked a little abo
work), but on a three-state,
month run from the law you're
to be misunderstood. The two
ican families seemed to have n
culty believing they'd fallen in
hands of an escaped felon, and t
I did interrupt their vacati
thought we all had a fine time,
returned all of their equipme
cept the one blue
breaker in good cond

Though I have decided to t
story, I don't see how it is go
help them catch the next guy. B
those last five weeks were not t
in the least. I arrived in Sanctio
ho, and walking through that
one evening, I took a blue C
Squire station wagon, the larg
I had ever stolen, from the gra
of the Farmers' Exchange. A
quarter mile later I discovered
Kathleen McKay in the back
vehicle among her gear. Whe
find a woman in the car you're
ing, there is a good chance th
will view that as kidnapping, so
Mrs. McKay called out, "Now,
driving me home?" I answered,
fully, "Just me—Ray." And at th
way, when she said go left, I t
left.

Now, it is an odd thing to r
widow in that way, and the n
that followed, five weeks really
odd, too, and I'm just getting th
dle on it now. Mrs. McKay's m
terests were in painting picture
oil paints and in fixing up the
Her place was 105 acres five mil
of Sanction, and the house wa
fine, being brick and two storie
a steep metal snow roof. Her hu
had farmed the little place, sh
but not very well. He had been
mon from a fine string of them,
was a drinker and they'd had n
dren, and so the church, she sai
not been too sorry to let them

She told me all this while m
my bed in the little outbuildi
the barn, and when she finishe
said, "Now, I'm glad you're here

pe tomorrow you can help
the culvert."
hought it would be painting
which was a grand building,
not peeling, or mowing the
acres of weeds, which I could
full of rabbits. But no, it was
the culvert in the road to
e. It was generally collapsed
length and rusted through
g places. It was a hard cross-
ny vehicle. Looking at it, I
ally know where to start. I'd
enty of culverts, mostly larg-
his one, which was a thirty-
rugated steel tube, but I'd
placed one. The first thing, I
ner old tractor, an Interna-
nd chained up to the ruined
nd ripped it out of the ground
n't know what. I mean, it was
ng start, and I'll just tell you
, I was involved.
veled out the trench, good
it took two days, and then I
shiny new culvert in there
a piece of jewelry. I set it sol-
hen buried the thing and
he road again so that there
hump, there wasn't a bump,
sn't a ripple as you crossed. I
extra day dredging the ditch,
was gilding the lily, and I was
ving off.
ou know what? She paid me
ie. I'm not joking. I parked
or and hung up the shovel,
he way back to my room she
in the dooryard like some pic-
t of *The Farmer's Almanac*,
there were plenty of lying
and she handed me an apple
glass dish. It was warm and
up, the seams on the cross-
rust steaming.
I don't know, but this was a
ferent period for old Ray. I al-
d this good feather bed in the
room and the smell of leather
summer evenings, and I had
days of good work where I had
e boss, and now I had a glass
in my hands in the open air
. What I'm saying here is that
fected. All of this had affect-

ell the truth, kindness was a
ng. My father was a crude man
ver hesitated to push a child to
und. As a cop in the town of

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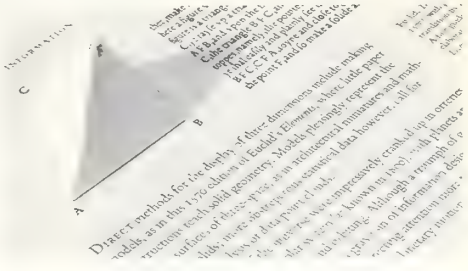
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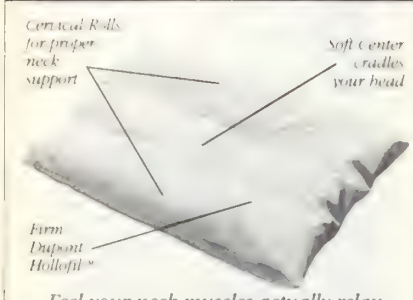
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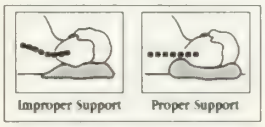
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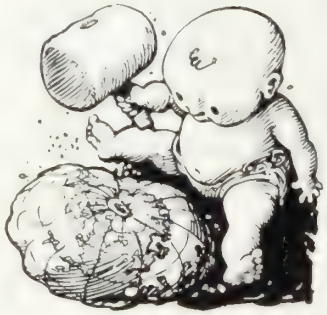
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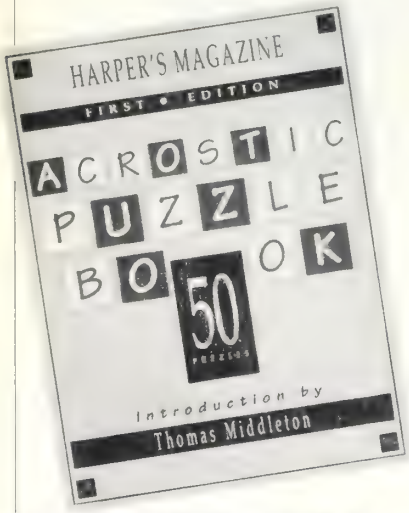
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Brown River, he was not amu
have a son who was a thief. A
mother had more than she coul
dle with five kids and prefer
travel with the Red Cross fron
to fire across the plains. And
these years, I've been a loner an
py at it, I thought, until Mrs.
showed me her apple pie. Such
prise, that tenderness. I had h
such things before, but I h
didn't think I was the type.

I ate the pie, two warm piec
that affected me, and then I ate
cool in the morning for breakfas
with Mrs. McKay's coffee, sittin
her checked tablecloth in the
house as another day came up
the world, and I was affected b
I'm not making excuses, the
facts. When I stood up to go c
commence the mowing, Mrs.
said it could wait a couple o
How'd she say it? Like this:
believe that could wait a day o

And that was that. It was thr
before I came out of that house
it didn't really make any differ
those weeds. I moved into th
house. I can barely talk about it
to say these were decent days
I rode a tractor through the
fields of Idaho, mowing, slowi
time to time to let the rabb
ahead of the blades. And
evenings there was washing
hot meals and Mrs. McKay. Th
time—I mean, every minute
day of all five weeks—I never
Ray. And there were plenty
places to do it—a lot of cle
wood and a metal silo. I didn't
a letter, big or small. Do you h
I'd lost the desire.

But in the meantime I was a
I guess, or a hired hand, some
did take an interest in Mrs. M
paintings, which were portrait
pose, portraits of farmers in shi
and overalls, that kind of thin
were good paintings, in my op
I mean, you could tell wh
were—and she had some tw
the things on her sun porch
she painted. She didn't pain
the farmers' wives or animals
that, but I could see her oran
tor in the back of three or fou
pictures. I like that, the real t
A tractor way out behind sc

nting, say only three inches
s a lot to it for me, especially
is a tractor I know pretty well.
McKay showed some of these
at the fair each year and had
in her book. At night on that
orch listening to the crickets
ring the moths bump against
ens, I'd be sitting side by side
looking at the scrapbook. I'd
and she would smell nice. I see
t I was in a kind of spell. As I
vas affected. Times I sensed I
gone, but I could do nothing
.

night, for example, she turned
the bed and asked, "What is
ere in jail for, Ray? Were you
ief?"

n't even surprised by this and
red with the truth, which is
I've always answered ques-
Yes," I said. "I took a lot of
nd I was caught for it."

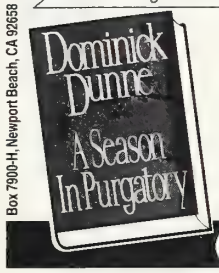
y did you?"

ok the first one to run away. I
ng, a boy, and I liked having
as soon as I could I took an-
And it became a habit for me.
en a lot of cars I didn't espe-
vant or need. It's been my life
y, right until the other week
took your car, though I would
een just as pleased to walk or
ke." I had already told her that
y that I had been headed for
stone National Park, though I
ell her I was planning on mak-
ys all over the damn place.
r a while that night in the bed
t said, "I see." And she said it
sweetly, sleepily, and I took
it for what it was.

ell, this dream doesn't last long.
eeks is just a minute, really, and
began to shift in the final days.
e thing, I came to understand
vas the person Mrs. McKay was
ng now by the fact of the cut
in the background. The face
right, but maybe that's okay,
e my face isn't right. In real life
ttle thin, off center. She'd cor-
that, which is her privilege as an
and further, she'd put a dreamy
n the guy's face, which I sup-
a real nod toward accuracy.
e these your other men?" I asked
e night after supper. We'd spo-

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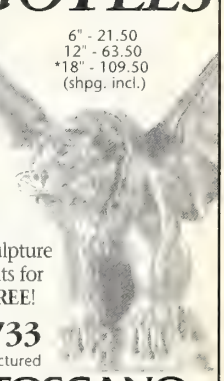
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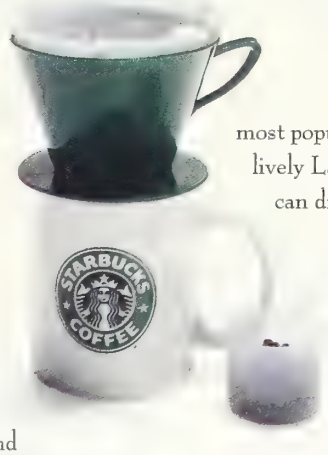
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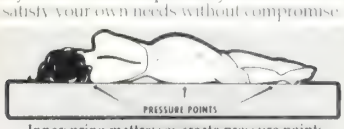
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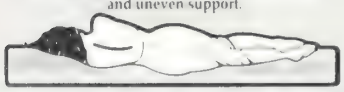
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ken frankly from the outset and was no need to change now, though I had uncomfortable fe about her artwork; it affected m by making me sad. And I knew was going on though I could nc myself. I could not go out in th and steal her car again and p my plans where I'd dropped the say it because I know it was was beyond affected, I was i with Mrs. McKay. I could tell b I was just full of hard wonder, ing I understood was jealousy. there were almost two dozen ings out there on the porch.

But my question hit a wrong Mrs. McKay looked at me wh figured out what I was askin then her face kind of folded a went up to bed. I didn't thin was happening to say I was though I was sorry in a second er really for that remark than f of the 240 or so vehicles I had the inconvenience and damag had often accompanied their pearance. What followed was m night, I'd say. I'm a car thief an not used to hurting people's fe If I hurt their feelings, I'm not ly there to be part of it. And I ca Mrs. McKay in a way that was to me, too. I sat there until s when I printed a little apolog piece of paper, squaring the let a way that felt quite odd, bu were legible, which is what I wa "I'm sorry for being a fool. Plea give me. Love, Ray." I made t in cursive, something I've don three or four times in my whc Then I went out to paint the

It was midmorning when I from where I stood high on th der painting the barn and s sheriff's two vehicles where the parked below me. I hadn't hear because cars didn't make any *whump* crossing that new c When I saw those two Fords, I t it would come back to me like dog—the need to run and ru make a *RaY* around the first ha ner. But it didn't. I looked dov saw the sheriff. There were two the other car, county deputies descended the ladder and didn a drop of that paint. The sherif ed me by name and I greete

e men allowed me to press
ack down on the gallon of
and to put my tools away.
ne kids helped me with the
None of them drew their
and I appreciated that.
as they were cuffing me that
Kay came out. She walked
and took my arm and the
ed back for a moment. I will
member her face there, so
id pure. She said, "They were
Ray. Other men who have
ie keep this place together. I
ve any other man an apple
ven Mr. McKay." I loved her
g that. She didn't have to.
a woman make that kind of
t in broad daylight in front of
ty officials and it's a bracing
ce; it certainly braced me. I
ere, as happy as I'd been in
As the deputy helped me in-
r, I realized that for the first
r I was leaving home. I'd nev-
had one before.
that paint," I said to Mrs.
"I'll be back and finish this
job." I saw her face and it
has sustained me.

y had found me because I'd
Think about it—you drive
Road 216 twice a week for a
s and then one day a hundred
nilkweed, goldenrod, and what
a are trimmed like a city park.
ake a phone call, which is what
the sheriff had done. That's
what change is, a clue.

ere I am in Windchime once
work at this second series of
d an hour or two a day. I can
volving. The font is a little
rtical than it was when I was
outside, and I'm thickening
ns. And I'm thinking it would
od with a spur serif—there's
doesn't have all the energy of
ld I, but it's an alphabet with
power, and it has a different
: it has to keep me busy for fif-
nths, when I'll be going home
a barn and mow the fields. My
a font maker are numbered.
new cellmate, Victor Lee Pe-
the semi-famous archer and
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Harrah's in Reno recently and

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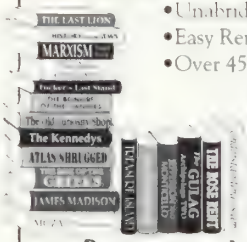
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NOTES FOR "ALTER LATER"
Note: Anagrams are indicated with an asterisk (*).

ACROSS: 1. PLASTE(R)S*; 7. (o)VOID; 10. TO(. . . T)ER*; 13. L(ad)ODGER; 15. (tr)IC(ky)-ECAP(rev.); 16. SHOE, "shoo"; 17. UNTHATCH, hidden; 19. GORE, two meanings; 20. CAN GO-(scot)C(h) reversed; 21. RE(v)EL; 22. RENE(gade); 23. AB-OARD*; 26. (a-p)PEAR; 27. SPE(CT)ERS*; 29. TI(R)E; 34. CLIC(k)-HE; 35. LIT-TLE*; 36. FA(K)IR; 37. (tenn)YSON reversed; 38. LAMENESS*. DOWN: 1. LO(PIN)G; 2. TOPS reversed; 3. S-L-EG reversed; 4. T(REP)ANG'S; 5. ER(RAT)A, *are* rev.; 6. POSH*; 7. O-LEO; 8. VICE-RE-GENT; 9. DE(. . . K)COR reversed; 11. C . . . S-IF reversed; 12. SACR(. . . E)D*; 14. NO-IT-ATONED reversed; 18. HOOPL(a)-IKE; 20. CRE(CH)E(d); 22. CRU(mp)ETS; 24. BEDLAM*; 25. TRES-SA reversed; 28. WE'R(e)-C reversed; 30. (h)ICK-(b)Y; 31. LEAN, two meanings; 32. TEAL, hidden; 33. LEIS, "laze."

SOLUTION TO SEPTEMBER DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 129). A(NNE) MOIR AND D(AVID) JES-SEL: BRAIN SEX. Baby girls like to gurgle at humans. Most boys are just as talkative, but are equally happy to jabber away at . . . toys or examine abstract geometric designs. Boys are more active and wakeful than girls—the male-wired brain of activity at work.

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then put arrows in the radiato
many state vehicles during his
escape on horseback, has no t
my work. He leafs through th
books and shakes his head. He
three weeks now etching a tar
concentric circles on the wall,
say this, he's got a steady ha
he's got a good understanding
metry. But a target? He says th
thing about my letters. "The
he said when he first saw my
smile at him. I kind of like hi
an anarchist, but I think I
through. As I said today: "
You've got to treat it right.
the alphabet, but sometimes
we've got."

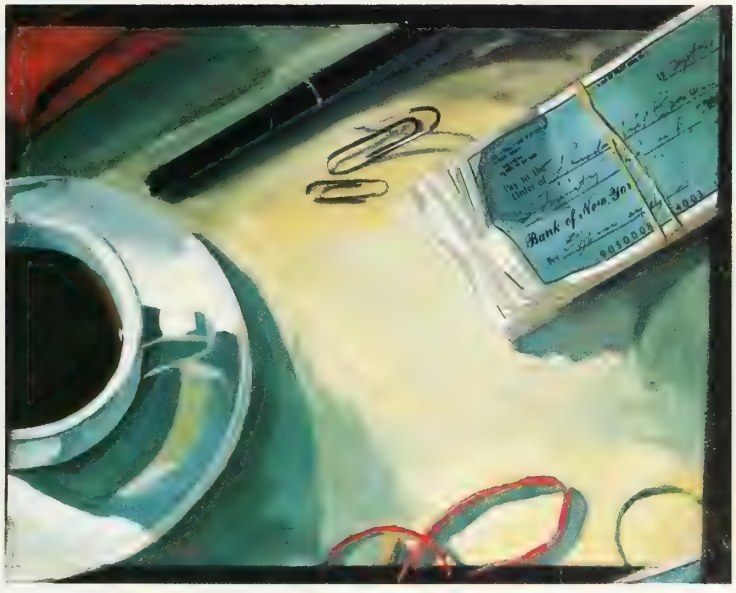
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MEMORIES HELD IN CHECK

Perusing a lifetime of my father's expenditures

By Thomas Mallon



have survived
irteen years, in
s from the de-
t stores where
to shop: thou-
anceled checks,
of which paid
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d moved to a
lace. They look
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ographs that ac-
ied them. The
ysical clue to
comes in han-
em; they cover
rs with a fine blue-green dust—
imal sheddings of bank paper
point, a spray of volcanic ash
cultural convulsion that buried
of life, the American postwar
om which people would soon
flee, as did the Pompeians
from their lunch.

ce the grid of streets in the sub-
levelopment on Long Island,
rk, where I was born, my fa-

Mallon is the literary editor of GQ *e and the author of* Rockets and *a collection of essays, and* Aurora *el.*

ther's neatly stacked checks map a whole postwar way of life. To be true dream houses, those little G.I.-financed Cape Cods had to be customized, which meant there were patios to be built and yards to be "landscaped." Every improvement created a bill. On August 29, 1951, my parents paid the Franklin Square Top Soil Company $24, by check, and so there my mother still stands on a late summer day, seven months pregnant with me, watching my father make himself handy with a shovel. On weekdays, she and the other women would all be home, and fund-raisers had no need of direct-mail solicitation when they could just knock on the doors of these young suburban matrons and ask for a check: the Red Cross, the American Cancer Society, the Mental Health Association—one of these, in my mother's curvaceous, billowing hand, shows up every inch or so into the stack, and every one is for a single dollar, the sum my mortgaged father instructed her to disburse. The Fuller Brush man also came calling ($2.55 on September 5, 1956), and the RCA serviceman, employed in an era when televisions were regularly repaired and even exported, got $12.75 on December 15 of the same year. (You couldn't watch Rosemary Clooney sing on Perry Como's Christmas special if the horizontal hold wasn't holding.) The sums are so small, so tidy, that the few big ones jump out: Joseph P. Doherty, Inc., $1,466, on September 15, 1953? Of course. Our two-tone Nash, with the black body and red roof.

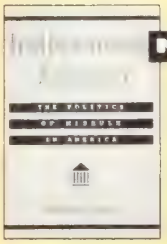
What was never meant to be saved, like what was never meant to be overheard, is usually what contains the

n by Gwyn Stramler

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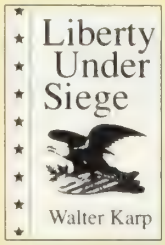
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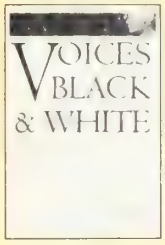


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truth. Letters and diaries (which
ther never kept) are supposed
the preserved written instrum
which the dead are revealed
terity, but each of these is a
communication, and any writte
munication, from even the lea
conscious soul, is a performance.
ten years ago, in a book I wrote
diaries (*A Book of One's Own*),
cluded that even the most priv
arists are always conscious
eventual, albeit anonymous, au
Moreover, letters and diaries ar
ten principally about things tha
already happened, whereas
checks were not merely a *recor*
father's transactions with the
they *were* the transactions.

To look at checks—my father
one's—is to see someone on h
going about his business at th
moment he went about it. Look
appointment book of a dead m
see if it doesn't seem curiously m
tal than the self-justifying jour
may have kept. The checks were
ther's unwitting diary, and I'm
audience.

During the years we lived
house in East Meadow, Long
(1950–58), Arthur Mallon ma
living at the era's most memorab
matized occupation: traveling sal
for the Fownes Brothers glove c
ny. It's attested to by the $6 che
New Jersey hotels and the mode
to Howard's clothes, just eno
keep him looking smart, "ridin
smile and shoeshine." A gentle
liked man (unlike Willy Loman's
neral really *was* jammed), he was
enough to take personal offen
tax audit. Stuffed in with the ch
an indignant memo he wrote
back of Treasury Department
885B after an appointment with
nal Revenue agent Martin F. C
in 1954. In his jagged handwrit
notes: "During 1st interview in Fr
Mr. Carney discussed each poin
return, suggesting adjustments b
my favor and in favor of Int. Rev.
justed my hotel expenses witho
gestion or discussion and then c
I owed $65 in taxes. When I ob
he abruptly closed the intervie
destroyed notes he had made an
plained I had wasted 2 hours of hi

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it Please the provides all ns with a fas- book and assette col-of 23 of the portant and ersial cases urt has d. Now feel first-ne very quality of eme Court he impas-rhetoric of vers and the ng questions by the jus-as they with the issues of



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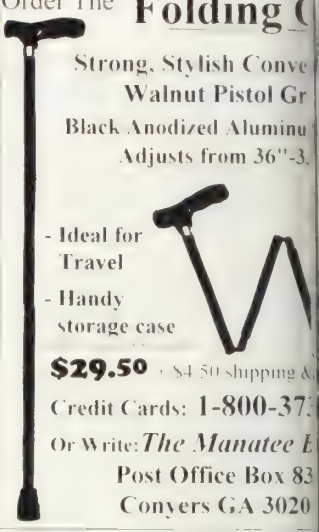
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ed from page 76

m claims I owe $194.01. Mr. either does not know his work empting to penalize me for ob- to his adjustments."

a bad expository style for a man t school at fourteen.

in F. Carney to the contrary, cks are redolent of my father's habits, his responsible rela- p with the world. Pride in that ship—in having done his mun- uty—is, I suspect, one of the he kept them. I also think they spoke to his own awareness of the passage of time. My father would have been embarrassed to keep a diary; he was just someone who passed his days earning and spending, and the checks were mementos of that. I believe he probably looked at them from time to time, and was aware they were filling up the box, like sand accruing in the bottom of an hourglass.

For all my father's manifest responsibility (he was a "family man" to the point of self-extinction), I confess to a bit of apprehension about going through the checks: Would I suffer some nasty revelation and end up feeling like that other salesman's son, Biff, when he stumbled on the Woman in Boston? No, the only checks I found made out to The Smart Woman shop, for $11.66, and to Ellen's, for $6.56, were written on Christmas Eve and Valentine's Day—last-minute presents for my mother. The Christmas gift would have been a fancy slip, whose routine appearance each December 25 became a family joke; if my father had had a good year, ten-dollar bills would flutter out as my mother unfolded it.

Like many men who survived service in the Second World War, my father chose an almost passionately unadventurous life in the years that followed. I do not believe he even rode in an airplane until he was forty-six years old, for a one-time-only business trip to Chicago, an event I now remember as a source of some excitement. There it is: February 2, 1960, United Air Lines, $52.75. A month later is the only other record of dealings he had with the land and people of Illinois: a check made out long after he'd returned to New York, to the city of DeKalb, for $1. A speeding ticket, of course; my father could not bear to be a scofflaw even at so great a distance and for so small a sum. By this time he was working in his company's Fifth Avenue showroom, but I can map his earlier road territory from checks he wrote to the traffic-control bureaus of half the towns in New Jersey. Upon first seeing these, I was delighted to imagine him speeding through Millville and Asbury Park, being chased by sirens; but then I noticed that these checks, too, were usually for $1. Not speeding, but parking: that was the real story. The poor guy was inside with a customer, schmoozing as fast as he could on the single dime he'd put in the meter. If he made it eleven times out of twelve, he'd come out ahead. Whatever other gambling urges he had were satisfied by the two-cent pinochle hands he played on Saturday nights. "Sweetie! Sweetie!" I can now hear his buddy Hank MacDonald shouting to him and to their friend John Molnar, exulting over a good hand, the sound coming

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upstairs to my bedroom as I lay contentedly under the covers.

Far from being dry, "canceled" instruments, these fiscal madeleines remain sharp with the flavors of memory. February 17, 1957, to Mr. and Mrs. John Moruzzi, $20: a wedding present, conveying still the taste of almonds and the feel of satin, things I ate and touched for the first time that night when my mother came home with the reception favor (the almonds) and the swatch of Aunt Rose's dress. So often these little paper rectangles stubbornly assert the exact circumstances in which they were written. Take pale-green #163, drawn on my father's Long Island Trust account and made out to the First National City Bank of New York. (Banks once had grand, meaningful names instead of today's fused corporate logos.) The check is dated November 22, 1963, and is a loan payment. It was hand-delivered instead of mailed, since there's a bank stamp on the back of it with the same date the check was written. My father probably walked it down to the branch of First National City one floor below the showroom on Fifth Avenue and Thirty-seventh Street, at lunchtime. November 22, 1963, was a Friday, payday, which means the check would have been covered that evening, out of cash from his yellow pay envelope, which he would have brought up to Long Island Trust after we'd met his train and he'd tossed me the *New York World-Telegram* with its 288-point headline.

SOON THERE WOULD BE AN UNENDING STREAM OF CHECKS FOR ALL-PURPOSE CREDIT CARDS; WE WERE STARTING TO FALL BEHIND

Occasionally, the checks invite a sort of scholarly detection. The one made out on October 2, 1948, to John Wanamaker, just after my parents had moved to Moorestown, New Jersey, carries a rare memorandum on a line in the lower left-hand corner: "pillows." Were they just getting new things for a new bedroom, or was my mother, pregnant with my sister, beginning to feel that she'd like to prop herself up a bit? Enough faulty memories are corrected, and true ones re-

dated, to make one wonder if p
analysts shouldn't ask their p
to go looking among family pa
Oedipus's checks. I'm surprised
cover that a Cape Cod vacat
which I have clear recollection
polining on the guesthouse b
ing struck in the eye by a bea
brella), happened when I wa
and a half. I would have put
years later, but the check made
April 15, 1955, to the owner
Wildwood Beach Cottages in H
tells me I'm not as amnesiac ab
earliest years as I son
think.

The checks also convince
as early as 1958, when I was si
picked up on my father's fir
anxieties and made them m
That was the year we moved t
ger house—more house than w
afford, as the subsequent twent
es of stacked checks make plain
strikes me about the small bun
ated by the pu
and the closing
well I rememt
names and su
volved. There's
Koch, the G
widow from wh
bought the
whose piano w
one door as ou
vision went in
er. There's the
Martin L. Br
the lawyer, S
Fowler; the O'Donnell movin
pany—their names coming
familiarly as those of the Yan
field or the Mercury astronaut
there is that figure, $127 pai
month to the Greenpoint S
Bank. I remember it so clearly
realize I must have been preoc
by it, afraid that my father mi
be able to meet it. That this
was, by the standards of 1950
Island, an "old" one (built all
ty years before) made matters
The furnace was always br
down (checks to the repairma
Dieters-Hagen), and my moth
trying to make do with Mrs.
old automatic washer with the
en wringer (Reliable Washer S
$4). Nixon would have lo

bate to Khrushchev if he'd
ıs to point to, and I must
d that we were in danger of
ınind, of not making it in
ew house with the lovely
nent. Every night for the
ty years you could find, by
s chair in the living room,
gone upstairs to bed, the
s El Producto Corona and
ns of figures he'd toted up
cks of envelopes, the ones
brought the bills.
c-policy analyst would note,
that this was not a family
go to the doctor. It seems
the checks written to the
ractitioner were, at $5 and
t, among the least worried-
e whole box. No one of the
was ever seriously sick, and
ency with which small sums
to our doctors proves it was
ts' habit to nip in the bud
of trouble.
even born on the install-
n. All those checks written
ddy, the pediatrician, after
of each month throughout
v that everything from cir-
n through inoculations was
credit. This friendly ar-
nt is pleasant enough to no-
then come, more woefully,
urpose credit cards. These
invention of my father's
on, passed down to mine,
e wallet they grew into a
fe. My personal fear of plas-
nnot let a credit-card bill
id on my desk overnight)
has origins in my father's
s with it. A payment of
o the Diners Club on March
5, is the first one I can find,
ı there would be an unend-
am to First National City
nal credit—all of this before
l MasterCard had even come
We were falling behind, but
ıade it barely noticeable, as
d merely decided to sit fac-
kward on a forward-moving
What was really happening
from the early Sixties on;
ıll contributions my father
cing to his pension plan were
ke the dream of a parachute
strategy that would actually
ıim down safely onto the

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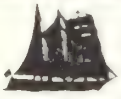
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plains of retirement.

And to see how much he spent on me! I cannot find one check amid thousands for anything that would qualify as a self-indulgence by my father—not so much as a bowling ball. The El Producto cigars (three for fifty cents) and the two-cent pinochle hands were all he allowed himself. But the checks for my upkeep? Start as far back as 1953 for all the ones to the eye doctor (those lenses the size of nickels), and then find ones to the Stewart Manor Little League, and the one on July 6, 1962, to Dick Quigley's Music Shop, for the rented violin I managed (there are no accidents) to break. Eventually you come to the enormous ones, for tuition, to a college that, like the house, was more school than we could afford. Add to those the ones made out to me, term after term, for books and everything else, endorsed with my own rounded signature, which I can see losing its baby fat, becoming ever so slightly like his. My God, I see I was *still* nickel-and-diming him through graduate school, getting him to pay the occasional phone bill or rent notice. On second thought, perhaps a therapist would want to advise his or her patient to avoid this particular exercise in memory retrieval: it's too guilt-producing. Still, as I think of it now, one of the nicest compliments my shy father ever paid me was in financial language. I was asking him, with some embarrassment, if I could quit my summer job a couple of weeks early to take a youth-fare flight to Paris before returning to college. Reminding me that I didn't take drugs or smash up cars, he reassured me by saying, "You're a bargain."

At the moment, it's hard to see it that way, metaphorically and otherwise. When my father died in 1980, I found the Dime Savings Bank payment book for an education loan with its eighty-four stubs still beveled and bound in; it had kept me safely on an American campus in the last years of Vietnam. My father and I, shy with each other, substituted a kind of mutual protectiveness for any plainspoken intimacy. I know that this obsolete loan-payment book serves no purpose other than the posthumous one he quite possibly intended: to remind me of how I got started and how he ended up in such a mess.

For that's what it was in those years. His lungs were bad, and long before he took early retiremer went into the hospital. There's of checks from that time, writt my mother in handwriting made er and faster by necessity. Once h tired, any checks written to Fou Brothers, for roughly the amounts as his old pension cont tions ($45.27 on November 11, 1 were to keep his Blue Cross. A pink check, for Citicorp Credit vices, written that same day, start ries that appears on the edges stack like traces of an infection. were the days when banks sent it cards out in the mail, unsolic and my father tried to stay aflo grabbing on to these sandbags, ing off one with the other, Bank icard with Mastercharge, Chase Manufacturers Hanover. The las of the stack of checks is hard t in every sense. Checks for refills bedroom oxygen tank, written shaky hand of a dying man, pres nously toward the very last on January 4, 1980, for $ Visa.

Seven weeks later, he was in a veterans' cemetery in Calv New York. A gruff military ch performed a fast ceremony "Committal Service Area" befo father was brought to a grave m like the rest of them, by a flat flush with the ground in defere that symbol of his suburban lif lawn mower. Grave number 76 tion 4, is in a row of other me died that month. Barr . . . Zdunc Salerno—they're laid, side by s nearly the order they died, a dure one might dismiss as cold reaucratic, like the terse rule back of the interment record: ted plants will be permitted on only during the period 10 days and 10 days after Easter Sunda having survived what they did rope and the Pacific, the men in the rows of section 4 kne such orderliness—of lives, o checks, even of tombstones—h en them what they'd enjoyed world.

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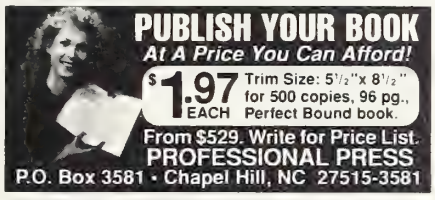
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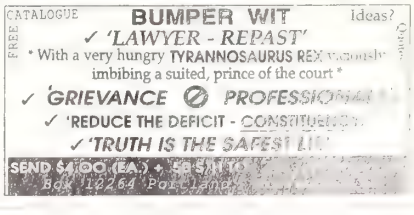
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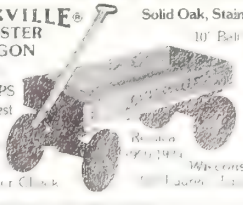
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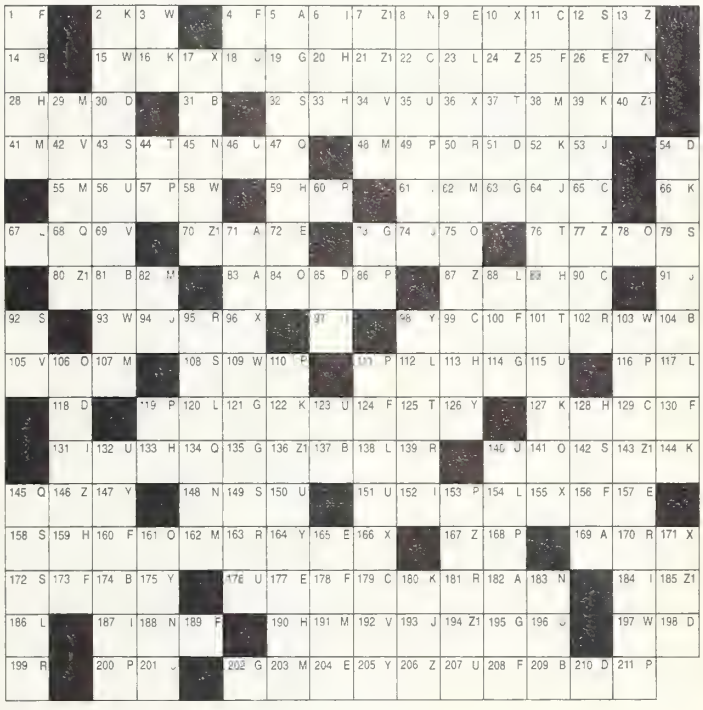
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DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 130

by Thomas H. Middleton

he diagram, when filled in, will contain a tation from a published work. The numd squares in the diagram correspond to the bered blanks under the WORDS. The DS form an acrostic: the first letter of each ls the name of the author and the title of work from which the quotation is taken. he letter in the upper right-hand corner of square indicates the WORD containing the r to be entered in that square. Contest rules the solution to last month's puzzle appear on 74.



ES WORDS

Drive 169 5 83 71 182

Healthful fiber (2 wds.) 81 31 104 209 137 14

174

Texas city on the Rio Grande 65 129 11 99 90 179

Seaport, N.W. Syria, on the Mediterranean; Turkish tobacco 210 85 30 198 51 54 118

Capital of Cameroon 157 177 165 72 26 9 204

Great incompetence 124 160 4 208 100 173 178 25

156 1 130 189

Wary, alert 63 202 121 73 135 195 114 19

Mistaken; at fault (3 wds.) 20 190 59 128 33 28 89 159

113 133

Arctic cetacean with a single tusk 6 184 131 187 152 97 61

Disturb suddenly, by surprise 201 74 94 53 91 193 64

Shriek, howl 16 122 127 52 180 66 2 144

39

Region of S. Spain 120 117 186 23 138 112 154 67

88

Stop at an early stage (4 wds.) 203 162 48 29 107 82 55 62

38 191 41

Clothing for dancers, gymnasts, etc. 45 8 27 188 148 183

Bombed, crocked, pickled, stewed 78 22 106 75 84 141 161

P. All right, okay, yes, sure 153 111 168 200 110 119 49 86

116 57 211

Q. Mongol dwelling 47 134 145 68

R. Region, district 102 181 50 95 170 163 60 199

139

S. Helicopters, etc. 149 92 32 12 172 158 43 142

108 79

T. Former province in the Loire Valley, France 37 125 76 44 101

U. "A round little worm/Prick'd from ___ of a maid" (3 wds., *Romeo and Juliet*) 207 46 132 176 56 123 115 140

35 18 151 150 196

V. Musical company or band 192 69 42 105 34

W. Inspiring overwhelming admiration, fear, etc. 103 197 93 15 109 3 58

X. Reticular fabric 166 10 36 155 17 96 171

Y. Try hard 147 175 98 164 205 126

Z. Retreat, refuge 87 206 13 146 167 77 24

Z1. 1862 "sufferin' drama" by Mrs. Henry Wood (2 wds.) 45 136 7 143 21 7 185 80

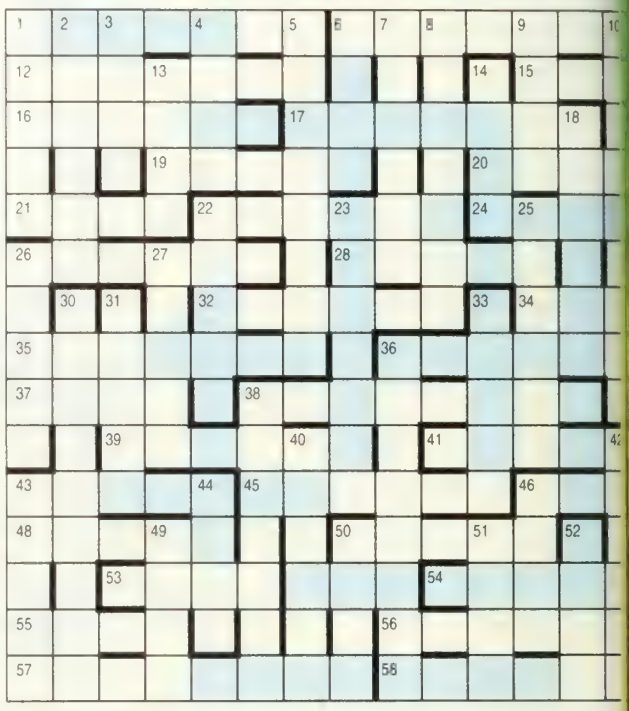
194

PUZZLE

Lights Fantastic

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

When the puzzle is completed, twelve related words will appear in the shaded areas. Letters appearing in shaded squares are ignored in the wordplay portion of the clues. Clue answers include four capitalized words, one foreign word, and some less than common words (28A, 35A, 39A, 4D, 10D, and 42D.) The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 74.



ACROSS

1. Catholic, long the last character to like church music (7)
6. Get used to unnatural acts around copper with perverse procedure (8)
12. Boss heading off the flack (7)
15. Don't start reconnaissance—look to the Romans (4)
16. Are bananas source of oxygen for oxygen-loving bug (6)
17. Set a price (thousand off) for old English coins (7)
19. Places for speaking the wedding vow quietly, upon reflection (5)
20. Have an inclination to gather bits of info (5)
21. Pronounced top dog (4)
22. Burlesque—French one's brought back (6, *hyph.*)
24. Trendy from the start! (5)
26. Appear to be time for the reaper? (6, *two words*)
28. Old official makes several errors (5)
32. Drunk sent beer glasses (6)
34. Canvass that covers Republican in township (4)
35. Scrap over surgical instrument (7)
36. Country & western tune cut short (7)
37. Intentionally lose by strikeout . . . but first take preparations to hide? (4)
38. Assigned rooms anger English (8)
39. Reactionary so-and-so to infiltrate gradually (6)
41. Herb's abbreviated writings returned (6)
43. Smart, with no damage to pluck (5)
45. Harass doctor about appliance-maker (6)
46. Why is this mistaken for whiskey in rather low joint? (4)
48. True tavern is characterized by a cheap tone (5)
50. Almost gave a bad review to rather heavy material (5)
53. On a mountaintop first . . . Rainier, e.g. (7)
54. Gulf state's type of oil (6)
55. Blonde is distant around me (4)
56. Drop bluff in taking in one (7)
57. Middle of movie switched around—it's fraud (8)
58. Dread is oddly cryptic (7)

DOWN

1. Take a bite out of winner (5)
2. Local politician and famous general making comeback (6)
3. Members of crew, they follow cues (4)
4. Married love from old church pulpit (4)
5. Guide baseball team in comeback with ease, one hears (8)
6. Color of Hester Prynne's letter (4)
7. Exclusive group—*this* includes question (6)
8. Snacks around—marine upset (7)
9. Guarantee distress sale (4)
10. Air ace crashed into old area where whales may be seen
11. N.Y. ballplayer embracing one's intended (5)
13. Dummy gets into grand opera (4)
14. Very big star (4)
18. Marine animal found on the outskirts of Singapore (*two words*)
22. Japanese food upsets you and me (5)
23. What you get first from dentist! (7)
25. Prohibitions to look up, and about time (6)
26. Malicious about lawyer (5)
27. Choices the captain casually raised (5)
29. Extra spring (5)
30. Intimate circling Arctic surreptitiously is useful (9)
31. Oh, no! Converts do homage (5)
33. Red Sea mammal (5)
36. Richness is found in most of bequest (8)
38. Stephen Foster's nag a bit upset about nothing (7)
40. Tin type's first to show holy places (6)
42. Indian corn that is taken after supper (6)
43. Loud suits picked up tramp (5)
44. Bird from Asia or this continent (4)
46. English county seen in half of junket (4)
47. This makes a connection with antelope (5)
49. No room for model (4)
50. Raised record tree (4)
51. Not rated a government agent (4)
52. Egg head . . . not this guy (4)

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "Lights Fantastic," *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. Winners' names will be printed in the December issue. Winners of the Aug puzzle, "By the Letters," are Kevin E. Kays, Staunton, Illinois; Richard Speers, Saratoga Springs, New York; and Thomas Rike, Oakland, Californ



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Throughout the day, most dentists just go from mouth-to-mou
Dr. Russell Karmel has a little more fun going door-to-door.

From Brooklyn to the Bronx, from Midtown to Downtown, fro
Staten Island to Suffolk County, people who want dental care in th
very own homes call on Russell Karmel, D.D.S.

Russell took to the streets a while back as a less expensive way
break into the crowded dental market of the Metropolitan Ne
York area. (Instead of the overhead of a dental offi
he has a reasonably low car payment.) It's a lit
unusual, Russell admits, to practice dentistry o
of the back end of a car (so it's good to drive
car you really like), but it turns out there are a lot of people who ju
can't make it into a dentist's office—his phone never stops ringing.



Open wide! (The lid does come all the way up.) There's 10.9 cubic feet in there, and about 38 cubic feet with the rear seats folded down. Now, that's a cavity.

Would Russell like to have a regular office someday? Sure. But f
now, he carries everything he needs (X-ray machine, drill, suction, etc.
patients provide the chair) in the trunk of his Saturn coupe. Best of a
when he's done with someone's mouth, he doesn't just jump rig
into another. He jumps into 124 horses, sport-tuned suspensi
and a perfectly matched set of gear ratios—and the Long Island Expre
way becomes his own personal Grand Prix. (He still has to obey t
law, but at least he doesn't have to spe
all day listening to elevator music.)


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Russell Karmel is pictured with a 1993 Saturn SC2. M.S.R.P. for the 1994 Saturn SC2 is $15,095, including retailer prep and optional alloy wheels. Tax, license, transportation other options are extra. If you'd like to know more about Saturn, and our new sedans, coupes and wagons, please call us any time at 1-800-522-5000. © 1993 Saturn Corporat





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LETTERS

Should Professors Sleep with Their Students?

It was a stroke of brilliance to ask four academics who oppose bans on student-faculty sex to sit down for a forum ["New Rules About Sex on Campus," September]. No one could have made the case for such policies better than they! How perversely entertaining to see dirty old professors rationalize their sexual exploitation of young college women, or—in the case of Joan Blythe of the University of Kentucky and John Boswell of Yale—young men. Save for the admirable and principled president of Bard College, Leon Botstein—who must have suffered moral vertigo in a crowd like this—I couldn't believe the amorality and immorality of this cabal of supposed "humanities" scholars. No wonder Botstein got "very depressed."

Most outrageous was "ass-patting" advocate University of Massachusetts professor and psychoanalyst William Kerrigan, an arrogant old fart who imagines he's doing young university women a favor by deflowering them! Freud—a strong moralist—would have been appalled that a professional proponent of psychoanalysis would exploit the powerful transference between students and teachers just to get his rocks off. Like Botstein, I'm glad such a ridiculous and pathetic character as Kerrigan doesn't te[ach] my college. I certainly wouldn't [find] easy if I had a daughter studyi[ng] glish with him.

Marc Rogers
Evant, Tex.

Thank God for professor[s like] William Kerrigan! Too often, in[ter]tors define their professional r[es]sibilities to students too nar[rowly]. Kerrigan, however, isn't afraid [to] volve himself in his students' p[er]al lives—even their sexual [li]—when necessary to the stu[dent] well-being. As he himself expl[ains] regarding his willingness to de[flo]the virgins he comes across [he] thinking only of their best int[er]i.e., saving those females who [ha]"unnaturally" delayed losing th[eir] ginity from the bad marriage th[at] would surely result if they were t[o] their first sexual experience with [an]one other than himself.

As a graduate student and t[each]in Kerrigan's department, I am [ta]ful for the lesson he's taught me [by] my proper role in regard to o[ur] dents. Before learning of his re[as]I might have simply listened [em]thetically to a student who w[ept] fessing his or her virginity, assur[ed] student that everything would [be] right, and sent him or her back[to] dorm. Now I know that the [co]professional response would [be] "cure" them—at least, the [ir] among them. (I might send [fe]males to Dr. Kerrigan, given [his] pressive credentials in the ar[ea].

Harper's Magazine welcomes Letters to the Editor. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

Your symptoms are bothering you, but you're still waiting to see your doctor about ur enlarged prostate. Maybe it's time to stop waiting.

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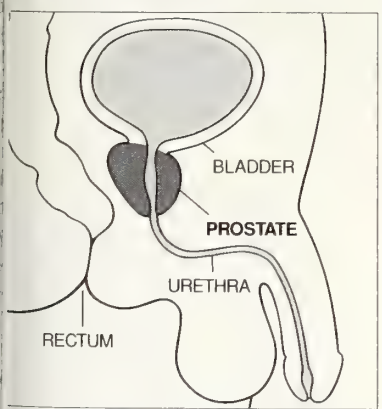
can't make it till halftime any- e without having to go to the room. You're getting up several s a night to urinate. It's begin- to bother you, but up to now, ve lived with it. The question is, ld you?

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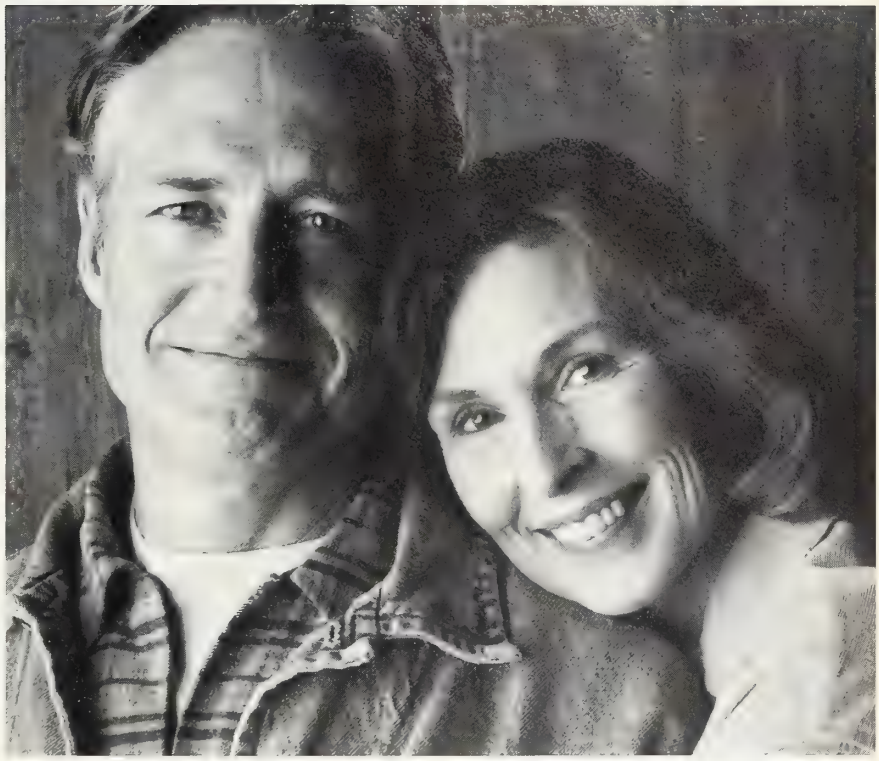
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a man ages, a key hormone can p cause the prostate to grow.



rostate surrounds part of the urethra, the tube that s urine from the bladder. As the prostate enlarges, it ueeze the urethra and cause urinary problems.



PROSCAR actually blocks the production of this hormone, so it helps shrink the prostate to a smaller size in many men. As a result, some men treated with PROSCAR experience an increased urinary flow and an improvement in urinary symptoms.

Why you should see your doctor soon

The problem will probably not get better by itself. In many cases, the prostate continues to enlarge and the symptoms may get worse. So if your urinary symptoms are bothering you, consult your family doctor or a urologist and find out if PROSCAR is an appropriate treatment for you. It is also important to have regular checkups. *While benign prostate enlargement is not cancer and does not lead to cancer, the two conditions can exist at the same time.*

Remember, only a doctor can evaluate your symptoms and their possible causes. So don't wait any longer. You may find out that your enlarged prostate can be made into a smaller problem.

For a free, informative booklet, "Every man should know about his prostate," call 1-800-635-4452 today.

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PROSCAR is for the treatment of symptomatic benign prostatic hyperplasia and for use by men only.

Your doctor may prescribe PROSCAR if you have a medical condition called benign prostatic hyperplasia or BPH. This occurs only in men.

Please read this information, as well as the leaflet which accompanies your medication, before you start taking PROSCAR. Also, read the leaflet each time you renew your prescription, just in case anything has changed. Remember, this leaflet does not take the place of careful discussions with your doctor. You and your doctor should discuss PROSCAR when you start taking your medication and at regular checkups.

What is BPH?

BPH is an enlargement of the prostate gland. After age 50, most men develop enlarged prostates. The prostate is located below the bladder. As the prostate enlarges, it may slowly restrict the flow of urine. This can lead to symptoms such as:

- a weak or interrupted urinary stream
- a feeling that you cannot empty your bladder completely
- a feeling of delay or hesitation when you start to urinate
- a need to urinate often, especially at night
- a feeling that you must urinate right away.

Treatment options for BPH

There are three main treatment options for BPH:

- **Program of monitoring or "Watchful Waiting".** If a man has an enlarged prostate gland and no symptoms or if his symptoms do not bother him, he and his doctor may decide on a program of monitoring which would include regular checkups, instead of medication or surgery.
- **Medication.** Your doctor may prescribe PROSCAR for BPH. See **"What PROSCAR does"** below.
- **Surgery.** Some patients may need surgery. Your doctor can describe several different surgical procedures for BPH. Which procedure is best depends on your symptoms and medical condition.

What PROSCAR does

PROSCAR lowers levels of a key hormone called DHT (dihydrotestosterone), which is a major cause of prostate growth. Lowering DHT leads to shrinkage of the enlarged prostate gland in most men. This can lead to gradual improvement in urine flow and symptoms over the next several months. However, since each case of BPH is different, you should know that:

- Even though the prostate shrinks, you may NOT see an improvement in urine flow or symptoms.
- You may need to take PROSCAR for six (6) months or more to see whether it helps you.
- Even though you take PROSCAR and it may help you, it is not known whether PROSCAR reduces the need for surgery.

What you need to know while taking PROSCAR

- **You must see your doctor regularly.** While taking PROSCAR, you must have regular checkups. Follow your doctor's advice about when to have these checkups.
- **About side effects.** Like all prescription drugs, PROSCAR may cause side effects. Side effects due to PROSCAR may include impotence (or inability to have an erection) and less desire for sex. Each of these side effects occurred in less than 4% of patients in clinical studies. In some cases side effects went away while the patient continued to take PROSCAR.

Some men taking PROSCAR® (Finasteride) may have a decrease in the amount of semen released during sex. This decrease does not appear to interfere with normal sexual function.

You should discuss side effects with your doctor before taking PROSCAR and anytime you think you are having a side effect.

- **Checking for prostate cancer.** Your doctor has prescribed PROSCAR for symptomatic BPH and not for cancer—but a man can have BPH and prostate cancer at the same time. Doctors usually recommend that men be checked for prostate cancer once a year when they turn 50 (or 40 if a family member has had prostate cancer). These checks should continue while you take PROSCAR. PROSCAR is not a treatment for prostate cancer.
- **About prostate specific antigen (PSA).** Your doctor may have done a blood test called PSA. PROSCAR can alter PSA values. For more information, talk to your doctor.
- **A warning about PROSCAR and pregnancy.**

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would that be considered proc[e]
ment? Perhaps not, in an acad[e]
environment.)

Then again, maybe my own [r]
sponsibilities to students would b[e]
ter carried out by stationing mys[elf]
Dr. Kerrigan's office door . . . dis[p]
ing condoms and the phone nu[m]
of local mental-health counselo[rs]

Michelle Fogus
Greenfield, Mass.

Poor William Kerrigan. Poor [Mr.]
Blythe. Here are professors whos[e]
flowering skills inoculate vi[rgins]
against bad marriages, whose [e]
words on medieval and Renaiss[ance]
literature induce orgasms, and [who]
are being threatened with reprim[and]
if they engage in sexual relation[s]
with their teenage students. It [is a]
wonder they can barely contain [their]
outrage. In fact, it's surprising [that]
they do not also vigorously denou[nce]
the far stronger penalties societ[y im]
poses on those guilty of gang ra[pe]
having sex with children. I am [sure]
they could be quite eloquent o[n the]
damage caused by these Pentec[ostal]
fascist attempts to harness the [Pen]
tean power of lust.

And it's a pity that *Harper's* di[dn't]
give Kerrigan and Blythe—know[n]
workers with lifetime tenure, ampl[e]
considerable leisure time, and hig[h]
cial status—a chance to explain [to a]
group of underpaid, uninsured, [elec]
tronically monitored, easily fired A[meri]
ican workers why a policy [that]
discourages sex with teenage sub[ordi]
nates is an intolerable workplac[e bur]
den. Why, *yes*, I believe *that* woul[d be]
made for a truly educational foru[m].

Steve Messina
New York City

The bottom line in this deb[ate]
that students and their families pa[y a lot]
of money for an education and p[rofes]
sors receive money to provide it[. Stu]
dents are not paying for sexu[al ex]periences—that is the domain [of an]
other business entirely, one to w[hich]
William Kerrigan might be well s[uited].

I was involved with a professo[r dur]ing my undergraduate study, a[nd it]
was extremely costly; a once-in-[a-life]
time experience was, in fact, ruin[ed for]

uld not complete a senior the-
ıse my adviser and I were em-
in the aftermath of a sexual
ship at a critical juncture in my
ear, when his input and sup-
e essential to the success of my
am not denying my responsi-
ı pursuing this relationship,
ve not sought redress. But had
guidelines been in place, this
ıship would have been post-
ntil the completion of my the-
d the education for which I
ıousands of dollars, and much
d effort, would have been safe-
l.

withheld]

university instructor who re-
his post-secondary education
past ten years—and therefore
within an era in which sexu-
s were in the foreground—I
ır forum on sex on college cam-
ith the detached amusement
ld listening to his parents bick-
whose turn it is to wash the

ıough I do not favor an out-
ın on professor-student affairs,
ıuzzled to hear my older col-
dismiss standards governing
ual conduct of professors (such
for psychiatrists) as puritani-
fascistic. In the six years I have
aching on the college level I
ıade it a personal practice not
my students (or former stu-
mostly because I believe that
elationships generally lead to
.

s the fact that I maintain the
professional distance your pan-
lecry mean that I'm a prude? I
think so. I prefer to think it
that I am a teacher who can be
l by his students, male and fe-
ılike (trust being an aspect of
ue none of your panelists ad-
l). Or perhaps it simply indi-
hat, though an academic, I have
ned myself, when looking for
ıce, to the more traditional
of those who make their living
e the narrow halls of the acade-
ıarties, bike paths, and the pro-
ısle at the supermarket.

orris
go

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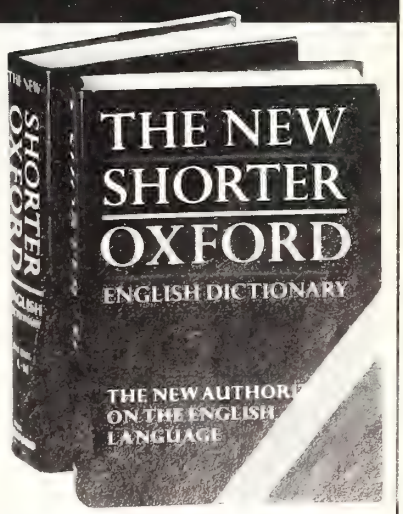
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Sex on campus can't be regulated. But those people involved can learn to protect themselves better. This applies to women in particular but also to college and university administrations who so often are embroiled in controversies with which they are ill equipped to deal. So, in addition to formulating statements of policy (such as the ones quoted in the forum), university and college officials might consider asking students to sign a "statement of awareness." Such a document could mitigate the responsibility of colleges and universities for private, consensual behavior between individuals. It could also point the way toward individual responsibility and more effective self-protection. Below, a sample:

STATEMENT OF AWARENESS

I, the undersigned, am aware of the problematical situations that may arise in cases of romantic relationships between students and faculty at ——— College/University. I take full responsibility and do not expect an outside party to resolve difficulties stemming from such relationships, except in the case of overt harassment or the request for sexual favors in exchange for privilege or special recognition, such as higher grades. In these instances students and faculty may request their respective counseling services to initiate mediation between offended and offending parties. Though ——— College/University does not condone harassment or sexual barter, it has no policy of punishment. The college considers the exposure and public awareness of such negative situations to be an effective deterrent.

Mary S. Bell
Honolulu, Hawaii

Years ago, in the middle of a semester, the instructor of a course I was taking, a graduate student, sent me a letter saying he was recently separated, lonely, and interested in me. It was signed with a stomach-turning "Starved." I found it humiliating to face this man in class after this, and my initial motivation to do the work required to finish the course turned into dread. My right to participate in and learn from a college course—both reasonable entitlements for a college student—had been violated.

An implicit ban on faculty-student alliances, at least for the duration of a course, probably exists in the minds of most instructors. But for those who don't take restraint for granted, the field of possible romantic or sex partners extends into the classroom. Not encouraging an implicit or explicit ban on faculty-student sex may have the effect of telling professors that they are free to look for partners among their students. Students may experience such pursuits, involving power and age differentials, as distracting, oppressive, and painful, particularly since many lack the experience and maturity to handle such experiences.

Except for the even-minded Leon Botstein, the panel chosen to discuss the topic of faculty-student sex bans demonstrated an unself-consciousness and insensitivity to their students that I hope is atypical of college professors. I found it ironic that William Kerrigan, the psychoanalytic scholar on the panel, nowhere indicated an awareness of the need for self-examination on the part of faculty who may be confronted with desire for their students. The theory of psychoanalysis concerns itself with understanding how we impose our needs and personal issues onto others, often unconsciously, and how we can develop adaptive and healthy forms of self-restraint. Just for asking what's wrong with a little pat on the ass, Kerrigan should himself be spanked.

Holly Furdyna
Chicago

The distinguished panel of professors may argue that sex with students "can be quite beautiful and genuinely transforming," or that the ban on teacher-student sexual relations is "a broad attempt to poison the first adult experience for many young people." Such statements are, however, mere rationalizations. The truth is that the ban is odious to professors because it threatens one of the few perks they have left. Teacher-student sexual relations depend almost entirely upon an exploitation of the professor's power, and on the unique, sheltered environment that is found in academia. To test this theory, remove the typical professor from the campus; place him or her in an environment (a punk rock club, for example) where young person[s] are found; and then, in short order, [will] be seen just how attractive—or [unattractive] the middle-aged professor really [is] to those who are half his or her age.

William M. Dingfelder
Narberth, Pa.

I have liberal-arts degrees from [two] putatively top-flight universities [and] in each place I've seen physically [attractive] but intellectually mediocre [professors] students sexually exploit the master-[student] protégé relationship, creating [opportu]nities for themselves at the expense of their fellow students. (Had [the] colloquy included at least one graduate student, that point would probably have emerged.)

I agree with your forum's consensus that the real scandal is not sexual but intellectual—the fact that on[most] American campuses the vast majority of undergraduates (and not [just] graduate students) don't receive enough contact with full professors to achieve the "transformative" experience. But to suggest—as most of the panel does—that this imbalance can be redressed only in the bedroom [would] pervert the ideal of learning and intellectual growth. This is not to say that we shouldn't be sympathetic [to] that legalistic anti-sex codes probably do more harm than good. For heaven's sake, if a faculty member attracted to a student, couldn't [they] both wait until the semester is over?

Allen Smalling
Chicago

If having sex with professors is beneficial to students, why do professors discriminate in favor of the physically beautiful, and worse [still]? Aren't they duty-bound to provide equal opportunities for enlightenment to all students? Not even one professor has asked me to go to bed with [him] since I went back to school at the age of forty-six, although I've seen many [who] wouldn't mind. I may be middle-aged and outspoken, but couldn't I, too, derive educational benefits from a pat on the ass and a roll in the hay with some brainy fellow?

Marianna Scheffer
Portland, Ore.

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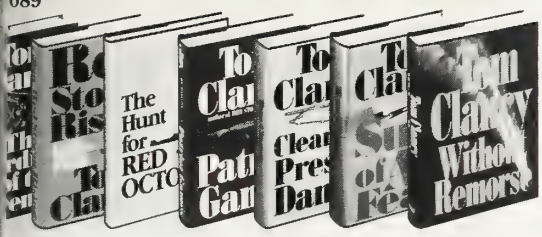
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NOTEBOOK

Yellow brick road

By Lewis H. Lapham

Not to know what happened before one was born is always to be a child.

—Cicero

In any new publishing season most of the books that touch on the questions of the national well-being do little more than preach the conventional sermons of doom—violent crime advancing into the suburbs, no city street safe from riot or disease, the government bankrupt, and the air thick with poisonous smoke. Few of the authors allow the chance of humor or escape, but once they have furnished their long and obligatory lists of statistics (about the sum of the federal debt or the number of homicides in Brooklyn or Miami) they rest content with what have become the ornamental cries of alarm, as harmless as Halloween stories and as safe as short-term, tax-exempt bonds.

Against the familiar and best-selling trend, I had the good luck in early September to come across a book that avoided the usual piety and inspirited me with the hope that all is not yet lost. The book, *Land of Desire*, by William Leach, is a history of consumer capitalism in the United States between 1880 and 1930, its conscious invention and immediate success, the nature of its iconography, its early alliance with the banks and business corporations, the zeal of its first promoters, and its eventual subjugation of the American mind. The book is a pleasure to read, not only because Leach writes well but because he presents the culture of consumer capitalism as a historical and time-bound phenomenon—a sequence of events like other sequences of events (the Cold War, say, or the ascendancy of the Caliphate of Córdoba), and therefore possessed of a beginning, a middle, and an end.

What is so heartening about Leach's book is its argument, entirely persuasive, that consumptionism is made of a set of attitudes as artificial and deliberately contrived as the movements of a mechanical bird. Prior to 1880 it did not exist in the forms that we now know it, and its corollary behaviors and habits of mind cannot be mistaken for the laws of human nature. The point is often and easily lost in the din of advertising that composes the entire text of our modern American civilization, and for as long as I can remember, but most especially over the last twenty years, I've listened to nothing but contrary messages from the leading oracles of the age. They might quarrel about matters of minor distinction between Karl Marx and Henry Ford, but they all devoutly acknowledge the primacy of consumptionism and inflate its operative values (pleasure, security, comfort, money the measure of all things) into general principles of existence—as immutable as the fixed stars, the multiplication tables, or the sea. Nobody questions the assumption that money rules the world, and the voices on the political left join with those on the political right to sing the antiphonal hymn to Mammon. It is a matter not only of how people behave and to whom they show deference but also of what the society looks like and how it administers both its spiritual and temporal rewards. The language of commerce is the *lingua franca* that knits together all the voices of American pluralism, the one national vocabulary in which people express their worth and their meaning.

But it was not always so, and Leach locates the origin of the aesthetic of desire in a specific time and place. Leach begins his narrative with the appearance of the modern department store—Marshall Field's in Chicago, Siegel-Cooper's in New York, John Wanamaker's in Philadelphia—and he follows the rapidly improving art of merchandising through the evolution of the poster, the mail-order catalogue, the billboard, th[e] vertising slogan, and the display [win]dow. The spectacle is wonder[ful] behold, in no small part beca[use] many of the strategies of entice[ment] spring full-blown from the head [of] capitalist Zeus, and because so lit[tle] the rhetoric has changed ove[r the] course of the last one hundred [and] All the principal characters in L[yman] tale speak and think in a lang[uage] that would be immediately inte[lligi]ble to any modern audience lo[oking] at magazine advertisements and [tele]vision commercials. Here is L. [Frank] Baum, now chiefly known as th[e au]thor of *The Wonderful Wizard* [of Oz] but who, in 1898, all but inv[ented] the art of window display, exh[orting] his fellow window trimmers to l[ight] lamps and tin pots "come alive" [so] they were figures on the sta[ge]. "bring the goods out in a blaze [of] ry," and make them look like je[wels]. "Suggest possibilities of colo[r] sumptuous display that would d[elight] the heart of an oriental."

Here is Elbert Hubbard, who [coined] what he called "publicity pr[ecepts] ments" and edited a magazine [en]tled, appropriately, *The Philis[tine]*, addressing a meeting of adver[tising] men in 1911: "Everybody shou[ld] vertise while they are alive. Th[e man] who does not advertise is a dea[d] whether he knows it or not."

Or Katherine Fisher, another [of the] earliest copywriters, saying in [1916] that the trick is to direct the p[ublic] mind into the mirrored galle[ries of] limitless desires because "wi[thout] imagination, no wants . . . wi[thout] wants, no demand to have ther[e can be] plied."

Or, lastly and most tellingly, [Simon] Patten, the country's most influ[ential] economist at the turn of the c[entury] and the guiding spirit of the [Wharton] ton School of Economics, indig[nantly] refuting the idea that "consu[mption]

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"Guys And Dolls"

LUCK BE A LADY
"Guys And Dolls"

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of luxuries and the indulgence in them" is somehow inglorious, preaching the doctrine of "wish pulses and wish structures" that urge mankind forward into the great and liberating task of ceaseless spending.

Well before the advent of the First World War, the United States gives birth to what Leach calls "the brokering class," intermediaries of various kinds and descriptions (corporate lawyers and dealers in easy credit as well as art instructors, popular novelists, and university professors) who fabricate, burnish, and promote the retail merchant's dream of Heaven that we now accept as the authoritative and universal vision of the good life. Leach extends his observations across the whole canvas of American society, finding the lines of historical perspective not only in the beginnings of the toy and public-relations industries but also in John Wanamaker's staging of the Garden of Allah fashion show in New York in 1912, the Gimbel Brothers busily decorating their stores with paintings by Picasso and Cézanne, the founding of the Harvard Business School in 1908 on the premise that consumption was far more important than production.

Between 1880 and 1930 the land of desire replaces the older religious and political ideals that sustained the American people in the century before the Civil War—ideals that embodied the values of thrift, productive labor, the ownership of land, republican government, Christian poverty, and plain speech—and within the span of two generations America becomes synonymous with the culture of acquisition and consumption, with the cult of the new and the belief that money is the alpha and omega of all human existence. It is a dismal story, and it was understood as such as early as 1902 by William James, who remarked on the appearance of the consumer society in *The Varieties of Religious Experience*: "We have lost the power even of imagining what the ancient idealization of poverty could have meant: the liberation from material attachments, the unbribed soul."

I read Leach's book in conjunction with September's news from New York and Washington about the country's present economic miseries, and it was impossible to ignore the syllogism connecting Baum's *obiter dicta* about decorating display windows (Use the best art to "arouse in the observer the cupidity and longing to possess the goods") to a spendthrift society gone rotten with a surfeit of sales promotions. The sum of the national debt and the grotesque maldistribution of the nation's wealth reflect the monetization of political thought and the commercialization of the moral imagination. It isn't the political system that has failed the United States over the last fifty years but rather the ideas that buttress and undergird that political system. Or, as one of President Clinton's advisers might someday have the wit to say, "No, it's *not* the economy, stupid," it's the imbecile belief that government is another word for a department store and that money in sufficient quantities can redress the balance of the world's grief, water the deserts of the earth, and bring forth in the bright sunshine of finance capitalism a race of happy and satisfied customers.

Over the last half century we have invested a stupendous fortune in our belief that we can buy the future, but what has been the result? If money were the answer to all our prayers, by now, surely, we might have expected to see some proof of its glory. But Dorothy's yellow brick road leads nowhere except into bankruptcy, or possibly onto the stage of a musical comedy by Rodgers and Hammerstein, and in the aftermath of Ronald Reagan's performance as the Wizard of Oz the once infinite promise of the consumer culture begins to look faded and old. If even the largest corporations (among them IBM, Procter & Gamble, General Motors, and AT&T) cast off hundreds of thousands of workers as if they were used paper cups, what becomes of the horde of eager customers still solvent enough to buy up the inventories of the nation's goods? Consumptionism assumes the ceaseless gratification of the ceaselessly expanding desire diffused throughout the population, but what happens to the Emerald City of Oz when the population no longer can afford to buy all the toys and balloons?

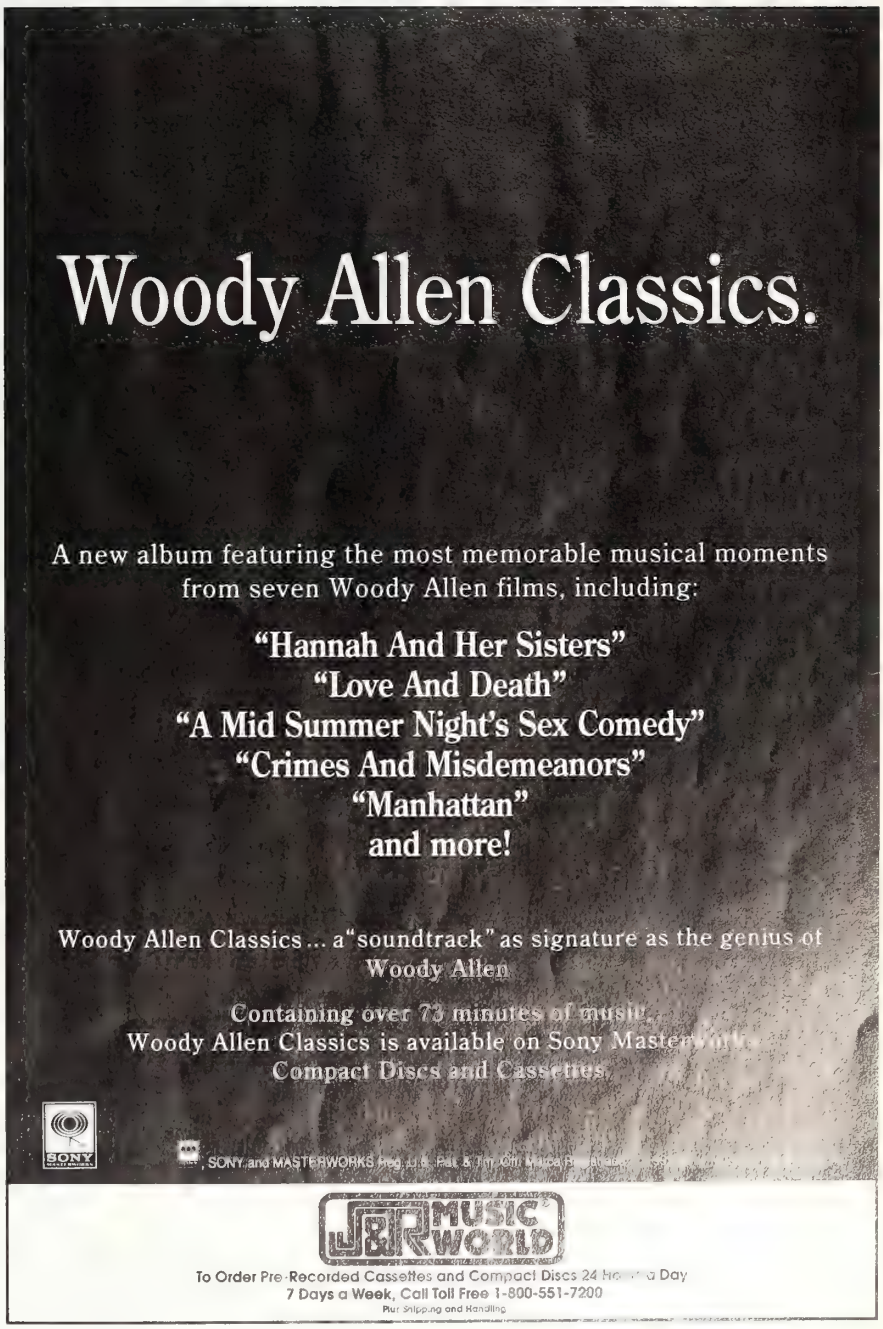
Despite the persistent casualty reports along the whole line of the economic front, I have yet to meet [illegible] body who seriously believes tha[illegible] Clinton Administration can [illegible] good on its promises of economi[illegible] liverance, and last summer I no[illegible] that a good many of the people [illegible] ing letters to *Harper's Magazin*[illegible] derstood that the time had co[illegible] talk about something other tha[illegible] terday's sales promotion or tomor[illegible] dance band. As opposed to the[illegible] fessional journalists who write fo[illegible] large media syndicates, and who [illegible] fore must compose the advertiset[illegible] for reality (in the manner of M[illegible] Wanamaker, Gimbel, and Baum[illegible] magazine's readers don't labor [illegible] the same constraint, and a letter[illegible] John L. Chapman in Camarillo [illegible] ifornia, expressed the general [illegible] and sense of the correspond[illegible] "Why do we not see the gross i[illegible] gruity of a world that-A) canno[illegible] hunger but B) depends so heav[illegible] a system demanding constant [illegible] sumption—not only of food b[illegible] tomobiles, beer, houses, VCR'[illegible] whole universes of gadgetry and [illegible] tionable services."

Answering his own questio[illegible] foretelling the extinction of Am[illegible] business civilization, Chapman [illegible] on to argue, I think correctly, th[illegible] events of the last fifty years [illegible] shown our belief in money to b[illegible] perstition as pathetic and outw[illegible] an ancient Egyptian's trust in O[illegible] the condition of the biosphere i[illegible] half as precarious as the enviro[illegible] talists suggest, then the twent[illegible] century must, of necessity, ab[illegible] the theory of value so lovingl[illegible] played in the windows of Bloo[illegible] dale's. The capitalist ethic lac[illegible] intellectual and moral capital [illegible] sary for the preservation of the v[illegible] oceans and atmospheres. If the [illegible] profit to be made by poisoning [illegible] er or burning a forest, and if p[illegible] a manifestation of the divine [illegible] how does the believing capitalis[illegible] demn either practice without [illegible] mitting blasphemy? The que[illegible] allows for one of two answers[illegible] poor fool either sacrifices his li[illegible] pyre of Excelsior, or he looks for [illegible] religion.

The loss of faith in Simon P[illegible] "chemistry of wishes" sho[illegible] throughout the whole of the s[illegible]

nly in the letters to *Harper's* *ine* but also in every afternoon's sion confession to Oprah or Sal- Phil, among the legion of re- s to one or another of the ery movements, and in Hillary am Clinton's search for "a pol- of meaning." Not surprisingly, n beings don't care to define selves as servo-mechanisms l with the prices they bring in ody else's auction. As an idea abit of mind, the consump- t mystery no longer inspires in the future, but as yet we n't found the words in which to ss our presentiment of a new of value. Among all the urgent of the next ten years, probably ost urgent is the revision of our ns of profit and loss. At the mo- we are all Marxists, still en- ed by the doctrines of economic minism and the Dionysian beau- he cash nexus, and two hundred from now the historians will about our solemn rituals of get- nd spending as if we were chil- worshipping stones. By way of g our predicament in a histori- erspective, we would do well to d the writers Leach mentions at nd of his book, among them am and Henry James, Elizabeth , Thorstein Veblen, and Henry ge. Although contemporaries of and Patten and Hubbard, they on behalf of the older Ameri- raditions, and their voices were oices of dissent. They recog- the land of desire as another lent real estate speculation (not e so many of the swindling land that accompanied the closing e American frontier), and st the enticements of the emer- ity they argued for a more spa- vision of what it meant to be an. Knowing that the good was n "the goods," that goodness in- in men, not things, they un- ood that the goal of life cannot continuous improvement of ma- conditions because as the con- ns become better, the people me worse.

oking through the plate-glass win- of a new department store on r Fifth Avenue in 1904, Henry s knew that he beheld the tyran- ny of commercial empire. He saw the windows as "invidious presences" meant to bring in money, "and was not money the only thing a self-respecting structure could be thought of as bringing in?" Edna Ferber was similarly appalled when she looked into one of the new business windows in Chicago in the winter of 1911. "It is a work of art that window," she said, "a breeder of anarchism, a destroyer of contentment, a second feast of Tantalus." Henry George began his treatise on political economy by observing that the bulk of life is spirit, not matter. Place on one side of the scale the collective energies of the human mind—the immense and restless mass of perception, feeling, imagination, and idea—and no matter what one places on the other side of the scale—the nuclear arsenal, the island of Manhattan, $4 trillion in dimes—the balance tips toward the weight of spirit. ■



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HARPER'S INDEX

o of the number of jobs created to jobs lost in U.S. communities where military bases have closed since 1961 : 5:3
ount the CIA will spend this year to buy back each Stinger missile it gave to Afghan rebels during the 1980s : $100,000
Amount each missile cost the U.S. government : $25,000
o of the U.N.'s 1993 peacekeeping budget in Somalia to its 1993 peacekeeping budget in the former Yugoslavia : 3:2
Percentage of Palestinians in the West Bank and Gaza Strip who say the P.L.O. needs "democratic reform" : 88
Number of Palestinians worldwide, per square mile of the West Bank and Gaza Strip : 2,503
Number of Japanese per square mile of Japan : 817
Percentage of Japanese workers who say they would be "at a loss if given a month-long vacation" : 41
Chances that an unemployed European has not worked in more than a year : 1 in 2
Chances that an unemployed American has not worked in more than a year : 1 in 9
Number of the finance ministers of the Group of Seven countries who have a degree in economics : 1
entage of economics majors at Ivy League colleges who say at least one of their parents has smoked marijuana : 23
Percentage of English majors who say this : 41
Number of poems included in *The Best American Poetry 1993* that rhyme : 1
Number of copyright-infringement cases brought by the estate of Dr. Seuss since his death last year : 75
Estimated number of comic strips in which Lucy has snatched a football from Charlie Brown, mid-kick : 32
Number of American high school girls who played on their school's football team last year : 120
Chances that a white football player at an NCAA Division 1 school will graduate : 3 in 5
Chances that a black football player will graduate : 2 in 5
io of the average alcohol consumption of a college fraternity-house resident to that of a male college student : 3:1
Ratio of the number of wild turkeys in the United States to the number of wild-turkey hunters : 2:1
Number of hunters who have had their cremated remains loaded into a shotgun shell and shot at an animal : 40
Amount Americans have spent this year on bullets fired from the gun used to kill Lee Harvey Oswald : $95,000
ber of camera crews at the National Archives' unveiling of new documents about the Kennedy assassination in August : 14
ber of camera crews at the L.A.P.D.'s first press conference about charges made against Michael Jackson in August : 30
Average number of members of Congress charged with a crime each decade between 1789 and 1970 : 2
Average number charged with a crime each decade since then : 24
Percentage of the 500 Christian Coalition candidates running for political office last year who won : 40
unt the Louisiana Campaign Finance Office has earned on sales of David Duke's 1991 campaign-contributors list : $50,000
Amount Sammy Crabtree earned in August giving tours of Bill Clinton's first home, which he owns : $437
ber of wooden boards split by Congressman Tom Foley at a martial-arts championship held in Washington in July : 4
Value of the equipment NASA has blown up or lost this year : $567,000,000
Federal funds spent last year to study the sexual habits of the Japanese quail : $29,534
Chances that an American buffalo is raised for slaughter : 3 in 4
Price of a one-pound ostrich steak from the Breezy Hill Meat Company in Bowie, Texas : $29.95
Number of hamburgers called for in White Castle's recipe for turkey-stuffing : 10
Percentage of the world's cranberries that are grown in Massachusetts : 42
nk of cola, breakfast cereal, and ground beef, among the groceries Americans spend the most on each year : 1, 2, 3
Chances that an American who moves to a new address will also change his or her brand of toothpaste : 2 in 5
atio of the number of Americans who prefer toilet paper to unroll off the top to those who prefer the bottom : 3:1

Figures cited are the latest available as of September 1993. Sources are listed on page 69.
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READINGS

[Essay]

MEN'S BODIES, MEN'S SELVES

From "The Disposable Rocket," by John Updike, in the Fall issue of the Michigan Quarterly Review, *a special issue on the male body. Updike's most recent novel is* Memories of the Ford Administration.

Inhabiting a male body is much like having a bank account: as long as it's healthy, you don't think much about it. Compared with the female body, it is a low-maintenance proposition: a shower now and then, trim the fingernails every ten days, a haircut once a month. Oh yes, shaving—scraping or buzzing away at your face every morning. Byron, in *Don Juan*, thought the repeated nuisance of shaving balanced out the periodic agony, for females, of childbirth. Women are, his lines tell us,

> Condemn'd to child-bed, as men for their sins
> Have shaving too entail'd upon their chins,—
>
> A daily plague, which in the aggregate
> May average on the whole with parturition.

From the standpoint of reproduction, the male body is a delivery system, as the female body is a mazy device for retention. Once the delivery is made, men feel a faint but distinct falling-off of interest. Yet against the enduring female heroics of birth and nurture should be set the male's superhuman frenzy to deliver his goods: he vaults walls, skips sleep, risks wallet, health, and his political future all to ram home his seed into the gut of the chosen woman. The sense of the chase lives in him as the key to life. His body is, like a delivery rocket that falls away in space, a disposable means. Men put their bodies at risk to experience the release from gravity.

When my tenancy of a male body was fairly new—of six or so years' duration—I used to jump and fall just for the joy of it. Falling—backwards or down stairs—became a specialty of mine, an attention-getting stunt I was practicing into my thirties, at suburban parties. Falling is, after all, a kind of flying, though of briefer duration than would be ideal. My impulse to hurl myself from high windows and the edges of cliffs belongs to my body, not my mind, which resists the siren call of the chasm with all its might; the interior struggle knocks the wind from my lungs and tightens my scrotum and gives any trip to Europe, with its Alps, castle parapets, and gargoyled cathedral lookouts, a flavor of nightmare. Falling, strangely, no longer figures in my dreams, as it often did when I was a boy and my subconscious was more honest with me. An airplane, that necessary evil, turns the earth into a map so quickly the brain turns aloof and calm; still, I marvel that there is no end of young men willing to become jet pilots.

Any accounting of male-female differences must include the male's superior recklessness, a drive not, I think, toward death, as the darker feminist cosmogonies would have it, but to test the limits, to see what the traffic will bear—a kind of mechanic's curiosity. The number of men who do lasting damage to their young bodies is striking; war and car accidents aside, secondary-school sports, with the approval of parents and the encouragement of brutish coaches, take a fearful toll on skulls and knees. We were made for combat, back in the post-simian, East African days, and the bumping, the whacking, the breathlessness, the pain-smothering adrenaline rush form a cumbersome and unfashionable bliss, but bliss nev-

ertheless. Take your body to the edge, and see if it flies.

The male sense of space must differ from that of the female, who has such interesting, active, and significant inner space. The space that interests men is outer. The fly ball high against the sky, the long pass spiraling overhead, the jet fighter like a scarcely visible pinpoint nozzle laying down its vapor trail at 40,000 feet, the gazelle haunch flickering just beyond arrow-reach, the uncountable stars sprinkled on their great black wheel, the horizon, the mountaintop, the quasar—these bring portents with them and awaken a sense of relation with the invisible, with the empty. The ideal male body is taut with lines of potential force, a diagram extending outward; the ideal female body curves around centers of repose. Of course, no one is ideal, and the sexes are somewhat androgynous subdivisions of a species: Diana the huntress is a more trendy body-type nowadays than languid, overweight Venus, and polymorphous Dionysus poses for more underwear ads than Mars. Relatively, though, men's bodies, however elegant, are designed for covering territory, for moving on.

An erection, too, defies gravity, flirts with it precariously. It extends the diagram of outward direction into downright detachability—objective in the case of the sperm, subjective in the case of the testicles and penis. Men's bodies, at this juncture, feel only partly theirs; a demon of sorts has been attached to their lower torso, whose performance is erratic and whose errands seem, at times, ridiculous. It is like having a (much) smaller brother toward whom you feel both fond and impatient; if he is you, it is you in curiously simplified and ignoble form. This sense, of the male body being two, is acknowledged in verbal love play and erotic writing, where the penis is playfully given a pet name, an individuation not even the rarest rapture grants a vagina. Here, where maleness gathers to a quintessence of itself, there can be no insincerity, there can be no hiding; for sheer nakedness, there is nothing like a hopeful phallus; its aggressive shape is indivisible from its tender-skinned vulnerability. The act of intercourse, from the point of view of a consenting female, has an element of mothering, of enwrapment, of merciful concealment even. The male body, for this interval, is tucked out of harm's way.

To inhabit a male body, then, is to feel somewhat detached from it. Our being seems to lie not in cells and muscles but in the traces our thoughts and actions inscribe on the air. The male body skims the surface of nature's deeps, wherein the blood and pain and mysterious cravings of women perpetuate the species. Participating less than the female body in nature's processes, the male body gives the impression—false—of being exempt from time. Its powers of strength and reach descend in early adolescence, along with acne and sweaty feet, and depart, in imperceptible increments, after thirty or so. It surprises me to discover, when I remove my shoes and socks, the same paper-white hairless ankles that struck me as pathetic when I observed them on my father. I felt betrayed when, in some tumble of touch football twenty years ago, I heard my tibia snap;

[Opening Lines]

SAFE-SEX SMALL TALK

From "Condom Talk: A few suggestions to make it easier to talk about safe sex," in the May issue of Self *magazine. The suggestions were part of an excerpt from* How to Make Love to a Man . . . Safely, *by* Self*'s editor in chief, Alexandra Penney, published by Crown. According to Penney, women should "bring up using a condom, and bring it up early. . . . Don't be abrupt. Work the subject into the conversation."*

1. "I'm glad you called. I needed cheering up. A really nice man in my office has AIDS. He's the first person I know who's come down with it. Do you work with anyone who has it?"

2. "My mother and father went to a reception at my sister's college, and they were shocked because there was a big bowl of condoms on the lounge table. Like after-dinner mints. They're so out of touch. They just can't adjust to the fact that nowadays college kids have sex, and they use condoms. Naturally!"

3. "I can't believe what a friend of mine just did. She inherited some money, and she used it to buy stock in Carter-Wallace, that company that makes condoms. She said her broker recommended it since everyone needs them now."

4. "A young gay guy who works in our mailroom has started a pool on when TV will start showing condom ads. I said 2001. Considering all the sexy shows they put on, it's incredible that they won't run ads for condoms."

5. "Are you free Saturday afternoon?"

"Sure, why?"

"I wanted to go to that store that sells all those condoms, but I'm embarrassed to go alone."

6. "A friend was telling me a really sexy thing to do with a condom."

"What was that?"

"Maybe someday I'll show you."



ıe Family," by Ton Huijbers. From Fotofeis, *a catalogue for the Scottish International Festival hotography, a biannual exhibit that took place throughout Scotland last June. Huijbers, who lives ıe Netherlands, is pictured here with his family.*

and when, between two reading engagements in Cleveland, my appendix tried to burst; and when, the other day, not for the first time, there arose to my nostrils out of my own body the musty attic smell my grandfather's body had.

A man's body does not betray its tenant as rapidly as a woman's. Never as fine and lovely, it has less distance to fall; what rugged beauty it has is wrinkle-proof. It keeps its capability of procreation indecently long. Unless intense athletic demands are made on it, the thing serves well enough to sixty, which is my age now. From here on, it's chancy. There are no breasts or ovaries to admit cancer to the male body, but the prostate, that awkwardly located little source of seminal fluid, shows the strain of sexual function with fits of hysterical cell replication, and all that beer and potato chips adds up in the coronary arteries. A writer, whose physical equipment can be minimal as long as it gets him to the desk, the lectern, and New York City once in a while, cannot but be grateful to his body, especially to his eyes, those tender and intricate sites where the brain extrudes from the skull, and to his hands, which hold the pen or tap the keyboard. His body has been not himself exactly, but a close pal, pot-bellied and balding like most of his other pals now. A man and his body are like a boy and the buddy who has a driver's license and the use of his father's car for the evening; one goes along, gratefully, for the ride.

[Guidebook]

SARAJEVO ON $0 A DAY

From "The Guidebook to Sarajevo," a travel guide by Miroslav Prstojevic. Prstojevic is a member of FAMA, a group of Sarajevo writers, photographers, architects, and other artists whose aim is to present their city "not as a victim but as a place of experiment where wit can still win over terror." Translated from the Serbo-Croatian by Aleksandra Wagner.

FOOD

No one eats animal fat anymore, or meat, or cheese, or milk, or eggs. Every resident of Sarajevo is very close to an ideal macrobiotician; ours is a city of slender people, a real role model for the troubled West. The secret to a perfect body is living in a city under siege.

When combined with rice and well seasoned, everything becomes edible. In spring, summer, and fall, leaves found in parks, gardens, fields, and hills are used as ingredients. We eat a precious mix of wild imagination.

LODGING

Those who are lucky still live in their apartments. Refugees and those whose homes have been burned or destroyed by grenades inhabit the

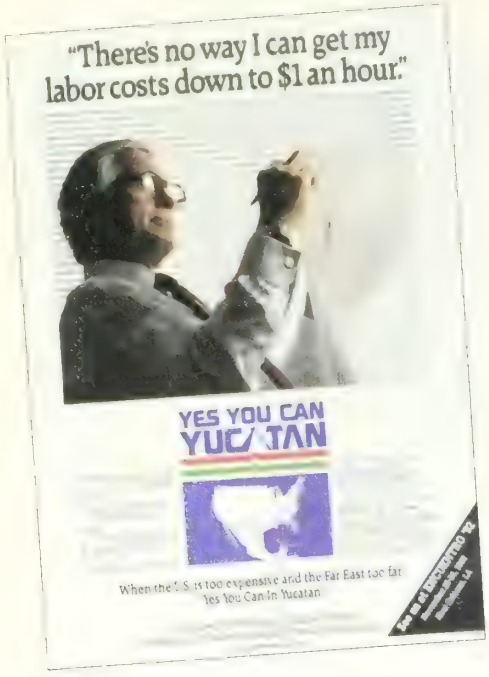
apartments of those who have left Sarajevo. Temporary leases or bills of sale are issued. Other people enter abandoned flats by breaking the doors and then changing the locks. (This is also a good way to renew one's wardrobe.) Some people have two or three homes; they move from one to the other depending on what each apartment offers—electricity, gas, water, minimal security.

LIGHT

All candles were burned long ago, even decorative ones. Batteries ran out at the beginning of the war, but you can revive them by cooking them in salt water for five to ten minutes or by connecting them to an automobile battery. These tricks give batteries an additional five or six lives.

[Advertisement]

THE ECONOMY'S MOVING AGAIN!



This advertisement appeared in the January/February issue of Global Production, *an international business magazine published in Boulder, Colorado, as part of a campaign by the government of the Mexican state of Yucatán to attract foreign manufacturers. In February, the government withdrew the ad from future issues of the magazine, fearing that it would damage American support for the North American Free Trade Agreement.*

HEAT

The major problem is fuel. You cannot buy coal. And now it is almost impossible to find wood. Since the war started, all of our trees have been cut down. Wooden backs of park benches, frames and doors in ruined apartments, handrails from staircases, shelves from abandoned stores and kiosks, wooden stools and bars from restaurants, even the crosses and pyramids from the cemeteries—all have been burned for warmth. Affection is expressed with a handful of wood, a bucket of coal, even a set of books that lack humor or poetry.

SLEEP

When one sleeps is wholly dependent on the arrival of water and electricity. It doesn't matter if it is two or three o'clock in the morning when the faucet starts working or the lights come on: we cook, we wash, we clean, we take baths.

ALCOHOL

You can make Sarajevo cognac with water, ethyl alcohol, and three or four spoonfuls of sugar. Fry the sugar, add some water to melt it, and bring it to a boil. Mix the water and alcohol in a ratio of 2.5 to 1, and add the sugar. The cognac's taste depends on the brand of alcohol and the quality of the water.

CIGARETTES

Cigarettes and matches can be found only on the black market, though even that source isn't reliable. The most passionate smokers dry chamomile, Swiss chard, and various leaves and cut them into "tobacco." Then they roll them in stationery or toilet paper.

MAIL

In some areas of Sarajevo, the Red Cross is the only channel for communication. Because all Red Cross mail is flown first to Geneva, letters from one part of the city to another can take as long as forty-five days to go a distance of a few hundred meters.

TRANSPORTATION

The car of Sarajevo is a Golf diesel. It is painted in military camouflage and has no windows. It is covered with nylon, foil, tin, and cardboard. Its fenders have been ruined, it is full of bullet holes, and it has no lights.

The streets have no signs or traffic lights. People drive recklessly in both directions. No one pays any attention to crashes. Wrecked cars are quickly abandoned, and damages are negotiated in brisk conversations.

All gas stations are closed. Fuel can be found at UNPROFOR [United Nations Protection Force] and on the black market. You can get five liters of oil in exchange for a porn video.

Public transportation does not exist. One bus runs to the French hospital when it gets fuel from UNPROFOR. When the fuel runs out, the passengers leave the bus and continue on foot.

RECREATION

Running is the favorite sport of everyone in Sarajevo. One runs through intersections and dangerous neighborhoods. One runs with stolen wood. And one runs to the line where other people are standing—something is on sale, and you should be there to get some of whatever it is.

RUMORS

Rumors are the most important source of information. They spread with incredible speed, and often mean more than news transmitted through official channels. They regularly—"this time for sure"—report on military intervention, on the lifting of a siege on the city, on establishing corridors and safe havens. And they are regularly, each time "for sure," wrong. Rumors are spread by all: housewives, university professors, teenagers, policemen, soldiers, journalists, doctors. No one is immune. Rumors travel the city quicker than you will be able to, and they are mostly optimistic. Only later will you hear that they were too optimistic.

[Appeals-Court Decision]

GUILTY OF CHUTZPAH

From a decision issued in August by the United States Court of Appeals for the Seventh Circuit, in the case of Harold W. Dotson *v.* Donna E. Shalala, *the secretary of health and human services. Dotson was appealing the decision of a lower court that he was not eligible for Supplemental Security Income, which is given to disabled indigents. The lower court had found that Dotson was engaged in "substantial gainful activity" and thus was not disabled.*

I. BACKGROUND

Harold Wayne Dotson applied for Supplemental Security Income (SSI) benefits on September 25, 1989, alleging disability since 1968 due to asthma, multiple allergies, and past drug abuse. The Social Security Administration denied his application on January 10, 1990. Dotson requested and received a hearing before an administrative law judge (ALJ). At the administrative hearing, Dotson testified that he uses $200 to $300 worth of heroin and cocaine each day. Additionally, he testified that he supports his drug habit by hustling. When asked to define hustling, Dotson replied, "Steal, beg, whatever, you know."

With regard to his thievery, the following colloquy occurred during the administrative hearing:

Q. [ALJ] Where do you steal at?

A. [Dotson] The mall, downtown, wherever. You just ride and look and, you know.

[Poem]

ODE TO THE NEW CALIFORNIA

From "I Love America!" a poem distributed in May to California Republican legislators by state assemblyman William J. Knight. After members of the legislature's Latino caucus complained that the poem was racist, Knight argued that it was "clever" and "funny," and said he "didn't mean to offend anyone."

I come for visit, get treated regal,
So I stay, who care illegal.

Cross the border poor and broke,
Take the bus, see customs bloke.

Welfare say come down no more,
We send cash right to your door.

Welfare checks they make you wealthy,
Medi-Cal it keep you healthy.

By and by, I got plenty money,
Thanks, American working dummy!

Write to friends in motherland,
Tell them come as fast as can.

They come in rags and Chebby trucks,
I buy big house with welfare bucks.

Fourteen families all move in,
Neighbor's patience growing thin.

Finally, white guy moves away,
I buy his house and then I say,

Send for family, they just trash,
But they draw more welfare cash.

Everything is mucho good,
Soon we own the neighborhood.

We have hobby, it's called "breeding,"
Welfare pay for baby feeding.

Kids need dentist? Wife need pills?
We get free, we got no bills.

We think America damn good place,
Too damn good for white man's race.

If they no like us, they can go,
Got lots of room in Mexico.

Q. How long do you spend riding and looking until you find a place to steal?

A. Sometimes it takes all day.

Q. What kinds of things have you stolen this month?

A. I, well, I like to, I try to concentrate on saws.

Q. Saws?

A. You know, the chain saws, the little bitty chain saws?

Q. Where do you find those at?

A. Everywhere, everywhere.

Q. And once you get them, what do you do with them?

A. You sell them.

Q. Where do you go to sell the chain saws?

A. Like small stores or cleaners, different places like that.

Q. Do you have to travel around to these places? How long does it take you to find somebody to buy a saw?

A. Usually they already, you have been—you kind of already know they probably want one.

Q. So you have already canvassed these places earlier? You have gone out and—

A. No, you have probably sold them stuff and they can give you kind of an idea about what else they might like, you know.

Based on Dotson's testimony, the ALJ found that Dotson's stealing and panhandling constituted substantial gainful activity (SGA) worth an average of approximately $5,600 per month and, accordingly, denied Dotson's claim for SSI benefits. The ALJ concluded:

> In order to steal [Dotson] must "case" the area in which he has determined to steal the property. He must then plan on how he is going to steal the property and then actually steal it. The planning and execution of the larceny entails significant *mental* activity. Lifting and carrying the chain saws would also be significant *physical* activity.

On July 9, 1991, the Appeals Council declined to review the ALJ's decision. This appeal followed.

II. DISCUSSION

The Social Security Act provides for the payment of benefits to disabled persons. The secretary [of health and human services] has promulgated regulations to determine whether an SSI claimant is disabled. The regulations require the secretary to determine whether the claimant is engaging in substantial gainful activity. Work activity is substantial if it "involves doing significant physical or mental activities," and gainful if it is "the kind of work usually done for pay or profit."

Nothing in the act or its regulations specifically requires SGA to be lawful. This silence, we believe, suggests that illegal activities can constitute SGA. It must be remembered that the SGA analysis is intended to determine whether a person is unable to function within our economy. A claimant who can manage through illegal means is just as undeserving of benefits as one who can survive without violating the law.

[Home Remedy]

A NOTE FROM THE SCHOOL NURSE

From a one-page handout on "herbal abortion" distributed as part of a sex-education class last spring to students, some as young as fourteen, at the Cazadero Academy, a private high school in northern California. After receiving complaints that the remedy could be dangerous, a school administrator explained to a reporter that she had "told the kids [that] if they are going to attempt an abortion on their own, they should also have guidance from a midwife."

This is a very difficult task. It should be undertaken only if you are very clear that this is what you want to do. It requires a great deal of focus of time and energy, and clarity of mind and heart.

If started early in pregnancy, the process can take a few days; if not, it can take several weeks, which is agonizing. Be prepared to test for pregnancy within a day or two of your first missed period.

Herbs: Black and blue cohosh will be used, and can be supplemented with pennyroyal.

Soak one ounce of each herb in one quart of vodka for two weeks, then decant the herb into clean, dark bottles for storage. Take about one ounce of the tincture per day (in at least four separate doses) until bleeding begins.

The tincture tastes vile, especially when you're pregnant, so you may want to chase it with a pleasant-tasting drink. Hold your breath and chug the tincture, then immediately swallow the chaser before breathing. If there is no bleeding after two weeks, you may need to increase the dose.

Your body naturally resists this treatment. At some point you will want to stop. When this happens, you should instead increase the dosage. You will feel ill, and have strange dreams and backaches.

Bleeding should be normal, perhaps with heavy cramping. Clotting is normal, and the placenta usually passes toward the end of the bleeding.

[Chart]

A PRO-LIFE EQUATION

From "One Tragedy, or 30 Million and One?" by Randy Alcorn, in the May issue of Life Advocate, *a magazine published by the Advocates for Life Ministries, in Portland, Oregon. Alcorn's chart was part of a series of articles about the killing in March of Florida abortion doctor David Gunn by Michael Griffin, a pro-life activist. In August, Rachelle Renae Shannon, an Oregon woman who had attended meetings and rallies organized by the Advocates for Life Ministries, allegedly shot and wounded a doctor in front of a Wichita, Kansas, abortion clinic.*

FLORIDA ABORTIONIST KILLED	PREBORN BABIES KILLED
Killed by violence: man shoots unarmed man in back	Killed by violence: men tear little babies to pieces
Victim strong, empowered adult who could and did stand up for his own rights	Victims weak, vulnerable, and helpless, needing others to stand up for their rights
Victim guilty of horrible crimes against others	Victims guilty of no crimes against others
Arrogant: bragged and sang over megaphone he would continue to kill babies	Humble: the least of Christ's brethren, in need of advocacy and help
His killing illegal	Their killing legal
Death focused on and condemned by media	Deaths ignored and justified by media
Nation gripped by this death	Nation turns the other way from these deaths
Had funeral, eulogies, and burial	Had no funeral, eulogies, or burial
Society will make his killer pay dearly for his single act of murder	Society won't make their killers pay for their continuous serial murders; instead, defends and rewards them
Done in one place in the country; a unique, first-of-its-kind act in twenty years of legal abortion	Done across the country, in acts repeated over two thousand times a day for twenty years of legal abortion
Total killed: one man	Total killed: 30 million children

Dotson also raises the interesting yet ultimately unavailing argument that if illegal activities undertaken to maintain a drug habit can constitute SGA, then the cost of the narcotics must be deducted from income as an impairment-related work expense. Dotson argues that, due to the severity of his drug addiction, he needs the cocaine and heroin in order for him to steal and panhandle.

A number of obstacles lie in the path of Dotson's argument. We content ourselves, however, to focus upon the requirement that in order to be an impairment-related work expense a drug must "reduce or eliminate" the symptoms of a claimant's impairment, or "slow down its progression." In the face of Dotson's claim that his disability stems from drug abuse, he cannot hope to maintain the argument that his continued use of heroin and cocaine reduces or eliminates the symptoms of his impairment. Rather, Dotson's use of drugs serves as the basis of his alleged disability. With these considerations in mind, we must reject Dotson's claim for an impairment-related work expense.

The judgment of the district court is AFFIRMED.

[Expert Opinion]

CLEAN YOUR PLATE!

From an expert opinion submitted as evidence in August by the California Department of Motor Vehicles in an action the DMV had brought against Randy Braverman, the owner of a vanity license plate that reads UKFAUYA; *the DMV contends that the letters spell "fuck you" in pig Latin. The report was written by Thomas Lee Gillette, a sociologist at San Diego State University, who was hired by the DMV, for a fee of $750, to determine whether Braverman's plate is offensive. According to Braverman,* UKFAUYA *is an acronym for Unified Kids for a United Young America, a youth group that he had counseled. The judge's decision was expected in September.*

Different words have different meanings to different people in different social situations. The question raised here is whether the symbol UKFAUYA can be interpreted in ways that carry connotations offensive to good taste and decency. It is my opinion that UKFAUYA is offensive

[Diagnosis]

WHAT GIVES WITH JOE BIDEN?

From "Jaws of Justice," by Terry Southern, which appeared on the Letters page of the August 17 issue of The Village Voice. *Southern is the author of* Red-Dirt Marijuana & Other Tastes, *among other books.*

What's up with Joe Biden? Why the incessant and grotesquely inappropriate nightmare grimace of hilarity?

I'm not sure when I first noticed (or should I say was overwhelmed by) his maniacally bright grin, but it was sometime during the Thomas/Hill hearing, at a point that everyone (everyone *else*, that is) seemed to regard as serious and solemn. A friend of mine who happens to be a professor of behavioral psychology had dropped by, and we watched the hearing together.

"Say, what gives with this guy Biden?" I asked. "Just check his expression."

My friend was immediately intrigued. "Yeah, that's far out," he said, then added, "I've seen something like that before. It's a form of Tourette's." He was referring to the affliction known as Tourette's Syndrome—one effect of which is a series of spasms of involuntary and uncontrollable speech and body movement. I must say this possibility had not occurred to me.

"That's pretty serious, isn't it?"

"Well, if it actually is Tourette's," my friend said, "it's a very mild case, like Tom Snyder's. Let's keep watching; maybe it will get more pronounced."

I shook my head. "Smiles don't get any more broad than that," I said.

"No, I mean maybe it will affect another part of his physiognomy."

So we settled back and watched. Biden was still beaming at times when others nearly wept.

"It seems to be restricted to the face," I concluded after a while.

"Yes," my friend said, "and I don't think it *is* Tourette's. I think it's probably . . ." and he used a complex compound Latin term.

"What would that be," I asked, "in, forgive the expression, layman's terms?"

"Well," he explained, "what it would be, more or less, is a sort of amalgam, or synthesis, of 'insensitive, self-indulgent, nerd/jerk/buffoon.' His symptoms are classic."

"Well," I said with a shrug, "you're the doctor."

because it may be interpreted as "fuck you" in pig Latin. Pig Latin, according to *Webster's New World Dictionary*, is "a playful secret language in which each word is spoken beginning with its first vowel and any preceding consonants are moved to the end to form a new syllable with the vowel sound (ā), as 'oybay' for *boy*. . . ."

My position regarding the word "fuck" and the phrase "fuck you" is based upon a review of definitions of those terms in scholarly dictionaries, and upon thirty-five years of professional experience as an applied sociologist. This experience has involved studying the substance of social agreements in virtually every major institution in this society, including, but not limited to, public and private education, government at local, state, and federal levels, law enforcement, the media, and private industry. The word "fuck" is on the list of offensive words at every organization I have ever studied. In many, many social settings, indiscriminate use of the word is extraordinarily disruptive of normal social intercourse due to its offensive character.

My opinion as to the meaning of UKFAUYA is further supported by the results of a social survey of seventy-five university students. The purpose of the survey was to answer two questions. First, is it possible that some people are offended by the configuration? Second, whether or not they are offended, does the term have any meaning for them?

In response to UKFAUYA, nine people (12 percent) checked "yes, would offend." Sixty-six (88 percent) checked "no, would not offend." Thus, it is clear that the configuration UKFAUYA is offensive to a significant number of persons (a bit more than one out of ten of the total class).

Why is it offensive? The answer is reflected in the table below, which summarizes responses to the question of the meaning of UKFAUYA and provides strong support for the contention that this configuration may be interpreted as "fuck you."

FUCK YOU	13
YOU FUCK YOU	3
YOU FUCKER	1
FUCK MYSELF	1
Too offensive to write down	2
Total responses to this question	20

Ninety percent of those who answered this question interpreted UKFAUYA to mean "fuck you" or another variation of "fuck." Based upon these results, along with the dictionary analysis and my own professional experience, it is, therefore, my professional opinion that the configuration UKFAUYA clearly carries connotations that are offensive to good taste and common decency as reflected in community values, beliefs, and behaviors.

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[Tourist Brochure]

BECOMING A LEADER: THE TEEN YEARS

From "Hot Springs, Hometown of President Clinton," a brochure distributed by the Hot Springs Advertising & Promotion Commission. President Clinton lived in Hot Springs, Arkansas, between the ages of eight and eighteen.

1. Senior Party: 201 Central. The top floor of the DeSoto Hotel, now closed, was the site of President Clinton's Senior Party. President Clinton later recounted that he lost his wallet at the Senior Party and that his mother was "pretty upset about it."

2. Early Boyhood Home: 1011 Park Avenue. President Clinton was eight when the family moved into this home. In his youth, the President was responsible for yard upkeep.

3. Hamburger Hangout: 510 Park Avenue. The Polar Bar, now Bailey's Dairy Treat, was owned by the father of Bill's good friend Ronnie Cecil. President Clinton and his friends would walk down and enjoy the dairy and grill delights. His favorite was a chili cheeseburger with a Grapette, a locally produced soft drink.



4. Mountain Vista: West Mountain. The view of the city from near the sheltered overlook on West Mountain Loop was the President's favorite. He and his friends would look for the "duck"—the outline that the street lamps made below.

5. Bowling: 3917 Central Avenue. President Clinton and his friends spent many hours trying to knock down pins at Central Bowling Lanes.

6. Movie Theater: 817 Central Avenue. The Malco was the theater most often visited by the President and his friends for first-run motion pictures. They liked to sit in the middle, way up front.

[Report]

THE PENTAGON'S REAL GAY POLICY: ASK, DON'T LISTEN

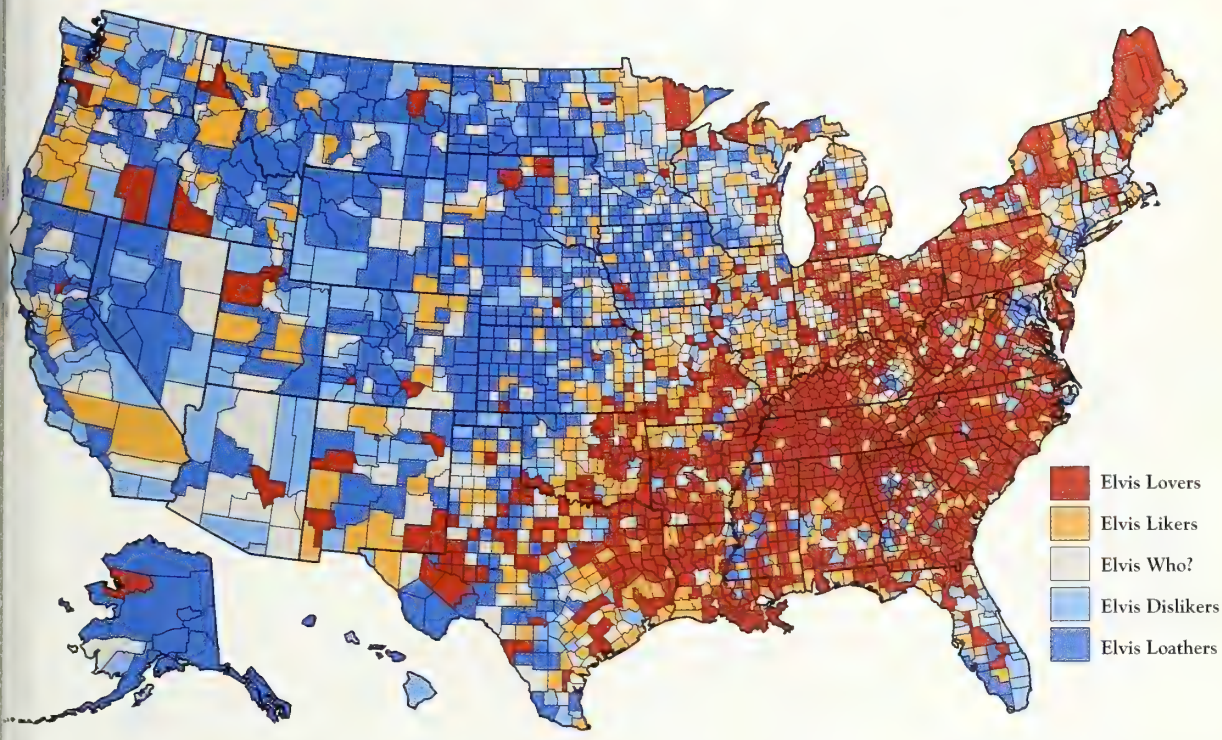
From the executive summary of "Sexual Orientation and U.S. Military Personnel Policy: Options and Assessment," a 518-page report prepared last spring at the request of the Department of Defense by the Rand Corporation, a conservative think tank based in Santa Monica, California, that specializes in research on military issues. The report recommended that the Pentagon adopt a policy that "would consider sexual orientation, by itself, as not germane to determining who may serve in the military." Rand's study, which cost $1.3 million, was one of two parallel studies commissioned last April by Secretary of Defense Les Aspin; the other report, prepared by a panel of high-ranking military officers, found that "all homosexuality is incompatible with military service." Although both reports were complete in early July, the Pentagon refused to make the Rand report public until late August (when Congress was not in session), a month after President Clinton had announced his "don't ask, don't tell" policy, under which gays and lesbians can still be discharged for declaring their sexual orientation. A Defense Department spokesperson explained that the Rand report's release was delayed for seven weeks because "it did not exist in a hard-copy form."

This debate has been dominated by concern about the effect that an acknowledged homosexual would have on "combat effectiveness and unit cohesion." Most military leaders who have spoken publicly on the issue in recent months argue that the introduction of a known homosexual into a unit, no matter how discreet his or her behavior might be, would seriously undermine the cohesiveness of that unit. An extensive review of potentially related empirical research, however, leads to a commonsense observation: It is not necessary to like people in order to work with them, so long as members share a commitment to the group's objectives.

Senior military leaders have stated that, in their professional judgment, the effects of having acknowledged homosexuals serving in the military would be substantial. The experience of analogous organizations such as foreign militaries and domestic police and fire departments, however, suggests that any increase in disruptive behavior is likely to be quite small.

Researchers visited Canada, France, Germany, Israel, the Netherlands, Norway, and the United Kingdom. With the exception of the United Kingdom, all of these countries permit known homosexuals to serve in some capacity in their Armed Forces. Several broad themes emerged from these visits, with potential implications for

L THE KING'S FANS



the August issue of American Demographics. *The map above, prepared by Linda Jacobsen, is based on a demographic study that categorized ounty in the United States according to its residents' propensity to be Elvis Presley fans. The study was conducted by Direct Image Concepts, a Texas market-research firm, which used demographic data and addresses of members of Elvis fan clubs to create a geographic profile. The study that Elvis "is still a favorite son of the South, but he also has lots of fans in the Midwest and rural Northeast. The most Elvis-friendly places are towns dominated by mills, farms, and main street retailers. . . . Another place to look for Elvis-lovers is in the zip codes of newer suburbs on the f cities like Atlanta, Miami, Austin, Kansas City, [and] San Diego."*

the situation facing the United States:

- In countries that allow homosexuals to serve, the number of openly homosexual service members is small and is believed to represent only a minority of homosexuals actually serving.
- Service members who acknowledged their homosexuality were appropriately circumspect in their behavior while in military situations; they did not call attention to themselves in ways that could make their service less pleasant or impede their careers.
- Few problems caused by the presence of homosexual service members were reported. Problems that did arise were generally resolved satisfactorily on a case-by-case basis.

The historical experience of including blacks in the military can also provide some insights concerning the military's ability, as an institution, to adapt to change. These are the key insights:

- Starting as early as the final years of World War II, integrated Army units were able to function effectively in all sorts of situations, even in the most demanding battlefield situations, and even if the individuals involved had not experienced prior social integration.
- It is possible to change how troops behave toward previously excluded (and despised) minority groups, even if underlying attitudes toward those minority groups change very little.

The manner in which policy change is implemented could have a decisive impact. Key elements of an implementation strategy are:

- The message of policy change must be consistently communicated from the top. It must be clear to the troops that behavioral dissent from the policy will not be permitted.
- The option selected should be implement-

ed immediately. Any sense of experimentation or uncertainty invites those opposed to change to continue to resist and to seek to "prove" that the change will not work.

By following this implementation strategy, the Department of Defense should be able to increase the probability that a policy that ends discrimination based on sexual orientation can be implemented in a practical and realistic manner and that the order, discipline, and individual behavior necessary to maintain cohesion and performance are likely to be preserved.

[Glossary]

THE WORD IN MOGADISHU

From "Somalia Gruntspeak," by Rob Krott, in the September issue of Soldier of Fortune. *Krott, a former Special Forces officer, is now "freelancing in the international security field." During a recent trip to Somalia, Krott collected this list of slang terms used by American troops deployed as part of Operation Restore Hope.*

Bermuda Triangle: The bandit-infested area north of Mogadishu's seaport, where people "just disappear."

Chicken Cach: Chicken cacciatore, the packaged meal that is served to troops day after day. The Spam of the Nineties.

The 'Dish: Mogadishu, Somalia's capital city.

Flapjacks: Looters.

KC: Khat-chewer, a sobriquet for any military-age Somali male who waves and smiles.

KCMF: Same as above, when carrying a weapon.

Klingons: The twenty or thirty Somalis who hang on to the sides of each of Mogadishu's decrepit Toyota taxis.

NGOs: Relief workers, a.k.a. tree huggers and Birkenstockers.

People Beaters: Ax handles, baseball bats, tent stakes, steel pipes, sticks, or cat-o'-nine-tails fashioned from wire. Used to keep the *Ray-Ban Bandits* at bay.

Ray-Ban Bandits: Street urchins, sunglasses thieves, and feral children. They'll steal the shades and prescription lenses right off your face.

Rice Bandits: Thieves who prey on food shipments.

Sammies: Somalis, a.k.a. Skippies.

The Tar Baby: Operation Restore Hope.

[Journal Entries]

DIARY OF AN EXILE RETURNING HOME

From Return to Paradise, *by Breyten Breytenbach, published by Harcourt Brace. Breytenbach, an Afrikaner, was active in the anti-apartheid movement until he was forced into exile in 1960 and moved to Paris. In 1975, Breytenbach secretly entered South Africa; when his presence was discovered, he was arrested and convicted of terrorism. He spent seven years in South African prisons before returning in 1982 to Paris, where he currently lives. In 1991, a year after the ban on the African National Congress was lifted, Breytenbach returned to South Africa for three months; he wrote* Return to Paradise *during his stay. His books include* A Season in Paradise *and* The True Confessions of an Albino Terrorist.

Saturday, February 16. We spend the day in Johannesburg with our friends the Slabberts. In the afternoon we slouch like real South Africans on a couch in front of the television, our legs slung over poufs, to watch sport on the box, any old sport. Man and woman invest a coccyx in a deep armchair, the legs are stretched and preferably deposited on a low bench; often they embed their arms in the air with the hands resting on their heads; sometimes they clutch a cushion to the belly. When they sit in upright chairs it is with thighs crossed—thighs are old hands at temptation.

Upon occasion black South Africans may also sit relaxed, but leaned forward with elbows on knees. Then they will thoroughly dry-wash their faces with flat hands. Black women prefer lower chairs. At table they will discreetly kick off their shoes. Black men, when sitting down with shins kept in check, will juggle a foot rhythmically, but it is a minute movement. Sometimes they appear to be sullen or bored. When white people smoke they mostly prop an elbow on the table to hold the cigarette between the index and long finger of an upstretched forearm. The glass of alcohol they will hold in both hands by way of reverential complicity, especially when talking to black people. Brown people take the cigarette between thumb and index. They prefer wearing glasses and look you (but not one another) quietly and steadfastly in the eye. They are stiff until unexpectedly shaken loose by a spasm of laughter. Nobody blows smoke out through the nostrils anymore.

Black South African women often have a fold of skeptical astonishment between the eyebrows, and when they are not from the city they may cup a chin in the open palm with fingers spread supportively over throat and cheek—"Now, look, one doesn't get to see this every day"—the other hand holding up the elbow. White men smile

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continually and say "Yah-yah"; they touch their own faces and the arms and shoulders of other people a lot. Often they grow their hair just long enough to comb it forward to cover the tip of the ear, preferably with a careful curl.

Black men do not wear shorts and long socks unless they work in game reserves. Most black people suffer from high blood pressure and/or diabetes. Many brown people have their front teeth pulled—it is believed to enhance sexual desirability. Most white people have false teeth that underline their jawbones and make for hungry dimples in their cheeks. One doesn't see as many Adam's apples as in olden days.

All South Africans have a drinking problem. After a certain age the skins of white women, particularly the English, look like those of plucked chickens that got hurt. Warders and policemen and other civil servants are born with mustaches. Black and brown males have a weakness for going to prison.

It is common for youngish Afrikaners to wipe out their entire immediate families in one go, usually with a firearm. Sometimes the woman of the house will do it. Poison may also be used. Most white pastors sooner or later will sleep with a black woman or a white boy so that they may go through the Christian experience of forgiveness. South African Chinese are invisible but rich. The church is a breeding ground for politicians. Many white people have red eyes, from drink and sun.

Tuesday, February 26. I drive to a local United Bank in town to make a withdrawal. During a previous visit, I had deposited a small inheritance from my father's estate. It wasn't much; my father was a poor man. I enter the citadel of financial respectability. Upstairs, with a view over Jo'burg's skyscrapers, I am led into the sanctum of the unsmiling executive dame. She has to report, regrettably, that they will not be in a position to release the money. Reserve Bank, she tells me, may exceptionally let me draw R500 once; the balance they will decide about in God's own time, juggling with the wisdom and responsibility entrusted to them in the higher cause of protecting the Republic's interests.

I blow my top, rant and rave, make offensive remarks about bald-headed leaders of the state, threaten to have strings pulled, to say nothing about commandeering comrades with necklaces. I furthermore express the fervent desire that the New Order be realized soon so that these silly restrictions may be swept away. The dame thereupon produces something that could pass for a smile, like an old razor blade that has seen much tougher beards than my pathetic growth, and informs me that, by her lights, the future may not be any better than the present. She was born and raised in Rhodesia and fled south before the rising tide of black chaos.

I ask to see her boss. She dials a number and from the next-door office a gentleman arrives, very affable and expansive. No, humpf and ho, let's have a go at these documents, um-mumm and joe doe oh, no, there's nothing one can do. I suggest that they send the money to the town where my father lies buried, that they make a hole in the concrete slab covering the grave and return it to him, the rightful owner. I'm even willing to buy the tools needed. Please tear the stuff in small snippets and pour honey over it. Ants will increase the investment.

The dame closes her lips over the blade; maybe

[Letter to the Editor]

MIX IT UP, AND THEY WILL COME

From "Baseball needs more fighting," a letter to the editor of the sports section that appeared in the August 8 Dallas Morning News. *On August 4, Nolan Ryan, pitching for the Texas Rangers, hit Robin Ventura of the Chicago White Sox with a pitch; Ventura then charged the mound. Ryan put Ventura in a headlock and punched him until the two were separated.*

A common theory is that sports reflects the society we live in. With regard to tough-guy sports, such as football and hockey, I would concur with such an idea, since society is geared toward violence. But I've never had much regard for baseball.

Nolan Ryan has changed my opinion. His pummeling of Robin Ventura epitomizes what baseball needs. In general, the long, tiresome games lack the excitement the average American seeks when attending a sports event. More slugfests not only would alter my current apathetic attitude toward baseball but also would increase my attendance. That's right: not only would the players win; the owners would, too.

Fighting should be revered. Anyone who disagrees is not a true American, and certainly not a true Texan. Hopefully, Nolan's actions will lead to the proliferation of brawling in the big leagues.

Fighting is the essence of society. More fights in baseball will help restore society's faith that baseball is indeed America's national pastime.

David Tippets
Colleyville



THE BOMBAY SAPPHIRE MARTINI. AS INTERPRETED BY ADAM TIHANY

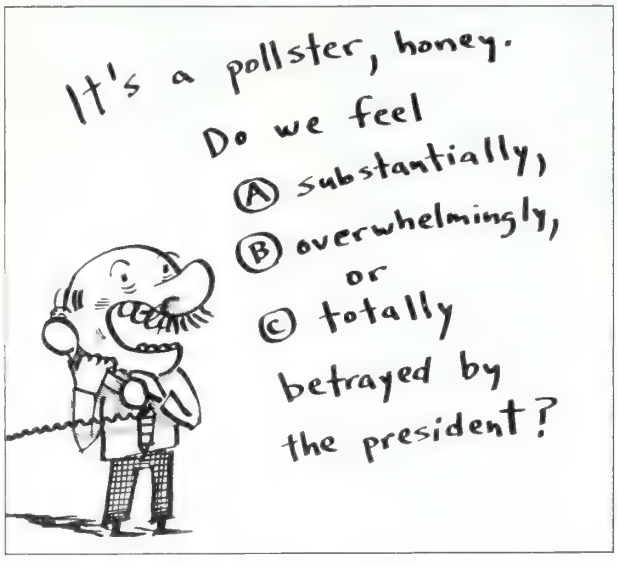
POUR SOMETHING PRICELESS

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she has a beard down her throat. The gentleman says they will keep looking into the matter, but he was wondering (big smile humpty-hoe) if I'd be willing to sign my books for him—he happens to have two copies in his drawer ho-ho.

Wednesday, February 27. We drive to Pietersburg, where I have a discussion with some professors at the University of the North. It becomes another moral outburst. Next day, heading back toward Johannesburg, we decide to stop off in Pretoria. We go deep into the city for lunch and a walk around its streets.

I had sworn never to put foot again in this enemy territory. May this earth be blighted! May locusts devour their jacaranda trees! May Loftus Versveld Stadium be used for political rallies by the ANC! May all the embassies wake up one morning and find that they're bereft of servants and political superiority and moral indifference! May the State Theatre be turned into a cattle market for wormy beasts from Botswana! May the married whores run out of hair spray and the accents of the society ladies be taped and played back publicly day and night at ear-splitting level! May the generals develop gangrene of the tongue! May the cocky students of its university be obliged to go and live in Mamelodi township! May its rugby clubs be beaten again and again by third-division black teams! May all the warders and the policemen and the security spooks and the government clerks—that is, the whole male white population of Pretoria, with their pig-thoughts and their racist mustaches—wake up one morning and see themselves in the mirror and be struck down with the realization of who and what they really are!



From the Chicago Reader.

But when liberation comes (well now, liberation . . . what liberation?), this town must be preserved intact as a place for the little ones to visit, to be made aware of the codes of total evil.

Friday, April 5. We drive up the west coast to the Cedarberg Mountains. At the end of the day we start back to town. On the highest point of Piekenierskloof Pass we stop at a roadhouse. We wander around looking at locally made shoes, dried fruit, and bottled conserves offered for sale. Might as well eat lunch in the restaurant. I walk into the dining room to see if there's a table available. Two other couples are already waiting. One gent turns around to face me. His hair is gray and he wears dark glasses. He puts out a hand, which I take without thinking. "Ah, Mr. B," he says dryly, "you don't recognize me. Remember Paul Gough?"

He removes his shades, and I look into the eyes of one of my erstwhile interrogators while in detention and in prison—Blue Eyes, I called him in the mumblings of my mind. He was with BOSS then (the Bureau for State Security), a cold, cruel man who got a mental erection out of persecuting his victims, playing with them the way a cat would paw a mouse. A coward and a pervert. But ensnared in the vanity of attempting to appear all-knowing and all-powerful, he was, in fact, as I can see now, less than bright.

My hand has been bitten! He looks me up and down, trying on the half-smile of the self-satisfied torturer. "You haven't changed, you look well," he remarks. "You too," I say. "Are you still with the same outfit?" "Oh, no, that's been over a long time ago. I'm with National Intelligence now. We are preparing the New South Africa."

By the door I find myself shaking with a mixture of impotent rage and terror. Exactly the sort of reaction he'd have wanted to provoke. What prevents me from ripping the bastard's innards out, supposing I could, and him from doing the same to me? I remember now that he was from hereabouts somewhere. He has the accent. His people are probably simple Boer folk. He used to taunt me with the fact that we were both from the Cape Colony. To my shame. His wife looks unpretentiously thick. They're dressed in their Pharisee best. Maybe they've been to church this morning. He must have a file on the subversive tendencies and weaknesses of God. The other man with the beefy chops and the rosy cranium has similarly cold eyes. A henchman. Murderers with their companions, out for a quiet Sunday lunch.

At the table my wife, Yolande, senses something amiss. I briefly inform her of their presence. We glance over to where he sits with a smirk and a black heart, stabbing at the meat

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on his plate. The food will turn to vomit in my stomach. Later we see them leave in a shiny Mercedes-Benz. The state looks after its own. And I ask myself: did our paths cross by accident, or was he wanting to make me aware of their surveillance? Like cockroaches, they will survive all cataclysms, the original filth of our souls watching us from dark recesses.

Survival is a choice between two kinds of betrayal. Or, surviving is a slow way of committing suicide.

[Interview]

ON NOT WRITING

From an interview with Fran Lebowitz in the Summer issue of The Paris Review. *Lebowitz is the author of two collections of essays,* Metropolitan Life *and* Social Studies. *Since the latter book was published in 1981, Lebowitz has been at work on a novel, to be titled* Exterior Signs of Wealth; *she recently completed the first chapter. The interview was conducted by James Linville, the managing editor of* The Paris Review, *and by George Plimpton, the journal's editor.*

INTERVIEWER: Did you ever enjoy writing?

FRAN LEBOWITZ: I used to love to write. As a child I used to write all the time. I loved to write up until the second I got my first professional writing job. It turns out it's not that I hate to write. I hate, simply, to work. I just hate to work, period. I am profoundly slothful. Practically inert. I have no energy. I never have. I just have no desire to be productive. Now that I realize I don't hate to write, that I just hate to work, it makes writing easier.

INTERVIEWER: When did you realize this?

LEBOWITZ: Recently. In the past six months I've had an easier time writing. I broke this ten-year writer's block.

INTERVIEWER: What did you do during those years?

LEBOWITZ: I sulked. Sulking is a big effort. So is not writing. I only realized that when I did start writing. When I started getting real work done, I realized how much easier it is to write than not to write. Not writing is probably the most exhausting profession I've ever encountered. It takes it out of you. It's very psychically wearing not to write—I mean if you're supposed to be writing.

INTERVIEWER: Is that because the ideas come steaming along and you feel like you should put them down and you don't?

LEBOWITZ: Not writing is more of a psychological problem than a writing problem. All the time I'm not writing I feel like a criminal. Actually, I suppose that's probably an outmoded phrase, because I don't think criminals feel like criminals anymore. I feel like criminals used to feel when they felt guilty about being criminals, when they regretted their crimes. It's horrible to feel felonious every second of the day. Especially when it goes on for years. It's much more relaxing actually to work.

Still, I don't get nearly the amount of work done that I read other people do. This is what most interests me in interviews with writers. I'm not interested in the thoughts or ideas of these people, I only want to know how many pages a day they wrote. If I could meet Shakespeare, I would ask, "What time do you get up? Do you write at night?" I don't know many writers. I don't have many friends who are writers. But as soon as I meet any, as soon as I can figure out that it's not too intimate a question to ask them, which is about six seconds after I meet them, I say, "How many words do you write a day?"

INTERVIEWER: Why do you want to know that?

LEBOWITZ: So I can compare myself to them.

INTERVIEWER: Hemingway used to write down the number every day and post it on a piece of cardboard on top of his bureau.

LEBOWITZ: I count my words, too. I was once at Sotheby's looking at some furniture. Just looking. This guy whom I knew came over and asked if I'd like to look at a Twain manuscript that was going to be for sale. I constantly have to disabuse people of the notion that I can afford things like Twain manuscripts. I said I'd love to look at it but I can't afford it. He showed it to me. A short story. He was telling me about the manuscript and where they found it and everything.

He said, "I'm pretty knowledgeable about Twain, but there's one thing we don't understand. We've called in a Twain scholar."

I said, "What is that?"

He said, "See these little numbers? There are these little numbers every so often. We just don't know what those are."

I said, "I do. I happen not to be a Twain scholar, but I happen to be a scholar of little numbers written all over the place. He was counting the words."

The Sotheby's man said, "What are you talking about? That's ridiculous!"

I said, "I bet you anything. Count."

He counted the words and saw that I was right. He said, "Twain must've been paid by the word."

I said, "It may have nothing to do with being paid by the word." Twain might have told himself he had to write this many words a day, and he would wonder, Am I there yet? Like a little kid in the back of a car: Are we there yet?



anberry Harvesting," by Alex MacLean. From Look at the Land: Aerial Reflections on America, *a collection lacLean's work, with text by Bill McKibben, to be published this month by Rizzoli. The photograph was taken in Ply-uth, Massachusetts. MacLean lives in Boston.*

[Reflections]

THE DARK BEAUTY OF THE CIGARETTE

From Cigarettes Are Sublime, *by Richard Klein, to be published next month by Duke University Press. Klein is a professor of French at Cornell University.*

The noxious effects of tobacco have been observed since the moment of its introduction into Europe at the end of the sixteenth century. Since the early nineteenth century, it has been recognized that the alkaloid of nicotine, administered to rats in pure form in minute doses, instantly produces death. No one who smokes fails eventually to get the signals that the body, with increasing urgency, sends as it ages; in fact, every smoker probably intuits the poison from the instant of experiencing the first violent effects of lighting up, and probably confirms this understanding every day with the first puffs of the first cigarette. But understanding the noxious effects of cigarettes is not usually sufficient reason to cause anyone to stop smoking or resist starting; rather, knowing it is bad seems an absolute precondition of acquiring and confirming the cigarette habit. Indeed, it could be argued that few people would smoke if cigarettes were actually good for you, assuming such a thing were possible; the corollary affirms that if cigarettes were good for you, they would not be sublime. The noxious character of cigarettes—their great addictiveness and their poisonous effects—constitutes the absolute precondition of their troubling, somber beauty.

Cigarettes are not positively beautiful, but they are sublime by virtue of their charming power to propose what Kant would call "a negative pleasure": an inevitably painful pleasure that arises from some intimation of eternity; the taste of infinity in a cigarette resides precisely in the "bad" taste the smoker quickly learns to love. Being sublime, cigarettes, in principle, resist all arguments directed against them from the perspective of health and utility. Warning smokers or neophytes of the dangers of smoking only entices them more powerfully to the edge of the abyss, where, like travelers in a Swiss landscape, they can be thrilled by the subtle grandeur of the perspectives on mortality opened by the little terrors in every puff. Cigarettes are bad. That is why they are good—not good, not beautiful, but sublime.

It is no easy task to praise cigarettes at this time in America. We are in the midst of one of those

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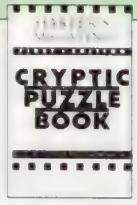
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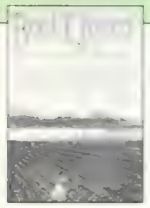
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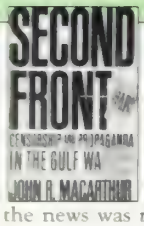
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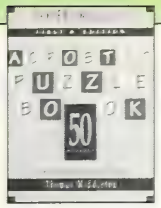
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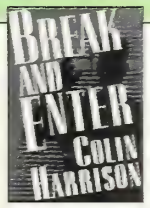
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periodic moments of repression when the culture, descended from the Puritans, imposes its hysterical visions and enforces its guilty constraints on society, legislating moral judgments under the guise of public health, all the while enlarging the power of surveillance and the reach of censorship to achieve a general restriction of freedom.

We may speak of censorship with respect to smoking because smoking cigarettes is not only a physical act but a discursive one—a wordless yet eloquent form of expression. It is a fully coded, rhetorically complex, articulated discourse with a vast repertoire of well-understood conventions that are implicated in the whole literary, philosophical, and cultural history of smoking. In the present climate, the discursive performance of smoking has become a form of obscenity (just as obscenity has become an issue of public health). Of course, censors always claim that they work on behalf of the moral and physical well-being of the body politic, which they wish to protect from the harm that is supposed to follow from the proscribed symbolic behavior. Since smoking is wordless, it is a form of expression especially vulnerable to suppression by censors who hesitate before banning speech. Like the Gypsy dances that were banned at French carnivals, smoking cigarettes has become an act that arouses irrational fears and excessively repressive impulses.

The world can only be grateful for the precision and insistence with which doctors remind it of the dangers of smoking poison; that is their job. But the passionate excess of zeal with which cigarettes are everywhere stigmatized may signal that some more pervasive, subterranean, and dangerous passions are loose that directly threaten our freedom. The freedom to smoke ought to be understood as a significant token of the class of all freedoms; when it is threatened one should look instantly for what other controls are being tightened, for what other checks on freedom are being administered.

Anti-smoking forces in this country have not yet succeeded in banning cigarettes, only in changing the value of the signs that surround them. I wish to recall the other, secret side of cigarettes, the side that has been all but repressed in the current climate of public disapproval. For a moment I want to reverse the reversal of judgment and, instead of decrying cigarettes, to celebrate them—not in order to recommend them or to minimize the harm they do to the body but to recall that, despite their many disadvantages, which have always been known and widely proclaimed, they present benefits, universally acknowledged by society. Those benefits are connected with the nature of the release and consolation that cigarettes provide, with the mechanism they offer for regulating anxiety and for mediating social interaction; they serve as well to spur concentration and, consequently, to permit the efficient production of many different kinds of work.

Nevertheless, I wish to praise cigarettes not chiefly for their utility but rather for what the nineteenth-century French poet Théodore de Banville called their "futility." Cigarette smoking, like a Kantian work of art, does not serve any purpose, has no aim outside itself. It is this very uselessness that ensures the aesthetic appeal of cigarettes—the sublimely, darkly beautiful pleasure that cigarettes bring to the lives of smokers.

In 1856 a journal devoted to smoking, called *Paris fumeur*, had as its motto *"Qui fume prie"*: "Smoking is praying." The moment of taking a cigarette allows one to open a parenthesis in the time of ordinary experience, a space and a time of heightened attention that give rise to a feeling of transcendence, evoked through the ritual of fire, smoke, and cinder connecting hand, lungs, breath, and mouth. It procures a little rush of infinity that alters perspectives, however slightly, and permits, albeit briefly, an ecstatic standing outside of oneself. Yes, cigarettes are bad for you. But if they were not also good for you, so many good people would not have spent some part of their lives smoking them constantly, often compulsively. One thinks of the many great men and women who have died prematurely from having smoked too much: it does them an injustice to suppose that their greatness did not depend in some degree on the wisdom and pleasure and spiritual benefit they took in a habit they could not abandon.

And yet writing in praise of cigarettes was the strategy I devised for *stopping* smoking, which I have—definitively; this is therefore both an ode and an elegy to cigarettes. Perhaps one stops smoking only when one starts to love cigarettes, becoming so enamored of their charms and so grateful for their benefits that one at last begins to grasp how much is lost by giving them up. Healthism in America has sought to make longevity the principal measure of a good life. To be a survivor is to acquire moral distinction. But another view, a dandy's perhaps, would say that living, as distinct from surviving, acquires its value from risks and sacrifices that tend to shorten life and hasten dying. The act of giving up cigarettes should perhaps be approached not only as an affirmation of life but, because living is not merely existing, as an occasion for mourning. Stopping smoking, one must lament the loss to one's life of something immensely, intensely beautiful, must grieve for the passing of a star. ■

AMERICA SKIPS SCHOOL

Why we talk so much about education and do so little

By Benjamin R. Barber

On September 8, the day most of the nation's children were scheduled to return to school, the Department of Education Statistics issued a report, commissioned by Congress, on adult literacy and numeracy in the United States. The results? More than 90 million adult Americans lacked simple literacy. Fewer than 20 percent of those surveyed could compare two metaphors in a poem; not 4 percent could calculate the cost of carpeting at a given price for a room of a given size, using a calculator. As the DOE report was being issued, as if to echo its findings, two of the nation's largest school systems had delayed their openings: in New York, to remove asbestos from aging buildings; in Chicago, because of a battle over the budget.

Inspired by the report and the delays, pundits once again began chanting the familiar litany of the education crisis. We've heard it all many times before: 130,000 children bring guns along with their pencils and books to school each morning; juvenile arrests for murder increased by 85 percent from 1987 to 1991; more than 3,000 youngsters will drop out today and every day for the rest of the school year, until about 600,000 are lost by June—in many urban schools, perhaps half the enrollment. A lot of the dropouts will end up in prison, which is a surer bet for young black males than college: one in four will pass through the correctional system, and at least two out of three of those will be dropouts.

In quiet counterpoint to those staggering facts is another set of statistics: teachers make less than accountants, architects, doctors, lawyers, engineers, judges, health professionals, auditors, and surveyors. They can earn higher

Benjamin R. Barber is the Walt Whitman Professor of Political Science and the director of the Whitman Center at Rutgers University. The paperback edition of his latest book, An Aristocracy of Everyone: The Politics of Education and the Future of America *(Ballantine Books), will be published in December by Oxford University Press.*

SCHOOLS CAN AND SHOULD LEAD, BUT WHEN THEY CONFRONT A SOCIETY THAT IN EVERY INSTANCE TELLS A STORY EXACTLY OPPOSITE TO THE ONE THEY ARE TEACHING, THEIR JOB BECOMES IMPOSSIBLE

7. To help the young learn that "history is a living thing," Scholastic, a publisher of school magazines and paperbacks, recently distributed to 40,000 junior and senior high-school classrooms

a) a complimentary video of the award-winning series *The Civil War*
b) free copies of Plato's *Dialogues*
c) an abridgment of Alexis de Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*
d) a wall-size Periodic Table of the Elements
e) gratis copies of Billy Joel's hit single "We Didn't Start the Fire" (which recounts history via a vaguely chronological list of warbled celebrity names)

My sample of forty-seven-year-olds scored very well on the test. Not surprisingly, so did their seventeen-year-old children. (For each question either the last entry is correct or all responses are correct *except* the last one.) The results of the test reveal again the deep hypocrisy that runs through our lamentations about education. The illiteracy of the young turns out to be our own reflected back to us with embarrassing force. We honor ambition, we reward greed, we celebrate materialism, we worship acquisitiveness, we cherish success, and we commercialize the classroom—and then we bawl at the young about the gentle arts of the spirit. We recommend history to our kids but rarely consult it ourselves. We make a fuss about ethics but are satisfied to see it taught as an "add-on," as in "ethics in medicine" or "ethics in business"—as if Sunday morning in church could compensate for uninterrupted sinning from Monday to Saturday.

The children are onto this game. They know that if we really valued schooling, we'd pay teachers what we pay stockbrokers; if we valued books we'd spend a little something on the libraries so that adults could read, or if we valued citizenship, we'd give national service and civic education more than pilot status; if we valued children, we wouldn't let them be abused, manipulated, impoverished, and killed in their beds by gang-war crossfire and stray bullets. Schools can and should lead, but when they confront a society that in every instance tells a story exactly opposite to the one they are supposed to be teaching, their job becomes impossible. When the society undoes each workday what the school tries to do each school day, schooling can't make much of a difference.

Inner-city children are not the only ones who are learning the wrong lessons. TV sends the same messages to everyone, and the success of Donald Trump, Pete Rose, Henry Kravis, or George Steinbrenner makes them potent role models, whatever their values. Teen dropouts are not blind; teen drug sellers are not deaf; teen college students who avoid the humanities in favor of pre-business or pre-law are not stupid. Being apt pupils of reality, they learn their lessons well. If they see a man with a rubber arm and an empty head who can throw a ball at 95 miles per hour pulling down millions of dollars a year while a dedicated primary-school teacher is getting crumbs, they will avoid careers in teaching even if they can't make the major leagues. If they observe their government spending up to $35,000 a year to keep a young black behind bars but a fraction of that to keep him in school, they will write off school (and probably write off blacks as well).

Our children's illiteracy is merely our own, which they assume with commendable prowess. They know what we have taught them all too well: there is nothing in Homer or Virginia Woolf, in Shakespeare or Toni Morrison, that will advantage them in climbing to the top of the American heap. Academic credentials may still count, but schooling in and of itself is for losers. Bookworms. Nerds. Inner-city rappers and fraternity-house wise guys are not full agreement about that. The point is to start pulling down the big bucks. Some kids just go into business earlier than others. Dropping out is the national pastime, if by dropping out we mean giving up the precious things of the mind and the spirit in which America shows so little interest and for which it offers so little payback. While the professors argue about whether to teach the ancient history of a putatively white Athens or the ancient

a putatively black Egypt, the kids are watching televised political cam-
driven by mindless image-mongering and inflammatory polemics
more history altogether. Why, then, are we so surprised when our
its dismiss the debate over the origins of civilization, whether Euro-
c or Afrocentric, and concentrate on cash-and-carry careers? Isn't
oice a tribute not to their ignorance but to their adaptive intelligence?
ugh we can hardly be proud of ourselves for what we are teaching them,
uld at least be proud of them for how well they've learned our lessons.
all Americans have stopped caring about the schools, however. In the
ony of the educational endgame, cynical entrepreneurs like Chris Whit-
insinuating television into the classroom itself, bribing impover-
school boards by offering free TV sets on which they can show
ising for children—sold to sponsors at premium rates. Whittle, the
s and acquisitions mogul of education, is trying to get rich off the pover-
ublic schools and the fears of parents. Can he really believe advertising
schools enhances education? Or is he helping to corrupt public
is in ways that will make parents even more anxious to use vouchers
vate schools—which might one day be run by Whittle's latest en-
neurial venture, the Edison Project.
cording to Lifetime Learning Systems, an educational-software com-
"kids spend 40 percent of each day . . . where traditional advertising
each them." Not to worry, says Lifetime Learning in an *Advertising Age*
): "Now, you can enter the classroom through custom-made learning
ials created with your specific marketing objectives in mind. Com-
ate with young spenders directly and, through them, their teachers and
es as well." If we redefine young learners as "young spenders," are the
really to be blamed for acting like mindless consumers? Can they be-
young spenders and still become young critical thinkers, let alone in-
d citizens? If we are willing to give TV cartoons the government's
imprimatur as "educational television" (as we did a few years
ago, until the FCC changed its mind), can we blame kids for
educating themselves on television trash?

Everyone can agree that we should educate our children to be some-
more than young spenders molded by "lifestyle patterning." But what
l the goals of the classroom be? In recent years it has been fashionable
ine the educational crisis in terms of global competition and minimal com-
ce, as if schools were no more than vocational institutions. Although it
lked sensibly about education, the Clinton Administration has leaned
d this approach, under the tutelage of Secretary of Labor Robert Reich.
e classroom, however, should not be merely a trade school. The fun-
ntal task of education in a democracy is what Tocqueville once called
pprenticeship of liberty: learning to be free. I wonder whether Amer-
still believe liberty has to be learned and that its skills are worth
ng. Or have they been deluded by two centuries of rhetoric into think-
at freedom is "natural" and can be taken for granted?
e claim that all men are born free, upon which America was founded,
est a promising fiction. In real life, as every parent knows, children are
fragile, born needy, born ignorant, born unformed, born weak, born fool-
orn dependent—born in chains. We acquire our freedom over time,
ll. Embedded in families, clans, communities, and nations, we must learn
free. We may be natural consumers and born narcissists, but citizens
to be made. Liberal-arts education actually means education in the arts
erty; the "servile arts" were the trades learned by unfree men in the Mid-
ges, the vocational education of their day. Perhaps this is why Thomas
son preferred to memorialize his founding of the University of Virginia
s tombstone rather than his two terms as president; it is certainly why
ewed his Bill for the More General Diffusion of Knowledge in Virginia
enterpiece of his career (although it failed passage as legislation—times
perhaps not so different). John Adams, too, boasted regularly about Mas-

IN RECENT YEARS IT HAS BEEN FASHIONABLE TO DEFINE THE EDUCATIONAL CRISIS IN TERMS OF GLOBAL COMPETITION AND MINIMAL COMPETENCE, AS IF SCHOOLS WERE MERELY VOCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS. BUT THE CLASSROOM SHOULD NOT BE MERELY A TRADE SCHOOL



SECURITY GUARDS AND METAL DETECTORS ARE POOR SURROGATES FOR CIVILITY, AND THEY MAKE OUR SCHOOLS LOOK INCREASINGLY LIKE PRISONS (THOUGH THEY MAY BE LESS SAFE THAN PRISONS)



sachusetts's high literacy rates and publicly funded education.

Jefferson and Adams both understood that the Bill of Rights offered tle protection in a nation without informed citizens. Once educated, ever, a people was safe from even the subtlest tyrannies. Jefferson's democ proclivities rested on his conviction that education could turn a peopl to a safe refuge—indeed "the only safe depository" for the ultimate po of society. "Cherish therefore the spirit of our people," he wrote to Ed Carrington in 1787, "and keep alive their attention. Do not be severe on their errors, but reclaim them by enlightening them. If once they bec inattentive to public affairs, you and I and Congress and Assemblies, ju and governors, shall all become wolves."

The logic of democracy begins with public education, proceeds to infor citizenship, and comes to fruition in the securing of rights and liberties have been nominally democratic for so long that we presume it is our ural condition rather than the product of persistent effort and tenaciou sponsibility. We have decoupled rights from civic responsibilities and sev citizenship from education on the false assumption that citizens just hap We have forgotten that the "public" in public schools means not just for by the public but procreative of the very idea of a public. Public sch are how a public—a citizenry—is forged and how young, selfish indiv als turn into conscientious, community-minded citizens.

Among the several literacies that have attracted the anxious attenti commentators, civic literacy has been the least visible. Yet this is the damental literacy by which we live in a civil society. It encompasses the petence to participate in democratic communities, the ability to t critically and act with deliberation in a pluralistic world, and the emp to identify sufficiently with others to live with them despite conflicts terest and differences in character. At the most elementary level, wha children suffer from most, whether they're hurling racial epithets fro ternity porches or shooting one another down in schoolyards, is the abs of civility. Security guards and metal detectors are poor surrogates for ity, and they make our schools look increasingly like prisons (though may be less safe than prisons). Jefferson thought schools would pro free men: we prove him right by putting dropouts in jail.

Civility is a work of the imagination, for it is through the imaginatio we render others sufficiently like ourselves for them to become subje tolerance and respect, if not always affection. Democracy is anything "natural" form of association. It is an extraordinary and rare contriva cultivated imagination. Give the uneducated the right to participa making collective decisions, and what results is not democracy but, at mob rule: the government of private prejudice once known as the tyr of opinion. For Jefferson, the difference between the democratic tempe he admired in agrarian America and the rule of the rabble he conde when viewing the social unrest of Europe's teeming cities was quite si education. Madison had hoped to "filter" out popular passion throug device of representation. Jefferson saw in education a filter that could b stalled within each individual, giving to each the capacity to rule pru ly. Education creates a ruling aristocracy constrained by temperanc wisdom; when that education is public and universal, it is an aristocra which all can belong. At its best, the American drea free and equal society governed by judicious citizen been this dream of an aristocracy of everyone.

To dream this dream of freedom is easy, but to secure it is diffic well as expensive. Notwithstanding their lamentations, Americans d appear ready to pay the price. There is no magic bullet for education. no longer can accept that the problem lies in the lack of consensus remedies—in a dearth of solutions. There is no shortage of debate how to repair our educational infrastructure. National standards or mo cal control? Vouchers or better public schools? More parental involve

ɔre teacher autonomy? A greater federal presence (only 5 or 6 percent
ɛ nation's education budget is federally funded) or fairer local school
? More multicultural diversity or more emphasis on what Americans
in common? These are honest disputes. But I am convinced that the
em is simpler and more fundamental. Twenty years ago, writer and ac-
Frances Moore Lappé captured the essence of the world food crisis when
ɾgued that starvation was caused not by a scarcity of food but by a glob-
ɾcity in democracy. The education crisis has the same genealogy. It stems
a dearth of democracy: an absence of democratic will and a consequent
ıl to take our children, our schools, and our future seriously.
ɔst educators, even while they quarrel among themselves, will agree that
uine commitment to any one of a number of different solutions could
ɛnormously. Most agree that although money can't by itself solve prob-
without money few problems can be solved. Money also can't win wars
t men in space, but it is the crucial facilitator. It is also how America
ɾaditionally announced, We are serious about this!
ve were serious, we would raise teachers' salaries to levels that would
ɔt the best young professionals in our society: starting lawyers get from
)00 to $80,000—why don't starting kindergarten teachers get the same?
ɛir role in vouchsafing our future less significant? And although there
dence suggesting that an increase in general educational expenditures
ı't translate automatically into better schools, there is also evidence that
crease aimed specifically at instructional services does. Can we really
in earnest the chattering devotion to excellence of a country so wed-
n practice to mediocrity, a nation so ready to relegate teachers—con-
tors of our common future—to the professional backwaters?
we were serious, we would upgrade physical facilities so that every
ɔl met the minimum standards of our better suburban institutions.
ɪl buildings do not equal good education, but can any education at all
ɒlace in leaky, broken-down habitats of the kind described by Jonathan
l in his *Savage Inequalities*? If money is not a critical factor, why are our
successful suburban school districts funded at nearly twice the level of
ɲner-city schools? Being even at the starting line cannot guarantee that
unners will win or even finish the race, but not being even pretty
ı assures failure. We would rectify the balance not by penalizing wealth-
ɔmmunities but by bringing poorer communities up to standard, perhaps
ɲding other sources of funding for our schools besides property taxes.
we were serious, we'd extend the school year by a month or two so that
ing could take place throughout the year. We'd reduce class size (which
ıs more teachers) and nurture more cooperative learning so that kids could
me actively responsible for their own education and that of their class-
s. Perhaps most important, we'd raise standards and make teachers and
ɛnts responsible for them. There are two ways to breed success: to lower
ɪards so that everybody "passes" in a way that loses all meaning in the
vorld; and to raise standards and then meet them, so that school success
lates into success beyond the classroom. From Confucian China to Im-
l England, great nations have built their success in the world upon an ed-
on of excellence. The challenge in a democracy is to find a way to
ıtain excellence while extending educational opportunity to everyone.
nally, if we were serious, parents, teachers, and students would be the
players while administrators, politicians, and experts would be sec-
ry, at best advisers whose chief skill ought to be knowing when and how
ɛilitate the work of teachers and then get out of the way. If the Democrats
ɛlean up federal government bureaucracy (the Gore plan), perhaps we
ɪo the same for educational bureaucracy. In New York up to half of the
ɛ teachers occupy jobs outside the classroom. No other enterprise is
hat way: Half the soldiers at company headquarters? Half the cops at
ɔnhouse desks? Half the working force in the assistant manager's office?
ɛ the teachers are back in the classroom, they will need to be given more
nomy, more professional responsibility for the success or failure of their

JEFFERSON SAW IN EDUCATION A FILTER THAT COULD BE INSTALLED WITHIN EACH INDIVIDUAL, GIVING TO EACH THE CAPACITY TO RULE PRUDENTLY; UNIVERSAL AND PUBLIC EDUCATION CREATES AN ARISTOCRACY TO WHICH ALL CAN BELONG

EVEN AS OUR LOWER SCHOOLS ARE AMONG THE WORST IN THE WESTERN WORLD, OUR GRADUATE INSTITUTIONS ARE AMONG THE BEST, PARTLY BECAUSE CORPORATE AMERICA BACKS UP STATE AND FEDERAL PRIORITIES IN THIS CRUCIAL DOMAIN

students. And parents will have to be drawn in not just because they
rights or because they are politically potent but because they have res
sibilities and their children are unlikely to learn without parental en
ment. How to define the parental role in the classroom would be
serious business for educators.

Some Americans will say this is unrealistic. Times are tough, money's
and the public is fed up with almost all of its public institutions: the sc
are just one more frustrating disappointment. With all the goodwill in
world, it is still hard to know how schools can cure the ills that stem
the failure of so many other institutions. Saying we want education to
first won't put it first.

America, however, has historically been able to accomplish what i
its mind to. When we wish it and will it, what we wish and will has
pened. Our successes are willed; our failures seem to happen when will
sent. There are, of course, those who benefit from the bankruptcy of p
education and the failure of democracy. But their blame is no greater
our own: in a world where doing nothing has such dire consequences,
placency has become a greater sin than malevolence.

In wartime, whenever we have known why we were fighting and beli
in the cause, we have prevailed. Because we believe in profits, we are
summate salespersons and efficacious entrepreneurs. Because we love sp
ours are the dream teams. Why can't a Chicago junior high school be as
as the Chicago Bulls? Because we cherish individuality and mobility
have created a magnificent (if costly) car culture and the world's larges
tomotive consumer market. Even as our lower schools are among the w
in the Western world, our graduate institutions are among the very be
because professional training in medicine, law, and technology is vital t
ambitions and because corporate America backs up state and federal p
ities in this crucial domain. Look at the things we do well and observe
very well we do them: those are the things that as a nation we have wi

Then observe what we do badly and ask yourself, Is it because the c
lenge is too great? Or is it because, finally, we aren't really serious? W
we will an end to the carnage and do whatever it took—more cops, state
tias, federal marshals, the Marines?—if the dying children were white
middle class? Or is it a disdain for the young—white, brown, and bla
that inures us to the pain? Why are we so sensitive to the retirees whos
ture (however foreshortened) we are quick to guarantee—don't worr
reduced cost-of-living allowances, no taxes on social security excep
the well-off—and so callous to the young? Have you noticed how health
is on every politician's agenda and education on no one's?

To me, the conclusion is inescapable: we are not serious. We have give
on the public schools because we have given up on the kids; and we have
en up on the kids because we have given up on the future—perhaps bec
it looks too multicolored or too dim or too hard. "Liberty," said Jean-Jac
Rousseau, "is a food easy to eat but hard to digest." America is suffering
a bad case of indigestion. Finally, in giving up on the future, we have g
up on democracy. Certainly there will be no liberty, no equality, no socia
tice without democracy, and there will be no democracy without citizens
the schools that forge civic identity and democratic responsibility. If I am w
(I'd like to be), my error will be easy to discern, for before the year is ou
will put education first on the nation's agenda. We will put it ahead of the de
for if the future is finished before it starts, the deficit doesn't matter. Al
of defense, for without democracy, what liberties will be left to defend? Al
of all the other public issues and public goods, for without public educa
there can be no public and hence no truly public issues or public goods t
vance. When the polemics are spent and we are through hyperventilating a
the crisis in education, there is only one question worth asking: are we
ous? If we are, we can begin by honoring that old folk homily and put our
ey where for much too long our common American mouth has been. Our
for once, might even be grateful.

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THE SONG-AND-DA

Selling Congress planes we don't n

With the Soviet Union three years in the grave and $50 billion being cut out of the Pentagon's annual procurement and R&D budget by 1996, defense contractors these days often seem like nervous hosts at a dying party, wearing silly hats and trying to convince everybody to stay for one last round. The industry's anxiety is reflected in advertisements such as this one, for Lockheed's F-22 fighter plane, that runs every few weeks in a handful of Washington publications. Despite the ad's farfetched claims and nervous tone, Lockheed's campaign to sell us the F-22 is working: Congress plans to spend nearly $12 billion on the plane in the next five years alone. The party, it seems, isn't quite over yet.



Merchandise with that kind of sticker price was easier to move during the Cold War. Indeed, when the F-22 was originally conceived, in 1983, it was intended as our answer to the next generation of Soviet fighter, to be deployed in Europe for use as a response to a Warsaw Pact invasion. Now that the Warsaw Pact is about as threatening as the Austro-Hungarian Empire, Lockheed has fallen back on the specter of "regional aggressors" with mirrored sunglasses and lots of "hard currency." The only problem is, no one's building the next generation of fighter planes for these renegades to buy. The new Soviet fighter that the F-22 was designed to counter never got much past the planning stage, and the Russians are now too broke to revive it. The existing arsenals of enemy planes aren't much of a threat either. Even if every MiG-29 and Su-27 on the planet were somehow combined into a worldwide anti-American assault force, the U.S. tactical air fleet—without a single F-22—could outswarm them seven to one.

Supercruise—the ability to fly at supersonic speeds for extended periods of time—was sold as one of the F-22's major advances. But for a jet to supercruise, or even turn nimbly, it needs to be light, which means engineers must jettison anything that doesn't enhance performance. Unfortunately, Lockheed and the Air Force, in an effort to impress Congress, have done exactly the opposite: they've loaded the jet with every extra but fuzzy dice, adding 12,000 pounds to the plane's intended weight. The Air Force's most recent data suggests that the F-22 will be able to fly supersonically only for short bursts, which is what jets have been able to do since the 1950s.

EMAINS THE SAME

iemies we don't have, *by David Segal*



The *idea* of the F-15 and the F-16 will be thirty years old; the planes themselves will be considerably younger. In fact, the F-16, along with its successor, the F/A-18, is still in production. And Lockheed is much too generous in its evaluation of our "challengers." Over the past thirteen years, in dogfights in various Middle East conflicts and during the Gulf War, the score is American-made jets 125 kills, Soviet-made jets 2 kills. A more realistic air threat actually comes from *American* jets. In a color brochure for the F-22 sent to members of Congress in August, Lockheed's world map of "Foreign-Owned Advanced Fighters" included the nearly 2,000 F-15s, F-16s, and F/A-18s that have been sold to less-than-stable countries such as Pakistan. For jet builders, the cycle is foolproof: Build a plane, sell it overseas, then use the foreign sales to justify construction of a better plane to protect us from the one we just sold. Repeat.

The F-22's weight gain seems downright modest compared with its increase in price, which gives the lie to the notion that the program is "on track." When Lockheed was trying to land the contract in 1986, the company said it could deliver the plane for $60 million per unit. Each F-22 is now slated to cost—whoops—$148 million. But despite its spendthrift ways, Lockheed is protected by an old Pentagon axiom: "There are two phases to any program: Too soon to tell and too late to kill." The hard facts about a weapons system's performance are carefully withheld from the media and lawmakers during the development phase; but by the time production is under way, too much money has been spent and too many jobs have been created for Congress to back out.

Lockheed's aviation engineers may have made a few wrong turns on the F-22, but their political engineers are right on target. The plane will be supplied by 676 companies and subcontractors in forty-four states (as in eighty-eight senators). The company also found an excuse to move its main F-22 production plant in 1990 to Georgia, home of Sam Nunn. Congress is now planning to buy roughly 400 F-22s in the coming two decades, at an estimated total cost of $60 billion. A lot of money for a plane that won't do what it's supposed to do—and we wouldn't need if it did.

David Segal is an editor of The Washington Monthly.

TALES FROM THE CUTTING-ROOM FLOOR

The reality of "reality-based" television

By Debra Seagal

MAY 6, 1992

Yesterday I applied for a job as a "story analyst" at *American Detective*, a prime-time "reality-based" cop show on ABC that I've never seen. The interview took place in Malibu at the program's production office, in a plain building next door to a bodybuilding gym. I walked past rows of bronzed people working out on Nautilus equipment and into a dingy array of padded dark rooms crowded with people peering into television screens. Busy people ran up and down the halls. I was greeted by the "story department" manager, who explained that every day the show has camera crews in four different cities trailing detectives as they break into every type of home and location to search, confiscate, interrogate, and arrest. (The crews have the right to do this, he told me, because they have been "deputized" by the local police department. What exactly this means I was not told.) They shoot huge amounts of videotape and it arrives every day, rushed to Malibu by Federal Express. Assistants tag and time-code each video before turning it over to the story department.



After talking about the job, the story-department manager sat me in front of a monitor and gave me two hours to "analyze" a video. I wat[ched] the camera pan through a dilapidated tr[ailer] while a detective searched for incriminatin[g] idence. He found money in a small yellow [suit]case, discovered a knife under a sofa, and plu[cked] a tiny, twisted marijuana butt from a swan-sh[aped] ashtray. I typed each act into a computer. It [took] me forty-five mir[utes] to make what see[med] a meaningless rec[ord]. When I got home [that] afternoon there w[as a] message on my ph[one] machine from [the] story-department m[an]ager congratula[ting] me on a job well [done] and welcoming m[e to] *American Detecti[ve]*. I am pleased.

MAY 18, 19[92]

Although we'r[e] ficially called stor[y] alysts, in-house we're referred to as "the logg[ers]." Each of us has a computer/VCR/print m[o]nitor/TV screen/headphone console loomin[g] front of us like a colossal dashboard. Settlin[g] to my chair is like squeezing into a small c[ock]pit. The camera crews seem to go everywh[ere]—Detroit, New York, Miami, Las Vegas, Pittsbu[rgh], Phoenix, Portland, Santa Cruz, Indianapolis, [San] Jose. They join up with local police teams an[d ap]parently get access to everything the cops [do]. They even wear blue jackets with POLICE in [yel]low letters on the back. The loggers scruti[nize]

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Photocollages by Jeremy [illegible]

hour-long tape second by second, and make ning log of every visual and auditory element can be used to "create" a story. On an aver- lay the other three loggers and I look at ty to forty tapes, and in any given week we ze from 6,000 to 12,000 minutes—or up to)00 seconds of film.

ıe footage comes from handheld "main" and ndary" cameras as well as tiny, wirelike -down" cameras taped to anything that t provide a view of the scene: car doors, ow visors, and even on one occasion—in or- o record drug deals inside an undercover le—a gear-shift handle. Once a videotape wed, the logger creates a highlight reel—a n-minute distillation of the overall "bust" or ." The tapes and scripts are then handed to the supervising producer, who in turn s with technical editors to create an episode e show, each of which begins with this mes- on the screen: "What you are about to see il. There are no re-creations. Everything ilmed while it actually happened."

ıere are, I've learned, quite a few of these re- and "fact-based" shows now, with names *Cops*, *Top Cops*, and *FBI: The Untold Stories*. the national obsession with this sort of uristic entertainment? Perhaps we want to ve the cops are still in control. The pre- lerance of these shows is also related to the ɔm line: they are extremely inexpensive to uce. After all, why create an elaborate car- e sequence costing tens of thousands of dol- minute when a crew with a couple of video eras can ride around with the cops and get real" thing? Why engage a group of talent- riters and producers to make intelligent and ing TV when it's more profitable to dip in- ıe endless pool of human grief?

've just participated in my first "story meet- with the supervising producer. He occupies k little room filled with prerecorded sounds olice banter, queer voice-over loops, seg- ts of the *American Detective* theme song, and d bites of angry drug-busting screams ("Stop! e! Put your hands up, you motherfucker!"). rpetual cold wind blows from a faulty air duct e his desk. He is tall, lanky, in his fifties; his ition once was to be a serious actor. His job determine what images will be resurrected ime-time, Monday-night entertainment. He n't look miserable but I suspect he is.

here are six of us in the story meeting, the ucer, four loggers, and the story-department ager. Each logger plays highlight reels and ıes stories, most of which are rejected by producer for being "not hot enough," "not ." Occasionally, I learned today, a highlight is made of a case that is still in progress, as a stakeout. Our cameramen then call us on-site from their cellular phones during our story meeting and update us on what has been filmed that day, sometimes that very hour. The footage arrives the next morning and then is built into the evolving story. This process continues in a flurry of calls and Federal Express deliveries while the real drama unfolds elsewhere—Pittsburgh or San Jose or wherever. We are to hope for a naturally dramatic climax. But if it doesn't happen, I understand, we'll "work one out."

MAY 26, 1992

I'm learning the job. Among other tasks, we're responsible for compiling stock-footage books—volumes of miscellaneous images containing every conceivable example of guns, drugs, money, scenics, street signs, appliances, and interior house shots. This compendium is used to embellish stories when certain images or sounds have not been picked up by a main or secondary camera: a close-up of a suspect's tightly cuffed wrists missed in a rush, a scream muffled by background traffic noise. Or, most frequently, the shouts of the cops on a raid ("POLICE! Open the door! Now!") in an otherwise unexciting ramrod affair. Evidently the "reality" of a given episode is subject to enhancement.

Today the story-department manager gave me several videotapes from secondary and lock-down cameras at an undercover mission in Indianapolis. I've never been to Indianapolis, and I figured that, if nothing else, I'd get to see the city.

I was wrong. What I saw and heard was a procession of close-up crotch shots, nose-picking, and farting in surveillance vans where a few detectives waited, perspiring under the weight of nylon-mesh raid gear and semiautomatic rifles. Searching for the scraps of usable footage was like combing a beach for a lost contact lens. The actual bust—a sad affair that featured an accountant getting arrested for buying pot in an empty shoe-store parking lot—was perhaps 1 percent of everything I looked at. In the logic of the story department, we are to deplore these small-time drug busts not because we are concerned that the big drugs are still on the street but because a small bust means an uninteresting show. A dud.

Just before going home today, I noticed a little list that someone tacked up on our bulletin boards to remind us what we are looking for:

DEATH
STAB
SHOOT
STRANGULATION
CLUB
SUICIDE

JUNE 3, 1992

Today was the first day I got to log Lieutenant Bunnell, which is considered a great

honor in the office. Lieutenant Bunnell is the show's mascot, the venerated spokesperson. Only two years ago he was an ordinary narcotics detective in Oregon. Today he has a six-figure income, an agent, fans all over the country, and the best voice coach in Hollywood. He's so famous now that he's even stalked by his fans, such as the strange woman who walked into our office a few days ago wearing hole-pocked spandex tights, worn-down spike-heeled backless pumps, and a see-through purse. She'd been on his trail from Florida to California and wanted his home phone number. She was quietly escorted out the door to her dilapidated pickup truck.

HOW EFFORTLESSLY WE SMOOTH OUT THE INDISCRETIONS OF THE LUMPEN DETECTIVES AND MAKE THEM INTO HEROES RUSHING ACROSS THE SCREEN

At the beginning of each episode, Lieutenant Bunnell sets the scene for the viewer (much like Jack Webb on *Dragnet*), painting a picture of the crime at hand and describing the challenges the detectives face. He also participates in many of these raids, since he is, after all, still a police lieutenant. The standard fare: Act I, Bunnell's suspenseful introduction; Act II, Bunnell leads his team on a raid; Act III, Bunnell captures the bad suspect and throws him in the squad car, etc. The format of each drama must fit into an eleven-minute segment. So it is that although *American Detective* and its competitors seem a long way from *Dragnet*, *The Mod Squad*, *The Rookies*, et al.—all the famous old cop shows—they follow the same formula, the same dramatic arc, because this is what the viewers and advertisers have come to expect.

JUNE 10, 1992

The producers are pleased with my work and have assigned me my own beat to log—Santa Cruz in northern California. Having spent several summers there as a teenager, I remember its forests, its eucalyptus and apple orchards. But today, two decades later, I strap on earphones, flip on the equipment, and meet three detectives on the Santa Cruz County Narcotic Enforcement Team. Dressed in full SWAT-team regalia, they are Brooks, an overweight commander; Gravitt, his shark-faced colleague; and Cooper, a detective underling. The first image is an intersection in Santa Cruz's commercial district. While an undercover pal negotiates with a drug dealer across the street, the three detectives survey an unsuspecting woman from behind their van's tinted windows. It begins like this:

[Interior of van. Mid-range shot of Commander Brooks, Special Agent Gravitt, and Detective Cooper]

COOPER: Check out those volumptuous *[sic]* breasts and that volumptuous *[sic]* ass.

BROOKS: Think she takes it in the butt?

COOPER: Yep. It sticks out just enough so you can pull the cheeks apart and really plumm it. *[Long pause]* I believe that she's not beyond fe[llatio] either.

[Zoom to close-up of Cooper]

COOPER: You don't have true domination o[ver a] woman until you spit on 'em and they don't say nothing.

[Zoom to close-up of Gravitt]

GRAVITT: I know a hooker who will let yo[u pi]ss on her for twenty bucks ... *[Direct appeal to ca[mera]* Can one of you guys edit this thing and m[ake] a big lump in my pants for me?

[Zoom to close-up of Gravitt's crotch, walkie-[talkie] between his legs]

JUNE 15, [19]92

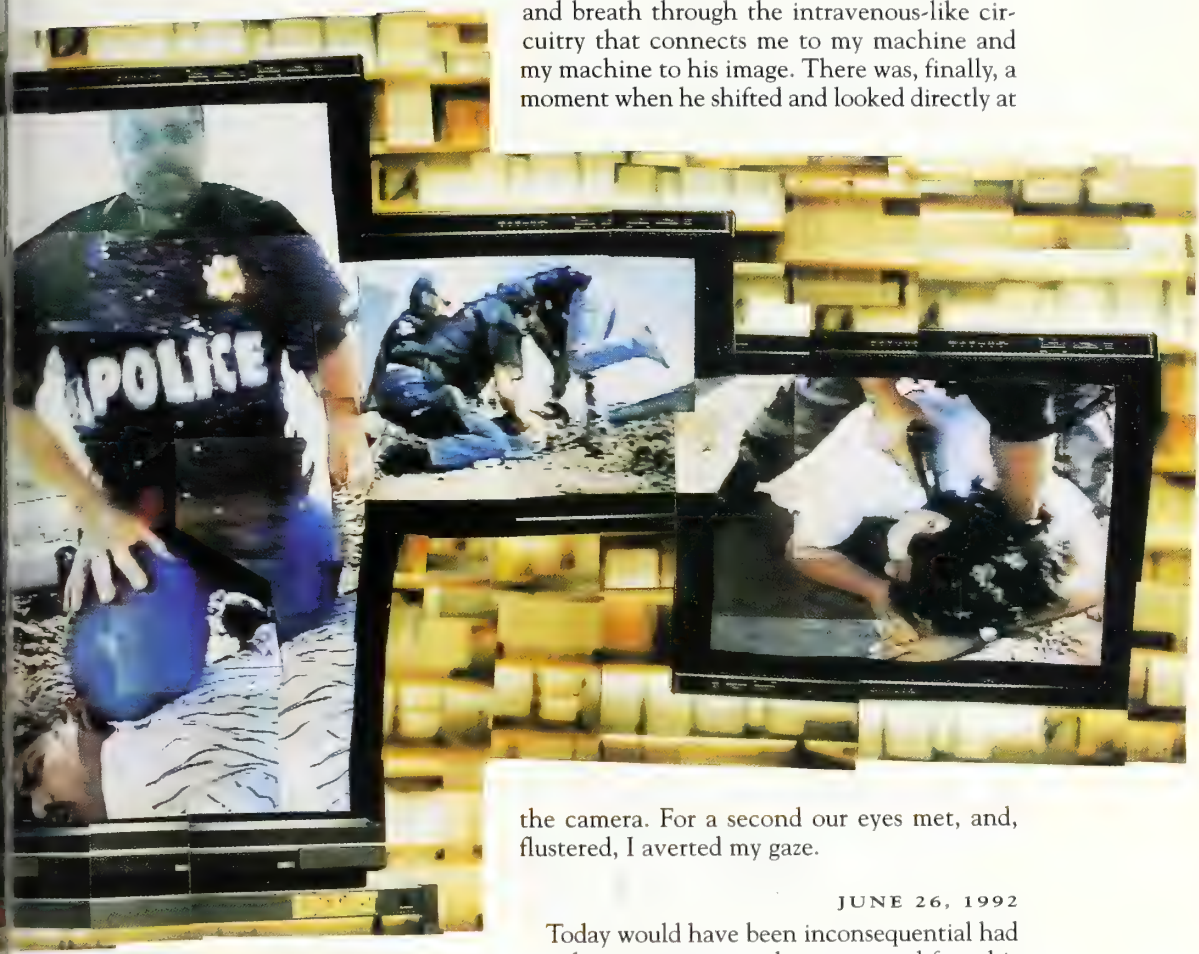
I'm developing a perverse fascination with the magic exercised in our TV production sweat shop. Once our supervising producer has picked the cases that might work for the show, the "stories" are turned over to an editor. Within a few weeks the finished videos emerge from the editing room with "problems" fixed, chronology reshuffled, and, when necessary, images and sound bites clipped and replaced by old filler footage from unrelated cases.

By the time our 9 million viewers flick on their tubes, we've reduced fifty or sixty hours of mundane and compromising video into seven action-packed segments of tantalizing, crime-filled, dope-dealing, junkie-busting cop culture. How easily we downplay the pathos of the suspect; how cleverly we breeze past the complexities that cast doubt on the very system that has produced the criminal activity in the first place. How effortlessly we smooth out the indiscretions of the lumpen detectives and visually make them appear as pistol-flailing heroes rushing across the screen. Watching a finished episode of *American Detective*, one easily forgets that the detectives are, for the most part, people whose lives are overburdened with formalities and paperwork. They ambush one downtrodden suspect after another in search of marijuana and then, after a long Sisyphean day, retire to red-vinyl bars where they guzzle down beer among a clientele that, to no small degree resembles the very people they have just ambushed.

JUNE 23, [19]92

The executive producer is a tiny man with excessively coiffed, shoulder-length blond hair. He is given to wearing stone-washed jeans, a buttoned-to-the-collar shirt, and enormous cowboy boots; he also frequently wears a police badge on his belt loop. As I log away, I see his face on the screen flashing in the background like a subliminal advertisement for a new in-

A.P.D. fashion coordinates. He sits in terrogations, preens the detectives' hair, pts them to "say something pithy for the ra." He gets phone calls in surveillance and in detective briefing rooms. With a ar phone flat against his ear, he even has ersations with his L.A. entourage—Lori- executives, ABC executives, other pro- s—while he runs in his police jacket



nd the cops through ghettos and barrios. m beginning to wonder how he has gained s to hundreds of cop cars from California ew Jersey. Clearly the cops don't fear they be compromised; I see the bonding that place between them and the executive ucer, who, after a successful raid, presents with *American Detective* plaques that fea- heir own faces. Their camaraderie is picked ntinuously by the cameras. One of my col- ues has a photograph of our executive pro- r and Lieutenant Bunnell with their arms nd a topless go-go dancer somewhere in Las s; underneath it is a handwritten caption reads, "The Unbearable Lightness of Being p."

JUNE 25, 1992

Today I logged in several hours of one detective sitting behind a steering wheel doing absolutely nothing. How a man could remain practically immobile for so long is beyond my comprehension. He sat and stared out the window, forgetting that the tiny lock-down camera under his window visor was rolling. After an hour, it seemed as though *I* had become the surveillance camera, receiving his every twitch and breath through the intravenous-like circuitry that connects me to my machine and my machine to his image. There was, finally, a moment when he shifted and looked directly at the camera. For a second our eyes met, and, flustered, I averted my gaze.

JUNE 26, 1992

Today would have been inconsequential had not the supervising producer emerged from his air-conditioned nightmare and leaned over my desk. "We'll have a crew covering Detroit over the weekend," he said. "Maybe we'll get a good homicide for you to work on." I was speechless. I've never seen a homicide, and I have no interest in seeing one. But I'm working in a place where a grisly homicide is actually welcomed. I am supposed to look forward to this. After work, I prayed for benevolence, goodwill, and peace in Detroit.

JUNE 29, 1992

My prayers must have worked—no Detroit homicide case came in today. That doesn't mean, however, that I'm any less complicit in what is clearly a sordid enterprise. This afternoon I analyzed a tape that features detectives

busting a motley assortment of small-time pot dealers and getting them to "flip" on their connections. The freshly cuffed "crook" then becomes a C.I. (confidential informant). Rigged with hidden wires and cameras, the C.I. works for the detectives by setting up his friends in drug busts that lead up the ladder. In exchange for this, the C.I. is promised a more lenient sentence when his day comes up in court. Some of the C.I.'s have been busted so many times before that they are essentially professional informants. Ironically, some have actually learned how the game is played by watching reality-based cop shows. This is the case with a nervous teenage first-time pot seller who gets set up and busted in a bar for selling half an ounce of pot. When the undercover cop flashes his badge and whips out his cuffs, a look of thrilled recognition brightens the suspect's face. "Hey, I know you!" he gasps. "You're what's-his-name on *American Detective*, aren't you? I watch your show every week! I know exactly what you want me to do!"

The cops are flattered by the recognition, even if it comes from a teenage crook caught selling pot. They seem to become pals with the C.I.'s. Sometimes, however, they have to muscle the guy. The tape I saw today involves a soft-spoken, thirtysomething white male named Michael who gets busted for selling pot out of his ramshackle abode in the Santa Cruz mountains. He's been set up by a friend who himself was originally resistant to cooperating with the detectives. Michael has never been arrested and doesn't understand the mechanics of becoming a C.I. He has only one request: to see a lawyer. By law, after such a request the detectives are required to stop any form of interrogation immediately and make a lawyer available. In this case, however, Commander Brooks knows that if he can get Michael to flip, they'll be able to keep busting up the ladder and, of course, we'll be able to crank out a good show.

So what happens? Hunched in front of my equipment in the office in Malibu, this is what I see, in minute after minute of raw footage:

> [*Michael is pulled out of bed after midnight. Two of our cameras are rolling and a group of cops surround him. He is entirely confused when Brooks explains how to work with them and become a confidential informant.*]
>
> MICHAEL: Can I have a lawyer? . . . I don't know what's going on. I'd really rather talk to a lawyer. This is not my expertise at all, as it is yours. I feel way outnumbered. I don't know what's going on. . . .
>
> BROOKS: Here's where we're at. You've got a lot of marijuana. Marijuana's still a felony in the state of California, despite whatever you may think about it.
>
> MICHAEL: I understand.
>
> BROOKS: The amount of marijuana you have here is gonna send you to state prison. . . . Tha[t] job, to try to put you in state prison, quite fr[om] unless you do something to help yourself. Unle[ss] do something to assist us. . . .
>
> MICHAEL: I'm innocent until proven guilt[y] rect?
>
> BROOKS: I'm telling you the way it is in th[e] world. . . . What we're asking you to do is coo[p] . . . to act as our agent and help us buy larger an[d] of marijuana. Tell us where you get your ma[ri] na. . . .
>
> MICHAEL: I don't understand. You know, yo[u] could have me do something and I could [be] even more trouble.
>
> BROOKS: Obviously, if you're acting as our [a]g[ent] you can't get in trouble. . . .
>
> MICHAEL: I'm taking your word for that?.
>
> BROOKS: Here's what I'm telling you. If you d[on't] want to cooperate, you're going to prison.
>
> MICHAEL: Sir, I do want to cooperate—
>
> BROOKS: Now, I'm saying if you don't coo[p] right today, now, here, this minute, you're go[ing] prison. We're gonna asset-seize your property. [We're] gonna asset-seize your vehicles. We're gon[na] set-seize your money. We're gonna send you [a] friend to prison and we're gonna send your [son] the Child Protective Services. That's what I'[m] ing.
>
> MICHAEL: If I get a lawyer, all that stuff ha[ppens] to me?
>
> BROOKS: If you get a lawyer, we're not in a [posi]tion to wanna cooperate with you tomorrow. [We're] in a position to cooperate with you right no[w] day. Right now. Today. . . .
>
> MICHAEL: I'm under too much stress to mak[e a] cision like that. I want to talk to a lawyer. I [can't] do. That's the bottom line.
>
> [*Commander Brooks continues to push Mich[ael] doesn't get far.*]
>
> MICHAEL: I'm just getting more confuse[d] got ten guys standing around me. . . .
>
> BROOKS: We're not holding a gun to you.
>
> MICHAEL: Every one of you guys has a gun
>
> BROOKS: How old is your child?
>
> MICHAEL: She'll be three on Tuesday.
>
> BROOKS: Well, children need a father at h[ome]. You can't be much of a father when you're i[n]
>
> MICHAEL: Sir!
>
> BROOKS: That's not a scare tactic, that's a [re]ality.
>
> MICHAEL: That is a scare tactic.
>
> BROOKS: No, it isn't. That's reality. . . . Ar[e] reality is, I'm sending you to prison unless y[ou] something to help yourself out. . . .
>
> MICHAEL: Well, ain't I also innocent until p[roven] guilty in a court of law? . . . You know what, [I] really just want to talk to a lawyer. That's rea[l] I want to do.
>
> BROOKS: How much money did you put do[wn] this property? . . . Do you own that truck over [the]re
>
> MICHAEL: Buddy, does all this need to be d[one] get arrested? . . .
>
> BROOKS: Yeah. I'm curious—do you own [the] truck there?
>
> MICHAEL: You guys know all that.

ROOKS: I hope so, 'cause I'd look good in that
c.
ICHAEL: Is this Mexico?
ROOKS: No. I'll just take it. Asset-seizure. And
know what? The county would look good tak-
he equity out of this house.
ICHAEL: Lots of luck.
Commander Brooks continues to work on Michael
everal minutes.]
ICHAEL: I feel like you're poking at me.
ROOKS: I *am* poking at you.
ICHAEL: So now I really want to talk to a lawyer
.
ROOKS: That's fine. We're done.
Brooks huffs off, mission unaccomplished. He walks
to his pals and shakes his head.]
ROOKS: That's the first white guy I ever felt like
ing the fucking shit out of.

Michael's case becomes an episode of the
Michael will be made a part of a criminal
nt that stalks backyards and threatens chil-
Commander Brooks will become a gentle,
sive cop who's keeping our streets safe at

JULY 1, 1992

lay I got a video to analyze that involves
chase. It includes the three Santa Cruz
nd a few other officers following two His-
suspects at top speed through a brussels-
t field in the Central Valley. Our
amen, wearing police jackets, are in one
ir undercover vans during the pursuit.
of them has his camera in one hand and
ol held high in the other. The police don't
to care about his blurred role.) When the
ts stop their car and emerge with their
held high, the detectives bound out of
vans screaming in a shrill chorus ("Get on
ound, cocksucker!" "I'll blow your moth-
cing head off."). I watch. Within seconds,
spects are pinned to the ground and held
bile while cops kick them in the stomach
ne face. Cooper is particularly angry because
n has bounced into a ditch during the pur-
He looks down at one of the suspects. "You
d my car," he complains. "I just got it paint-
ou motherfucker." With that he kicks the
ct in the head. Our main cameraman fo-
on the detectives ambling around their
prey like hunters after a wild-game safari;
of vainglorious, congratulatory back-slap-
ensues. Our secondary cameraman holds a
extreme close-up of a suspect while his
h bleeds into the dirt. "I feel like I'm dying,"
neezes, and turns his head away from the
ra. I watch.
is afternoon, in the office, the video drew
wd. One producer shook his head at the vi-
e. "Too bad," he said. "Too bad we can't use
that footage." This was clearly a case of too much reality for reality-based TV. I couldn't help but wonder what the producers would do if these two suspects were beaten so badly that they later died. Would they have jeopardized their own livelihoods by turning over the video to the "authorities"?

SEPTEMBER 21, 1992

I'm losing interest in the footage of detectives; now it is the "little people" who interest me, the people whose stories never make it past a highlight reel. I am strangely devoted to them. There is "the steak-knife lady" who waves her rusty weapon in front of a housing project in Detroit. I replay her over and over again. There is something about her: her hysteria, her insistence on her right to privacy, and her flagrant indignation at the cameras ("Get those cameras outta my face, you assholes!"); the way she flails her broken knife in self-defense at a drunk neighbor while her gigantic curlers unravel; the way she consoles her children, who watch with gaping mouths. This woman is *pissed*. She is *real*. Little does she know I'm going to be watching her in Malibu, California, while I sip my morning cappuccino, manipulating her image for my highlight reel. I feel like I'm in the old Sixties movie *Jason and the Argonauts*, in which Zeus and Hera survey the little humans below them through a heavenly pool of water that looks, oddly enough, like a TV screen.

ONE PRODUCER WATCHED THE VIOLENCE ON-SCREEN. "TOO BAD WE CAN'T USE THAT FOOTAGE," HE SAID. IT WAS TOO MUCH REALITY FOR REALITY-BASED TV

And there is a skinny, mentally disturbed redhead who took in a boyfriend because she was lonely and friendless. Unknown to her, he is selling heroin out of her apartment. But in the eyes of the law she is considered an accomplice. When the cops interrogate her, all she can say about her boyfriend is, "I love him. I took him in because I love him. He's a little bit retarded or something. I took him in." Later she breaks down sobbing. She is terrified that her father will throw her into a mental institution. "I need love. Can't you understand that?" she cries to the policeman who is trying to explain to her why they are arresting her boyfriend. "I need love. That's all I need, sir."

There are, too, the hapless Hispanic families living in poverty, stashing marijuana behind tapestries of the Virgin Mary and selling it to some of the same white middle-class couch potatoes who watch reality-based cop shows. There are the emotionally disturbed, unemployed Vietnam veterans selling liquid morphine because their SSI checks aren't enough to cover the rent. And there are AIDS patients who get busted,

their dwellings ransacked, for smoking small quantities of pot to alleviate the side effects of their medication.

In our office the stories of people like these collect dust on shelves stacked with *Hollywood Reporters*, cast aside because they are too dark, too much like real life. I feel overwhelmed by my ability to freeze-frame their images in time-coded close-ups. I can peer into their private lives with the precision of a lab technician, replaying painful and sordid moments. I am troubled that something of their humanity is stored indefinitely in our supervising producer's refrigerated video asylum. Some of their faces have even entered my dreamworld. This afternoon when I suggested that such unfortunates might be the real stars of our show, my boss snapped, "You empathize with the wrong people."

SEPTEMBER 28, 1992

This morning I realized that watching hour after hour of vice has begun to affect me. After a raid, when the detectives begin to search for drugs, money, and weapons while our cameras keep rolling, I find myself watching with the intensity of a child foraging through a grassy backyard for an exquisitely luminous Easter egg. The camera moves through rooms of the unknown suspect as the detectives poke through bedrooms with overturned mattresses and rumpled, stained sheets, through underwear drawers and soiled hampers; into the dewy, tiled grottoes of bathrooms, past soap-streaked shower doors and odd hairs stuck to bathtub walls, clattering through rows of bottles, creams, tubes, and toothbrushes, their bristles splayed with wear. The exploration continues in kitchens, past half-eaten meals, where forks were dropped in surprise moments earlier, past grime-laden refrigerators and grease-pitted ovens, past cats hunched frozen in shock, and onward, sometimes past the body of a dog that has recently been shot by the police, now stiffening in the first moments of rigor mortis.

THE VIEWERS WON'T SEE THE PROSTITUTES—DISHEVELED, SHOCKED, SOBBING—TELLING THEIR STORIES TO THE AMUSED OFFICERS AND PRODUCERS

In the midst of this disarray the police sometimes find what they are so frantically looking for: abundant stacks of $100 bills stuffed in boots, behind secret panels and trap doors; heroin vials sealed in jars of cornmeal stashed in the dank corners of ant-infested cupboards; white powders in plastic Baggies concealed behind moldy bookshelves; discarded hypodermic needles in empty, economy-size laundry-detergent boxes; and thin, spindly marijuana plants blooming in tomato gardens and poppy fields. And, finally, on a lucky day, the guns: the magnums, automatics, shotguns, machine guns, and, in one case s- sault rifles leaned against walls, their ba l pointed upward.

I feel as though my brain is lined with a s tum of images of human debris. Sitting at h in my small bungalow, I have begun to wo what lurks behind the goodwill of my neigh gestures, what they are doing behind their p es and patios.

SEPTEMBER 30, 1

Today was stock-footage day. I spent ten h finding, cutting, and filing still-shots of sem tomatic rifles and hypodermic needles. I am s ing to notice signs that I am dispirited and re I spend long moments mulling over camera s of unknown faces. Today I took my lunch b on the Malibu pier, where I sat transfixed b glassy swells, the kelp beds, and minnows u the jetty. I know I can't go on much longer. I need to pay the rent.

OCTOBER 1, 1

I've just worked through a series of vide the Las Vegas vice squad as they go on a titute rampage with our cameramen and ducers. Pulling down all-nighters in ch motel rooms, the detectives go undercover a camera crew, our producers, and some o detectives sit in an adjacent room, watc the live action through a hidden camera. essentially, a voyeur's paradise, and definite rated. The undercover cops' trick is to ge call girls into a position where they are cl about to accept money for sexual acts. The goes something like this: "Hi, I'm John. Me my buddies here are passing through t Thought you gals might be able to show good time . . ."

"What did you have in mind?" they ask. detectives respond with the usual request blow jobs. Maybe the undercover cops as girls to do a little dancing before getting do real business. They sit back and enjoy the s Sometimes they even strip, get into the m vibrating, king-size bed, and wait for jus right incriminating moment before the c door bursts open and the unsuspecting wom overwhelmed by a swarm of detectives and eramen.

"He's my boyfriend!" many insist as they y terically scramble for their clothes.

"What's his name?" the cops respond they snap on the cuffs.

"Bill. Bob. Uh, John . . ."

It doesn't matter. The police get their sus The camera crew gets its footage. The can keep on rolling. And what I see, what the er will never see, is the women—dishev shocked, their clothes still scattered on

carpets—telling their stories to the amused
rs and producers. Some of them sob un-
ollably. Three kids at home. An ex who
: paid child support in five years. Welfare.
stamps. Some are so entrenched in the
of poverty and pimps that they are com-
y numb, fearing only the retribution they'll
if their pimps get busted as a result of
cooperation with the cops. Others work a
to-five job during the day that barely pays
ent and then become prostitutes at night
t food on the table. Though their faces
tigued, they still manage a certain digni-
ney look, in fact, very much like the girl
door.

n't help but see how each piece of the dra-
s neatly into the other: one woman's mis-
another man's pleasure; one man's pleasure
ther man's crime; one man's crime is another
beat; one man's beat is another man's TV
And all of these pieces of the drama become
ig paycheck for the executive producer.

OCTOBER 5, 1992

day the executive producer—in the flesh,
n tape—walked into the office and smiled
. I smiled back. But I was thinking: one
move and I'll blow your head off.

OCTOBER 9, 1992

would seem that there could not be any fur-
strangeness to everything that I've seen,
n fact, there is: almost all of the suspects we
including the prostitutes, sign releases per-
ng us to put them on TV. Why would they
lly want to be on TV even when they've
, literally, caught with their pants down?
d it be because of TV's ability to seeming-
e a nobody a certain fleeting, cheap celebri-
)r is it that only by participating in the
reality of TV can these people feel *more*
more alive? I asked around to understand
the release process happens.

ually a production coordinator—an aspir-
TV producer fresh out of college—is as-
d the task of pushing the legal release into
aces of overwhelmed and tightly cuffed sus-
who are often at such peak stress levels that
can't recognize their own faces on their
r's licenses. "We'll show your side of the
," the production coordinator might say.
etimes it is the police themselves who ask
le to sign, suggesting that the cameras are
of a training film and that signing the form
e least of their present concerns. And to
ne in such a situation this seems plausible,
the entire camera crew is outfitted with po-
jackets, including the executive producer,
with his "belt badge," could easily be mis-
n for a cop in civilian attire. And, clearly,
many of those arrested feel that signing anything will help them in court. In the rare event that a suspect is reluctant to sign the release, especially when his or her case might make for a good show, the *American Detective* officials offer money; but more frequently, it seems, the suspect signing the release form simply doesn't adequately read or speak English. Whatever the underlying motive, almost all of the arrested "criminals" willingly sign their releases, and thus are poised—consciously or not—to participate in their own degradation before the American viewing public.

OCTOBER 16, 1992

Today I saw something that convinced me I may be lost in this netherworld of videotape; I did, finally, get a homicide. The victim lived in Oregon and planned to save up to attend Reed College. She was a stripper who dabbled in prostitution to make ends meet. On the tape the cops find her on her bed clutching a stuffed animal, her skull bludgeoned open with a baseball bat. A stream of blood stains the wall in a red arc, marking her descent just three hours earlier.

The guy who killed her was a neighbor—blond, blue-eyed, wore a baseball cap, the kind of guy you'd imagine as the head of a Little League team, or a swim coach. He has that particularly American blend of affability, eagerness, and naiveté. When the cops ask him why he bludgeoned her repeatedly after clubbing her unconscious with the first stroke, he replies, "I don't know. I don't really know."

She was Asian, but you would never have known it from what was left of her. What one sees on the tape is that bloody red stain on the wall. We never know why he killed her. We never really know who she was. But it doesn't really matter. She is "just another prostitute." And she will be very good for the show's ratings.

OCTOBER 19, 1992

This morning I explained my feelings to my boss. I said I "didn't feel good" about the work and had decided to quit. He understood, he said, for he'd once had certain ideals but had eventually resigned himself to the job.

Before departing, I asked a colleague if he was affected by the grief and vice on our monitors. "They're only characters to me," he replied. I noted this quietly to myself, and, with barely a good-bye to my other co-conspirators, I slipped out of the *American Detective* offices into the noon blaze of the California sun, hoping to recover what it is I've lost.

Editors' Note: American Detective *was canceled last summer by ABC, despite good ratings.*

CAN AN APE TELL A JOKE?

Learning from a Las Vegas orangutan act

By Vicki Hearne

W. H. Auden wrote that poetry survives in those places where "executives would never want to tamper." Similarly, the knowledge of animals survives in places where academics would never want to tamper, even now that many of them have added their voices to the babble that presently obscures the reality of animals. It survives in the circus, eerily revealed by Mark Twain as a place where truth is guarded by scams—by what most would consider tawdry but which Huckleberry Finn embraced as "gaudy." It lives in the shabbier parts of public parks where dog-obedience classes are conducted. And it lives at the racetrack, where the beauty of the horses, glowing as though each were the darling of the infinite god of detail, stands in sharp contrast to the gray faces of the gamblers.



But perhaps the least likely place one would expect to find deep knowledge about animals is in a trained-orangutan act on a Las Vegas stage—specifically, in the act performed for many years by Bobby Berosini and his five orangutans at the Stardust Hotel and Casino. I first saw Bobby Berosini's Vegas act three years ago, shortly after he received an unwelcome dose of national celebrity. Now that I've spent a week with him and his orangutans, and watched a dozen of his performances, I'm convinced that he deserves his celebrity, though not for the reasons he has come by it.

I would not ordinarily have ventured to Las Vegas to watch a trained-orangutan show, but Bobby Berosini, who immigrated to the United States from his native Czechoslovakia in 1964, is no ordinary animal trainer. I had heard he won numerous coveted awards for his act, and that he had probably done more with orangutans—famously difficult animals to train—than any trainer ever had. But this was not the reason for his sudden notoriety. He had been accused in 1990 of abusing his orangutans by, among others, People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals. This in itself was not unusual: these days animal trainers are regularly attacked by animal-rights activists. What was unusual in this case was that the trainer had fought back, suing PETA for defamation and invasion of privacy. And, most unusual of all, he had won his case: after a five-week trial in which Berosini brought his orangutans into court, a jury found PETA, along with several individual activists, guilty of "reckless disregard of the truth" and awarded Berosini $3.1 million in damages. (The judgment is currently under appeal.)

Vicki Hearne is an animal trainer, a contributing editor to Harper's Magazine, *and the author of* Animal Happiness, *which HarperCollins will publish in January. Her last essay for* Harper's, *"What's Wrong with Animal Rights," appeared in the September 1991 issue.*

Photograph by Tr

ɔsini did not sue for harassment, ıile I was in Las Vegas his Aus- ı-born wife, Joan, described to e harrowing experience of re- g repeated death threats against elves and their animals in the e of the night; of spending six ıs living with armed security twenty-four hours a day; and of forced to shop at a different su- rket each day, since some of the s had detailed plans to poison angs' food. (Many animal-rights ɜts believe that wild animals are off dead than confined in any y humans.) Even today, the ha- ɛnt continues: when Berosini re- moved his act to the Five Star ɛre in Branson, Missouri, the picketers followed.

d as some of these tactics were, ıarges against Bobby Berosini ıot ones that could be summar- missed. PETA had circulated a ɛape, made surreptitiously back- by a Stardust dancer, that pur- d to document the abuse. The which was broadcast on *Enter- ɛnt Tonight*, is of extremely poor y, but it appears to show Berosi- l his assistants on about a half- occasions preparing the animals ɔnstage. In each instance one of ɛangutans—it's hard to tell, but ɔks like the same orang each —seems to act up and is then tened, shaken, or struck by ini with a wand or baton of some

nne Roush, then PETA's direc- research and investigations, and f the losing defendants, charged he orangs were routinely beaten ubmission right before going on- Berosini said that, on each of the ions videotaped, he had had to ɛt the orangutan backstage be- a dancer was making sounds of ssed animals to rile the orang- . Before I got to Las Vegas, it was ssible to sort out who was telling uth, so I decided not to pay too ı attention to what was being ɔn either side.

hat I would pay attention to, I ed, was what I saw myself—and , as an animal trainer, I know ɛ animals. I know, for example, he "correction" of an animal in ng is an intricate and poorly understood subject. Properly applied at the right moment, a correction will cause the animal to stop aggressive behavior and perform happily and well. But a correction that expresses the trainer's anger, impatience, or fear, or that is applied when the animal is honestly confused rather than disobedient, will leave the animal unable to perform. Since no one had said that the orangs muffed their performances after the corrections we see on the tape, I can only assume that Berosini was using good judgment.

I assume this also from the uncontested fact that the animals were performing live, twice a night, six nights a week, at liberty—that is, without any physical restraint on an unguarded stage. Roger Fouts, a primatologist who testified in another performing-ape case, has said that "you can get anyone to do anything if you beat them," but, in fact, this is not so. You can perhaps accomplish a fair amount by beating an animal or person who cannot escape (though you can't thereby engage the victim's higher faculties), but not if you beat an animal or person you then leave at liberty.

> THE KNOWLEDGE ANIMAL TRAINERS HAVE MAY POINT TO WAYS TO ESCAPE OUR AGE'S VIOLENCE AND SENTIMENTALITY TOWARD THE NON-HUMAN WORLD

These thoughts occurred to me before I had had a chance to watch Berosini work, so I came to Las Vegas prepared to doubt PETA's charges. And after spending a week with Berosini, watching twelve performances and joining him backstage before several of them, I saw nothing to make me think he was a cruel or phony trainer—no thumps, no fists. (Could Berosini have acted differently while I was around? Possibly, but any trainer who behaves differently in public than in private will soon lose the respect of his animals.)

What I did see, there amid the Vegas glitz and against the ugly backdrop of this furious animal-rights battle, was mastery, and even a kind of miracle. Berosini and his orangs are, to be sure, masters of much that is gaudy—his act is a half hour of animal slapstick and off-color skits sandwiched between the usual Vegas dancing girls and boys; the orangs wear shorts and funny hats and make obscene gestures to the audience. But Bobby Berosini and his orangs are masters of something else as well—of the miracle that was unavailable to Job, who, as the voice in the whirlwind thunderously reminded him, could not engage the wild animals in any fruitful, cooperative enterprise. Bobby Berosini can.

As well as being a gifted trainer, Berosini is a gifted comedian, though by his reckoning he is not the only comedian on the Stardust stage. When I asked him, between shows in the Stardust's coffee shop, what motivates his orangs to work, he said to me, passionately, "We are comedians. *We* are comedians. Do you understand me?"

Comedians? Orangutans? This is not a reasonable remark, from the point of view of either popular or institutionally sanctioned knowledge about animals. If, as many human-rights activists and academics believe, animals are capable of feeling and suffering but not of elaborate intentions and creative thought, then Berosini's orangs *must* be beaten into submission, since food rewards would not be powerful enough to motivate their complex actions. Besides, animals could not possibly know the mood or muse of comedy. They lack the conceptual apparatus to handle the mischievous shifts in meaning required for jokes.

When Berosini told me that his orangutans are comedians, I nodded my head vigorously; the enchantment of the act had not worn off. But what does it mean to say of an animal that he or she is a comedian? This question leads back onstage, to the act itself, and to the sorts of questions Berosini and his orangs toss about, invert, capsize, and rescue, only to turn them on their head, time and time again.

The running theme of the act is "How I Train Them." Berosini keeps saying, to the audience, "People ask

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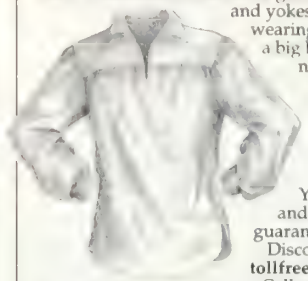
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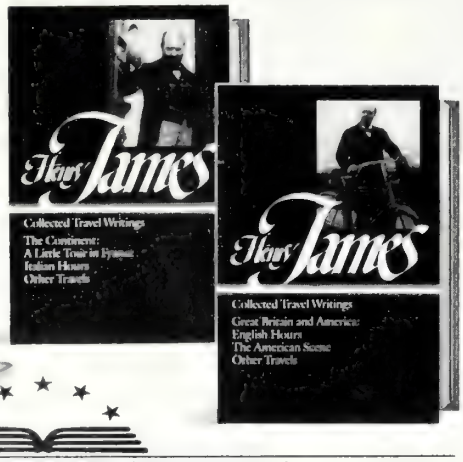
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me how I get them to do thing
"People ask me how I train th
and then he supplies different
swers." At one point the answ
"You have to show them who is
He brings Rusty out to show hin
is boss, and Rusty not only refu
jump onto the stool provided f
purpose but tricks his trainer int
ing so by pretending incompr
sion until Berosini finally
onstrates, jumping onto the stool
self. Once Berosini has duti
jumped, Rusty invites the aud
to applaud.

Berosini goes on to mock muc
entific and popular wisdom abo
erant conditioning—training
relies more on the carrot than c
stick—by demonstrating ho
doesn't need to train the orang
at all because "I have magic
cookies." A fast and lively sla
round results from his failed att
to get Bo to eat a cookie; the c
is juggled, spit into the audience
den, fed to Berosini, but never
by the orangutan.

Then there is yet another var
on the theme: "People ask me
train them. The truth is, I do no
to train them, because I just me
ize them." Bo is then asked to
forward and be a hypnotic su
There is much crooning of "Y
getting very, very sleepy." Bo
her shoulders, stands more and
still, and—wonder of wond
closes her eyes. Pleased wit
trance, the "trainer" whispers,
you asleep?" All of a sudden Bo
outrageously, nods her head vig
ly, and then immediately droop
into her "mesmerized" posture
joke, again, is on Berosini—or,
on the Berosini character, wh
course, stands for the audienc
for our overblown ideas about
perior intelligence an
ity to control the wo

As Berosini explains whe
offstage, the way he trains is no
ditional," in that he does not
his animals "tricks" but rather
es them through the flow of th
telligence interacting with h
explains that whereas a suggesti
a move or gesture or gag often
nates with him, it is just as lik

om the orangutan; the trainer
: as adept at picking up cues
e animals as they are at pick-
ues from him. And orangutans
l this kind of handling. "I do
ı them to do what I know how
he told me, "because you just
do that. It doesn't work!" Ac-
(to Berosini, orangutans are
dest of all the apes to teach a
because they are so self-con-
so mentally poised. The same
expressed in scholarly litera-
orangs with reference to their
lack of social interaction in
l. Unlike most other apes, they
dependent on social support
proval, which vastly compli-
ıe training relationship. An
:an is irredeemably his or her
rson—"the most poetic of the
s primate researcher Lyn Miles
ld me.
s had in mind the difference
:n orangutans and chimps.
s are much admired for their
cools and their problem-solv-
ıtionship with things as they
em. A chimp looks inferential,
ous, and ever so active while
he various IQ tests that science
s him with—a hexagonal peg,
d several holes of different
only one of them hexagonal.
he chimp shows his tremen-
itiative right away, holding the
s way and that, trying out this,
nd the other hole; this, that,
e other angle. He *experiments*,
lled with the inventor's work
ıe tries, essays, tests, probes, he
of the integrity of logic, or if
ic then at least something very
:an: he is so enterprising, so re-
ul.
: your orangutan the hexagonal
d the several different holes,
:hind the two-way mirror, and
how he engages the problem.
atch and watch and watch—
e he will not engage the prob-
le uses the peg to scratch his
ıas a look-see at his right wrist,
a halfhearted and soon aban-
attempt to use his fur for a
né project, stares dreamily out
ıdow if there is one and at noth-
particular if there is not, and the
gins to set. (The sun will also set
ıre observing a chimp, but the

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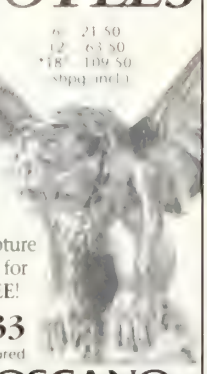
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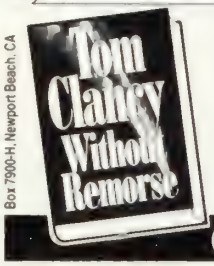
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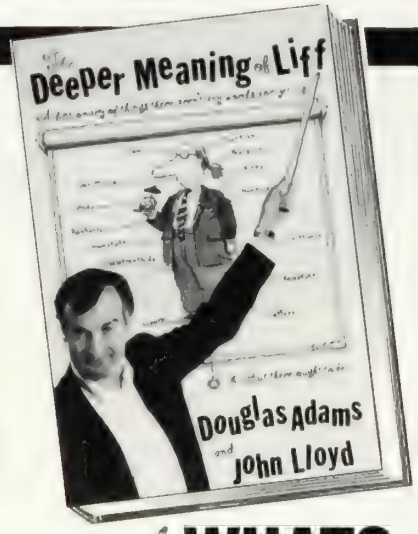
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1. **winster (WIN-ster) n.** One who is mistakenly under the impression that he is charming
2. **scronkey (SKRON-kee) n.** Something that hits the window as a result of a violent sneeze
3. **Low Ardwello (LOH ard-WEL-low) n.** Seductive remark made hopefully in the back of a taxi

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chimp is a lot busier, so you a
likely to mark the moment
notes. An orangutan observe
plenty of time to be a student
varieties of sunset.) You watch
the orang dreams, and your not
haps consist of nothing more
memoranda on the behavior
clock, when casually, and as if
ing of something else, the oran
slips the hexagonal peg int
hexagonal hole. And continue
ing off dreamily.

Professor Miles says that th
of behavior contradicts the trad
al finding that orangs are dumbe
chimps. It is rather, she says
chimps are problem-oriented w
orangs are insight-oriented, the
ers and visionaries of the world
great apes. Which is all well and
but how do you entertain five
dred people for half an hour t
night, every night, six nights a
for seven years, with animals
forte is meditation, animals w
not do tricks? It's like trying to
tain a Las Vegas audience wit
performing poets.

In the wild, too, orangs hav
provided ethologists with the
orous behaviors that, say,
Goodall's chimps have given
found no reports of orangs doin
thing like the equivalent of fashi
special sticks to fish for termites,
stance. Orang observers inste
port such exciting phenomena
"fruit stare," which some people
a function of the difficulty orang
have foraging for food in the
Orangutans need to develop th
stare because trees can be coy
when, where, and how much
fruit, and the fruit is often hid
the canopy of leaves. The fruit s
an expression of reverie, but
reverie directed outward rathe
inward—"like thinking with
eyes," naturalist Sy Montgome
said. "That's why they are so sp
out."

But all this only explains why
are not many orangutan acts i
world and not how Bobby Be
manages to put on an orangut
night after night.

What Berosini says, again
again, is, "We are comedians. D
understand me? Do you realize v

ling you? We are comedians,
ngs and I." His voice is urgent
it not frantic the way it is when
and the charges of abuse and
assment are the topic. The act,
lains, is a collaboration: "Rusty
ve an idea for a gag, and maybe
like his idea, but often I do, so
my gag aside and accept his
maybe I sometimes insist that
do it the other way. Or maybe
sists that the old way was fun-
nd then I have to laugh at my-
I accept what she says. She has
ny ideas as I do. She is an old
igner, Tiga, she knows what she
g."
nd the act screamingly funny,
ly because the timing is so good
cause the content is so intelli-
ven if the orang humor can be
oarse. There are, for instance,
ny sardonic jokes about "mon-
and "monkey business." These
es about the audience, about
nity's ignorance about its fellow
es, because, of course, orangs
monkeys—they are, along with
s, gorillas, and humans, great
but this is the sort of detail peo-
nsistently get wrong. One wit-
n another performing-ape
versy told me a story about a
eper and an animal he referred
some sort of monkey." I pressed
over what sort, and he said, "It
't matter. They're all monkeys,
they?"
ll, no, they are not, and it does
, especially when you are claim-
speak with authority about the
ls in question. I've listened to
pologist Daniel Povinelli hold
passionately about the impor-
of understanding the differences
nly between monkeys and apes
so between different species of
nd different species of monkey.
ys that there are pronounced
nological differences between
eys and apes, and also pro-
ed psychological differences:
apes are doing something dif-
." For Povinelli, it is almost as
l a mistake to confuse monkeys
apes as it would be to confuse
ants with pigs or wolves with
n retrievers. "Evolution would
possible without difference,"
elli points out. "There can hard-

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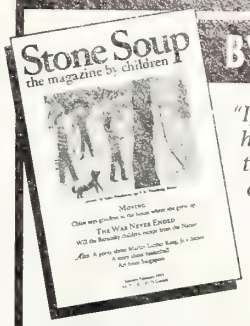
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ly be anything more fundamenta
recognizing, studying, and appr
ing the enormous differences, pe
cially the psychological differe
among different animals."

Povinelli and Berosini are ve
ferent people, with very differe
lationships to animals, but they
in common a passionate belie
the details about an animal, wh
psychological or morphologic
not merely pedantic decoration
should compel our respect. Be
is a performer and Povinelli is
entist, so they would probably d
about what counts as a violati
this code, but they meet in ins
that there is such a code and t
matters. Indeed, when I told Po
h that in his act Berosini calls h
imals "monkeys" and make
attempt to correct himself, h
somewhat shocked and not en
reassured by my explanation
dark comic irony of the usage.

Berosini, however, is nothing
canny; it means something wh
monkeys around. When Bo noc
head vigorously or applauds his
when he makes a "monkey" joke,
is a sophisticated edge here, a
physicist were joking around by
ring the difference between an
and a molecule.

You have to know a great deal
than the bulk of the audience k
or cares to know, about animal
the politics of animals in order t
the sardonic implications in the
eration of the "just monkeys
These darker jibes ride on the
of traditional slapstick, but the
are, as perhaps true slapstick a
is, constructed both from and
our intellectual ineptitude and h
every time one of the orangs m
"monkey" out of Berosini, the j
on us. Our brutishness and our
lectual incompetence are one.

But the act is comedy, true co
and not merely a collection of
and sardonic jokes. The orang
the audience and humanity its
represented by the character Be
portrays, are redeemed in the e
part by the sheer quicksilver bea
the timing. When the audience la
at times with true joy, a joy free o
ice, it is, after all, humanity that
ing celebrated, since the abil

without malice at one's own fail-
and to see in those failings one's
ction with everyone else in the
, a connection made through
ter—is no mean ethical feat.
erosini's act can be said to have
verriding theme, it is training—
nce—itself. "Obedience" comes
an old French word that means
ar" or "to heed," "to pay atten-
o." The great trainers of every
f animal, from parakeet to dog
phant, have said for millennia
ou cannot get an animal to heed
nless you heed the animal; obe-
e in this sense is a symmetrical
onship. In a given instance it
tart with the human, who per-
says to the dog, "Joe, sit!" Soon,
ver, the dog will take the com-
and turn it, use it to respond, to
mething back. The dog might,
xample, take to sitting in a
tly fashion when one gets out a
bell, as if to say: "Yes, that's it,
o!" It is at this moment that true
ng with any species, including
ns, either begins or fails. If the
n obeys, hears, heeds, responds
at the animal is now saying, then
ng begins. If the human "drops"
imal at this point, not realizing
he task has only begun, then the
r orangutan will disobey.
imals, like people, are motivat-
many ways. Berosini's orangs are
vated offstage in the same way
appear to be motivated onstage:
they make a gesture, they get a
nse. Their trainer obeys them,
s they are committing mayhem.
ntelligent responsiveness of an-
is for us one of the most deeply
tive things about them, not on-
cause we are a lonesome and
tened tribe but because intelli-
responsiveness is a central, abid-
ood. The intelligent respon-
ess of trainers, which some of
call respect, is what makes train-
tractive to animals, and may be
hole of the secret of "having a
with animals."
the comic mismatch between
Berosini character's ideas about
rangs and the nature of the
gs themselves as they triumph
nually over the would-be lordly
ier," our fond hopes are mocked,
ot cruelly. The world, which is to

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What are the facts?

The Background of the Boycott. The Arab states try to make the world believe that their hostility toward Israel is based on Israel's "occupation" of "Arab lands", which came under Israeli administration as a result of the 1967 Six-Day War. But the Arab boycott of Israel goes back even further—to 1946, two years before the state of Israel even existed.

How the Boycott works. The boycott works on several levels. The *primary boycott* prohibits Arab people and Arab states to do any business—with and in Israel. The *secondary boycott* attempts to prevent businesses anywhere in the world from any economic activity with Israel and threatening them with economic retaliation if they do not conform. It is a very potent weapon, since most countries and most businesses are well aware that the large Arab market and its enormous oil wealth make it most unattractive to get into the bad graces of the Arabs. Little consideration is given to the fact that the boycott is a gross violation of international law. The U.S. is the one shining exception to the almost universal acceptance of this economic blackmail. There is also the *tertiary boycott* that punishes firms that deal with blacklisted businesses. And perhaps the most damaging aspect is the so-called *"voluntary boycott"*, by which companies, and in some cases entire countries, refrain pre-emptively from doing business with Israel in order to avoid retaliation by the Arabs.

The boycott also applies to international shipping, aviation and tourism: Most ships and airplanes calling on Israel are barred from Arab ports; airplanes enroute to and from Israel cannot overfly Arab countries. Israelis or any travelers with Israeli visas in their passports may not enter most Arab countries.

The Arab Boycott Office maintains a blacklist, which at last count included over 6,300 entries in 96 countries. In the United States alone, over 12,000 firms each year receive requests from Arab firms for boycott compliance. In Europe and Asia, where, in contrast to the United States, boycott compliance is usually legal, the numbers are probably much higher.

> "The Arab boycott is undisguised economic warfare against the state of Israel. It is totally unrelated to any territorial dispute the Arabs may have with Israel."

The Cost of the Boycott to Israel. The primary damage of the boycott to the Israeli economy is that it prevents or considerably hampers investments in the country. That loss is estimated to be on the order of $500 to $600 million per year. The loss of potential trade with the Arab countries alone is on the order of over $500 million per year. Because of the boycott, Israel's commercial exports are at least 10% less than they would otherwise be—a loss of about $1.2 billion per year!

The Arab boycott is undisguised economic warfare against Israel. The boycott is totally unrelated to any territorial dispute the Arabs may have with Israel, since the boycott started over twenty years before any such territories came under Israeli administration. Its purpose is the strangulation of Israel—to achieve by economic means what the Arabs, despite many tries, have been unable to achieve by military means. But the greatest losers of the boycott may well be the Arabs themselves. Blinded by their hatred of Israel they have prevented the Middle East from becoming an area of growth and prosperity exceeding even the Asian Pacific Rim countries. Rescinding the almost 50-year old boycott would be an encouraging signal to the world and to the Israeli public. Their not bringing even such a gesture does give a clue that the intentions of the Arabs are not peaceful and that Israel is justified in proceeding with greatest caution in any peace negotiations.

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say the human project, is in tr
but within the tiny world of Be
act a way is found, even if it is
bling, awkward way, to true
siveness between ourselve
animals. Even the audience ge
sponse, as when Rusty invite
applaud Berosini or when Tiga g
audience member one of her
orang cookies," and does so
though without a hint of subser

Berosini also gets laughs by
ing the character of the orangs—
onstage character has a drinkin
lem and loose morals—but the
I Train Them" series of gags
most intellectually satisfying
the act. Interestingly, Bo's simu
of the hypnotic trance is a play
sort of spacy consciousness eth
have observed in orangutans. T
the same dreaminess, the tranc
frames the unpredictable mom
alert intelligence. Bo's eyes are
but otherwise she seems to be
ing the fruit stare in much the
way that a dressage horse—
highly educated that we say he
"dances"—imitates, with some
ations, the postures and gestur
horse in "nature."

The radical claim being mad
is that the animals are "referri
or at least imitating, these ge
deliberately, with some sense—
precisely our sense—of the mea
what they are doing. Berosini sa
Bo is in on the joke, or at le
some joke, and that it is her in
and pleasure in such monk
around that make it possible f
to work with her as he does. T
speculative, of course, but it co
argued that Berosini's is a more
monious explanation than an
nation based on conditioning
be. Indeed, it's questionable wh
any model of conditioning, ho
elaborate, can explain behavi
complex, particularly since ever
formance the act changes, with
Berosini and the orangs offerin
provisations. Talk of condition
sponses may be helpful in u
standing part of a trained anima
velopment (or, for that mat
dancer's or a poet's or an actor'
philosopher's), but animal p
mance at this level makes more
when viewed as rudimentary e

at least one primeval artistic
—the impulse to play with
rance-breaking grin is won-
imed, a case of high slapstick,
an be such a thing; it is also,
least, an eerie instant of rev-
n which I see something fair-
in Berosini's claim that his
re comedians. But how might
animal joke come about? Let's
you are teaching the animal
nesmerized," and the animal
eously adds the mischievous
grin. This is a joke about
control, though not neces-
joke about hypnosis. You ac-
e move and ask for it on
next time, and it becomes
he routine. The animal offers
neously at first, and then con-
ith it, perhaps for the same
e repeat a phrase or a joke—
it felt so delicious the first

ini's act gives the orangs a
view, one that I find credible
nimal point of view, and it
ir intelligence pride of place,
ner clever disobedience acts in
lition—an ancient tradition
ack to the Greeks, in which
n, or apparently lowly char-
iumphs over the apparently
haracter through wit, aware-
ickness of perception. (The
on gives us our word "irony.")
is and movie tradition, the
niliar form of such comedy is
bedient-dog act, in which the
character attempts to induce
s to display loyalty, nobility,
ing service; instead, they trip
ner, disgrace the legacy of Rin
by stealing a purse from an au-
member, "bite" the trainer,
on.
not Lassie and Rin Tin Tin
ves who are mocked by the
lient-dog act but rather our
f-serving ideas of the selfless-
dogs, such as the pious notion
gs "want to please" and work
e of the handler." Berosini's
work with this sort of materi-
lerfully, displaying their intel-
against the backdrop of our
their debasement.
rosini's comedy is somewhat
d sharp-edged when you take a

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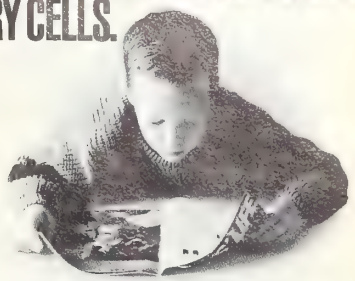
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close look at it, that may be in part because of the tradition of comedy he inherits as a Czech, a tradition that has had to learn, over and over again, how to ensure the survival of intelligence in forms that escape the more violent scrutiny of various regimes. At any rate, the act I saw is one kind of shield for the mind, one kind of comic courage by means of which sanity survives amid social and political darkness.

One of Berosini's most famous monkey jokes occurred in court. During my stay in Las Vegas shortly after the 1990 trial, I heard it at least two dozen times. At one point during Berosini's testimony, PETA's lawyer asked him to tell the audience how he taught Bo to give the finger. He replied, "I'll give you a demonstration of how to give the finger if you want." This is just the way his orangs perform in his act, ragging him, continually foiling him with impudence, back talk, irreverence, impiety. And they give him the finger. In one way or another, most animals do give their trainers the finger—a great deal of animal humor is coarse, to put it mildly. I have long suspected that the real reason it was for so long heresy, an excommunicable offense, to say that animals have souls is that if you say they have souls, then their jokes and comments have meaning, and no bureaucratic or ecclesiastical or philanthropic dignity can survive animal vaudeville.

Joan Berosini told me that one juror, who asked to remain anonymous, said after the case was over, "It would be abuse to take the orangs away from Bobby." Is there anything to this, anything that can be understood without elevating Berosini to Patron Saint of Apes—a position that would destroy his comic art and that is, in any case, already held by Jane Goodall? Or, to turn the question around, what is the source of the improbable idea that the act's flow and liveliness and energy could possibly be achieved by beatings?

I do not think that the orangs mean their antics the way the audience interprets them. But I do think they mean *something* by them, and that they are motivated to stay onstage, rather than run loose in the audience, not by terror—which is a poor motivator—but by an interest in what [illegible] doing.

So what *do* they mean, [illegible] they doing? I am convinced t[illegible] animals—quite a few Aire[illegible] example, and also Border co[illegible] interested, and take pleasure, [illegible] thing like the grammar of g[illegible] self, much as a dancer doe[illegible] dog in the field intends to re[illegible] bird; the same dog cantering [illegible] ter a dumbbell in an obedi[illegible] "means" only that moveme[illegible] the retrieving of a bird, but t[illegible] ous gestures of retrieving. A L[illegible] means not to display himse[illegible] mares (which is what his m[illegible] would mean in "nature") but t[illegible] tention to the grandeur and [illegible] of the display. These gesture[illegible] metaphors, second inheritanc[illegible] ture, in the same way poetry [illegible] ond inheritance of language [illegible] any of this—or poetry or d[illegible] that matter—"play," as some [illegible] to do, misses the point; it is w[illegible] is as serious as play, to borrow [illegible] from the poet John Holland [illegible] work is the highest use and pl[illegible] the mind, and orangutans pl[illegible] have minds. The mind may [illegible] satisfied in the wild, where t[illegible] itive problems of survival ov[illegible] other impulses, but if the otl[illegible] apes are as close to us psych[illegible] ly as some people claim a[illegible] minds, then it is a good f[illegible] minds to develop.

And yet training in and [illegible] apart from questions of abus[illegible] people uneasy. In medieval t[illegible] clesiasts believed that trained [illegible] had devils in them—that danc[illegible] were dancing satanically. In [illegible] the idea of the "unnatural" a[illegible] placed the idea of the demonic [illegible] some it does not matter wh[illegible] not animals are abused, sinc[illegible] ing and training them is its [illegible] natural" or "ethologicall[illegible] propriate," as though it were [illegible] ral to develop the mind. Th[illegible] the contemporary horror of t[illegible] natural" infects visions of life [illegible] mestic animals as well, [illegible] possibility of the hearth—by [illegible] mean a place where the hum[illegible] animal may sit side by side—[illegible] more likely to be denied when [illegible] imals are in question.

inly you cannot have the same
ship with a wolf as with a dog,
oes not follow from this that
n be *no* relationship. Today, at
vhen the habitats of wild ani-
e rapidly disappearing, the
f this relationship need to be
ted, not abjured. We need to
hat we can from Berosini and
rainers—but particularly the
imal trainers—about how this
e done. A dog and her train-
horse and his trainer, do not
"meet each other halfway,"
they already share the same
pace. An orangutan and his
however, must travel some
ual distance to meet each oth-
work together. That this is pos-
hat it means that it is possible,
nplications it has for the pos-
s of mutual respect between
imals and humans—this strikes
matter of urgent importance.
is, I believe not only that the
of wild animals is acceptable
t the knowledge trainers have,
has been eschewed by science
ilosophy and the church for
nia, may contain clues to imag-
e and enlightened ways we
escape our age's violence and
entality toward the non-hu-
orld, and thereby genuinely
the burden of our responsi-
oward animals. In the Book of
e voice in the whirlwind points
at the wild goat and the uni-
d the ostrich and the warhorse
ond Job. But the orangutan is
ond Bobby Berosini, and it be-
us to understand why, to know
ere is something to understand,
at the prurient contemplation
e, so popular in a self-serving-
imental climate, will not open
tanding here. Furthermore, the
ring of irresponsible images of
nly obscures our views of the
uelties that do exist.

es Thurber, who defended the
ence of animals and animal wit
rously as anyone ever has, once
his about human wit: "The per-
bute to perfection in comedy is
mediate laughter, but a curious
stantaneous tendency of the
fill." This, I keep thinking,
ot weepy displays of ignorant
e and pity, is the tribute owed to

Berosini's orangs. But be careful your vision does not mist too much. Bo and Rusty and Tiga and Niki and Benny are quite clear-eyed. Trainers speak often of how uncannily good animals are at "reading" people, and of training as a humbling activity. That's because when you train an animal you teach yourself and the animal a "language" by means of which the animal can tell you more than you may have wanted to know about what he or she sees in looking at you. If there is a moral to the act that the orangs are in on, it is this: Be sure that when Tiga looks into your eyes she finds a clarity and amused intelligence fit to answer her own, lest she turn from you, leaving you in the foolish darkness yet again. ■

November Index Sources

1 Standard & Poor's (N.Y.C.); **2,3** Robin Wright, *Los Angeles Times* (Washington); **4** United Nations (N.Y.C.); **5** Jerusalem Media and Communications Center (Israel); **6** Center for Policy Analysis on Palestine (Washington)/U.S. Census Bureau; **7** Japanese Embassy (Washington)/U.S. Census Bureau; **8** *Far Eastern Economic Review* (Hong Kong); **9,10** U.S. Department of Labor; **11** *Harper's* research; **12,13** *U.S. News & World Report* poll (Washington); **14** *Harper's* research; **15** Estate of Theodor Geisel (San Diego); **16** Charles M. Schulz (Santa Rosa, Calif.); **17** National Federation of State High School Associations (Kansas City, Mo.); **18,19** National Collegiate Athletic Association (Overland Park, Kan.); **20** Cheryl Presley, Southern Illinois University (Carbondale); **21** National Wild Turkey Federation (Edgefield, S.C.); **22** Canuck's Sportsman's Memorial (Des Moines); **23** National Historical Mint (Boca Raton, Fla.); **24** National Archives (Washington); **25** Turner Entertainment Report (Los Angeles); **26,27** *Congressional Quarterly*/John Simons, *U.S. News & World Report* (Washington); **28** People for the American Way (Washington); **29** Louisiana Campaign Finance Office (Baton Rouge); **30** Sammy T. Crabtree (Magnolia, Ark.); **31** U.S. Rep. Tom Foley (Washington); **32** NASA (Washington); **33** U.S. Department of Agriculture; **34** National Buffalo Association (Fort Pierre, S.D.); **35** Breezy Hill Meat Company (Bowie, Texas); **36** White Castle (Columbus, Ohio); **37** Cape Cod Cranberry Growers Association (East Wareham, Mass.); **38** U.S. Department of Labor; **39** Yankelovich Partners (Westport, Conn.); **40** James River Corp. (Richmond, Va.).

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TRICK OR TREAT

By Padgett Powell

On her way to the grocery store, to which she could walk, in celebration of which she often wore lizard-skin cowboy boots and other excesses of dress for a daily trip to buy food for a family, Mrs. Hollingsworth recited, "It loves me, it loves me not. I love *it*, I love it not—" until she was interrupted by a child behind a picket fence next to the sidewalk.

"What are you talking about, lady?" This came equably from a round freckled face just above the sharpened pickets, all of which suggested briefly an uncarved, unlit pumpkin speaking to her.

"The South," Mrs. Hollingsworth said to the pumpkin face, which she presumed, not altogether comfortably, was a portrait of innocence. The child was, in fact, a portrait of insolence and had wanted to say not "What are you talking about, lady?" but "Hey, lady, how about some pussy?" For weeks he had watched her walk in costumes to and from the store and he had prodigious twelve-year-old need.

"The south?" he asked. "What's that?"

"This," Mrs. Hollingsworth said, indicating with her arm the trees and air and houses and suspiring history and ennui and corruption and meanness and bottomland and chivalric humanism and people who are smart about money and people who don't have a clue and heroism and stray pets around them.

"Have you lost your mind?" the boy asked.

Mrs. Hollingsworth, to whom the proposition was tenable, said, "Grow up," and walked on.

The child was left there in a rage of early tumescence, kicking himself for insulting the object of his waking and sleeping lusts. The back of his T-shirt, which Mrs. Hollingsworth had not seen, said JUST BLOW ME, ostensibly in promotion of a brand of bubble gum. He had had the wit not to let his parents see the shirt and knew, almost, what it meant. He had intended asking Mrs. Hollingsworth how about some pussy and then turning his back to her. It would have worked, he was sure.

The child had no way of knowing that it *would* probably have worked. Mrs. Hollingsworth had three children, one older than her suitor, and had been happily married for fifteen years, and was a good mother and wife, and was enraged about it. She would have entertained the notion of this little smart-ass pumpkin head, un Lolito. It was hysterical, she was hysterical, it was perfect. But the pumpkin head had not shown his cards.

The next time Mrs. Hollingsworth saw the child he was standing on her front stoop with a new-looking Lawn-Boy mower behind him the color of a katydid. Through the door peephole's fish-eye lens the boy looked obscenely older, his freckles the size of rain splats on concrete.

She opened the door and said, neutrally, "Yes?" and looked from e
to the mower and back to the
then up and down the boy.

"What?" he said. "My shor
looked down at his shorts, whi
cutoffs with ridiculously la
hems. In fact, she saw then, t
been sliced up from the cut ed
two inches, giving them a kin
rey-roof frill. His skinny legs h
of this frilliness like strings ther

Mrs. Hollingsworth laugh
said, "No, not your shorts."

"What, then?"

"*What* what?"

"What are you laughing at?

"I'm not laughing."

"You were too."

Mrs. Hollingsworth laughe

"See?"

She laughed some more.

"Goddamn, lady."

"What?"

"*What* what," he said, ob
mocking her.

"Goddamn what?"

"Just *goddamn*, lady."

"Okay. That's better."

The boy drew himself up, as if
mary of certain points he had bee
ing. "Do you want your lawn
When he said this, a hail of
words and images fell in his br
you want a cherry on it? Do yo
nuts on it? Do you want you
crushed? Do you want your *tits* bl
"Do you want your lawn cut?"
again, strangely almost out of b

"No," Mrs. Hollingsworth sai
you can cut it anyway." She
the door then and decided that
be the test for this little rogue: if
the lawn with no more ado, n

Padgett Powell is the author of the novels Edisto *and* A Woman Named Drown, *and* Typical, *a collection of short stories. His last stories for* Harper's Magazine, *"Texas/Kansas," appeared in the July 1990 issue. He teaches at the University of Florida, in Gainesville.*

is, no promise, he was to be
d as a significant little foul ball
in the happy proper play of her
g days.
ugh the fish-eyed peephole Mrs.
sworth watched him address
n-Boy. He took a deep breath
ced at the sky before securing
hine with his foot and pulling
. It started right up. He took the
and pressed against it, stood
ot moving, and momentarily
to wilt over the handle before
giant stride. He marched the
ne over the lawn
han she had ever
wn mower go. He
ng over the lawn,
sticks and ant beds
bursts of airborne
that was collecting
his nostrils. He was
ittle thing.
n she let him into
kyard, and he did
k or even look at
rs. Hollingsworth
ed her suspicions
e child was on a
mission. He was
d terrified.
make the lemon-
ne said.
aid, "Yes'm."
"make us some
ade," not "Would
some lemonade or
ing?" *The* lemon-
ne was thrilled by
le stage irony. The
s not himself un-
f something off. "Yes'm" was as
he had ever come in his life to
'ma'am."
n he finished the blitzkrieg of
l, he sat on the little two-seater
swing on the children's gym set
s. Hollingsworth emerged with
)n it was a hand-painted pitch-
tumblers and loose lemons as
—impractical but irresistible to
ollingsworth's sense of kitsch in
. She noted how unadult the boy
sitting where her own children
n though he was obviously con-
with adult concerns. She won-
r the first time why he was not,
hildren were, in school.
put the tray on one seat of the
It was a swinging double-

benched arbor, actually, and her plan was to sit them both on one of the benches opposite the lemonade and serve the child properly until the accidental touch, or his blurting whatever he might blurt, set the lunacy of his early need and her late fatigue in motion.

Before any of this was effected they heard the crackle of a police radio and Mrs. Hollingsworth saw, over the gate of the wooden fence through which she had let the boy, the cap and face of a police officer. He said, in a pre-



posterously deep-voiced tone of authority, "What's going on here?"

"We're having *lemonade* in the *shade*, officer," Mrs. Hollingsworth managed, attempting with her emphases—unsuccessfully, she knew—to insult the policeman.

"Who?" he said.

"Whose business—" Mrs. Hollingsworth noticed that the boy was gone. In a decimated patch of earth beside the glider there was a deep sneaker print pointed in the direction of the back fence. She could imagine a blur of surrey frill and skinny leg going over her good six-foot redwood fence. The image made her inexplicably, inordinately fond of her little charge, though suspicious of this rather simple affection for insouciance, or whatever it was that made a boy escape authority and made authority—in this case, herself—like it. She could also not help thinking, as the officer rather brazenly let himself through the gate, *sex with cops*. He came up—a shiny-shoed, flashing, noisy navy-blue binding of regulations and procedure.

"Have a look at that lawn mower, ma'am?"

Mrs. Hollingsworth gave him permission, which he did not wait for, with a wave of her hand. She was observing things she had no real time to observe. How, of late, she had begun to like the idea of losing her mind. That was the conventional expression for it, not hers. She was toying with the idea of losing herself. She did not want her mind to depart, like the whole house of one's Kansas spinning to Oz; she wanted the little craft of things that were considered *her*, that she considered her, to get loose and drift and turn just a little off-line, a keelless rowboat about 45 degrees to the current in a gentle, non-threatening high water. The officer was telling her, standing before her and mincing as if he had to go somewhere or pee, that the lawn mower had been stolen from the hardware store eight blocks away by a boy on foot.

"Get your plaster, officer."

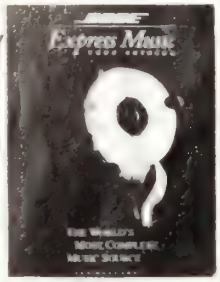
"Ma'am?"

"Here's his track."

"The alleged individual who perpetrated was in the apparel of a shirt of the variety of a T-shirt that had printed on it an obscene . . . ah, saying. Or remark." This speech endeared the officer to Mrs. Hollingsworth in a way that surprised her, but she caught herself. If she was going to have immoral affections for Lolito, she was not going to accept [illegible] cia. She had no idea what the obscene-shirt business was about. The boy had had on a clean white shirt. That was the only true thing she told

n by Karen Barbour

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Y	C	O	S	M	O	S	E	E	S	E	S	A	M	E
S	T	R	U	M	B	A	D	G	E	R	K	N	E	E
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I	C	M	O	N	A	C	A	N	C	A	N	O	L	A
F	A	I	R	A	I	T	L	C	U	R	T	A	I	N
F	L	I	M	F	L	A	M	E	N	C	O	D	E	D

NOTES FOR "LIGHTS FANTASTIC"
Note: Anagrams are indicated with an asterisk (*).

ACROSS: 1. C-L-(lik)E; 6. AC(CU)ST*-OM (rev.); 12. (t)HE-ADMAN; 15. (r)ECCE; 16. AER*-O; 17. AS(k); 19. I-DO-P reversed; 20. LEAN, two meanings; 21. PEKE, "peak"; 22. UNES reversed; 24. T(rendy) & Lit.; 26. CROP UP, pun; 28. E-E-E; 32. TENS*; 34. T(R)P; 35. ORT reversed; 36. AI(r) reversed; 37. TAN-K; 38. BILE-E; 39. SO-SO reversed; 41. MSS reversed; 43. S(mar)T; 45. D(GE)R; 46. (whis)KE(y), composite anagram; 48. T-INN; 50. PANNE(d); 53. M(ountain)-ON-A; 54. LA, two meanings; 55. FA(I)R; 56. CURT(A)-IN; 57. F(L/I)M; 58. D(r)E(a)D. DOWN: 1. CHAMP, two meanings; 2. R E LEE reversed; 3. ARS, two meanings; 4. M-O; 5. EN'N(rev.)-E-E("ES"); 6. A, two meanings; 7. CL(Q)UE; 8. CA-AES(rev.); 9. SEAL*; 10. O(CEAARI*)-A; 11. ME(AN)T; 13. DOPE, hidden; 14. V; 18. S(ingapor)E; 22. US reversed; 23. D(entist) & Lit.; 25. SE(T)E reversed; 26. C-ATTY; 27. SKIP reversed; 29. SPA, two meanings; 30. P(RACTIC*)AL; 31. HONO*; 33. R; 36. LEGAC(y); 38. B(O)TAI*; 40. SN-T(ype); 42. MEAL-IE; 43. F-FITS reversed; 44. NA; 46. (jun)KET; 47. AND, two meanings; 49. NO-RM; 50. LP reversed; 51. NR; 52. (he)AD.

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the officer about the boy.

She wondered how disru
the courtship this unfortun
dent would prove until an h
when she picked up the ph
heard a voice coming throu
sounded like a pillow say, "
This is Clyde. Rain check
lemonade," and hang up gigg
had a card on her hands and
going to have to decide if sh
was one herself. To do that, yo
look boredom in the eye an
all other considerations: your
ures contributing to your b
for example. Does God, you
ask, want us to be bored? You
that to find out if you are a car
You do not entertain highfal
tions of decadence. Just *bored*
is, to some extent, what the
operating on, that and hormo
though he didn't know it (h
the hormones, but not bor
such, yet, she figured). He
guably a little visionary, if y
the long, charitable view of
you took the short, niggardly
was a young dog with a blue st
husband came home shortly af
thoughts and Mrs. Hollingswo
the long, charitab
of the boy.

Her husband lugged h
ness-day you-wouldn't-believe
of sigh and grunts into the h
she gave him the kiss to ma
better. This kiss, on the chee
special feature: she touched t
of his neck with the back of
hand while holding his arm
biceps, with her right hand.
had originated, she suppose
having wet hands while doin
and not wanting to wet her h
But she had noticed that it w
the only way she would kiss
had become a symbol of her
faction. She thought of kiss
boy: taking his little fine-hair
with her hand and fingers up
hair, cradling the little pumpk
erly, and kissing him as ten
roughly as he seemed to suggest
and television had taught h
wanted to be kissed. She rea
dinner—meat loaf with Lipton
soup mix in it, they'd have it
er way—that her affair with th

y was as unknowable a thing
ing available to her in her life
od, and as it was ever likely to
As silly or sad as it was, it was
to regard entertaining the boy
desire as an act of survival.
husband and her children oc-
spaces at the dinner table in
idefined silhouettes, as if they
tnesses whose identities were
asked. She was not shocked by
was not that these stolid, reg-
ople she held together with
ighness and maternal Saran
were anonymous; it was that
really anonymous to them,
d been for a long time. She
one to account. It was life.
, again by the perverse charts
not anonymous to the frilly-
petty-larcenous, pumpkin-
, overheated lawn boy. Nor
would he be anonymous to
her.

denly, it seemed, as if her
g the child's head resembled
kin two weeks before had pre-
d it, Halloween was upon her,
h it distractions she found un-
g. Somehow Halloween had
o epitomize the problems in
. At the least of it there was
he called the "dick costume
which meant divining the par-
misconceptions three children
ave about what fairies and pi-
id cats were supposed to look
d then purchasing—at a cos-
ore, mind you—the exotic ef-
at would satisfy these bizarre
and then sewing . . . and it did
d, it seemed, for weeks. The
treats not factory-wrapped was
se de rigueur, but last year some-
id rented a metal detector.
Mrs. Hollingsworth saw a set of
s who did not know how to
heir Volvos very well place a
candy on a lawn and run a met-
ctor over it as if it were a bomb,
rself wanted to explode. She
d to include Halloween in her
gue of what constituted the
" . . . stray pets collected and
ed by alcoholics, unless it rains;
otive mechanical intelligence
rse proportion to dental health;
lloween."
his distraction, Mrs. Hollings-

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worth forgot about the lawn boy until he appeared again on her stoop wearing a suit and a fedora.

"Not another one," she said, referring to costumes.

"No, ma'am," the boy said, removing his hat. "It's me."

"I know it's you," Mrs. Hollingsworth said. "You think I'd have *two* boys stealing lawn mowers for me?"

"I don't know *what* you'd have, lady." He looked her in the eye. This was a fully matured something with a mouth on it, she thought, like a baby snake.

"You *ought* to have me in before they spot me." She swung open the door and swept her arm into the foyer, into which the lawn boy strode, hitching the pants of his too large suit and looking, she thought, for a place to throw the hat. She had a momentary loss of composure as Mickey Rooney as Andy Hardy crossed her mind, and she might have lost her nerve altogether had the child hung the hat on anything. But he did, instead, something rather redeeming: he went directly to the kitchen, opened the sink cabinet, and put the hat, and then the suit, which he removed, revealing the same shirt and surrey-frilled pants as before, into the trash compactor.

"That's the old man's and that's the old brother's," he said, hitting the compactor switch. "They're dumb. All I knew, they'd have the joint staked out."

Mrs. Hollingsworth started laughing, aware that it might suggest again to the boy that she was laughing at him. But the boy sat at the kitchen table, apparently not bothered by her laughing, and drummed his fingernails. With a short glass of whiskey and some smoke in the room and a little hair on his face, he'd have looked like a seasoned drinker in a bar.

She got to the table and sat, trying to behave herself, wiping tears from her eyes. "God, I'm sorry."

"For what?"

For what indeed. "Do you steal much?"

"Whenever," he said. He looked around, finally at the calendar on which she recorded family doings: lessons, parties, drudge.

"Have you ever been arrested?"

"You talk a lot, lady," he said, and laughed himself. "I'm kidding." She looked at him: he was playing a part. He *was* a card.

"It's a strange thing," he said. "You'd never get caught taking a whole lawn mower, for some reason. I got caught once. You know what for?"

"What for?"

"Do you know what a WD-40 straw is?"

"No."

"It's a straw . . . a red plastic straw too skinny to even stir coffee or something. It, it sprays WD-40. It costs about nothing. It comes *with* the WD-40, for free. I got caught stealing one. It's six inches long. It's red."

"What's your name, son?"

He looked at her, rather sharply, she thought, and she also thought, *Not acting now*. She said, before she knew why, but immediately knew why, "I mean, what's your name?"

"Jimmy." His attitude said, *That's better.*

"Jimmy what?"

"Well . . . I thought this would be a, ah, first names only, like a hot line."

"No, it won't."

"Teeth."

"What?"

"My name."

"Your name what?"

"Jimmy Teeth."

"Jimmy Teeth."

"Yes'm." He said this squarely, defiantly.

"Jimmy Teeth," she said, "I'm Janice Halsey," and extended her hand to him. He shook it, firmly.

"You ain't no Mrs. Halsey."

"No, I'm not no Mrs. Halsey."

She couldn't tell if he got this, nor could she expect him to know it was not a lie but her maiden name. It seemed time to use her maiden name again with a twelve-year-old suitor, or whatever he was.

"Okay," he said, "Janice Halsey."

"Okay, Jimmy Teeth." She wondered if *he* were lying but didn't think he was. He'd have said Jimmy Diamond if he were lying.

A [illegible] been, as Mrs. Hollingsworth's laughing earlier could have been, misinterpreted, [illegible] Hollingsworth's apparent lying about [illegible]

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silence, an odd, agreeable calm between two people in a situation that would presumably not make for agreeable calm. A boy who had stolen lawn mowers and clothes to present, apparently, a boundless need, who had to be no matter how savvy on some levels completely innocent on others, who had in disguise matriculated in the kitchen of a woman whose reactions to his proposition he could not possibly predict, who had to be therefore in part terrified, sat before that random, unknown woman twenty-five years his senior as placid as a gangster; the woman who entertained him, entertained his lunatic hope, who had borne children before another woman had borne this one, who had certain fears of the sexual abuse of children, who had once allowed death-do-us-part vows to be read before her as she smiled and cried in an expensive white dress and believed, who had packed lunches and packed the issue of that marriage off to school and that husband off to work, who had had soap-opera days and ironing and long adult afternoons, who had had Sunday brunch and vacations on tropical islands and new station wagons and could read *Bovary* in the French and whose parents were dead, looked calmly at the boy who had stolen a lawn mower and clothes and calmly looked back at her.

She let the moment continue—suspire, as she was wont to put it.

"Well," Jimmy Teeth said, "*do* you like it?"

"Like what?"

"The South."

"Oh. Sure."

"Me too."

He has no idea what he's talking about, she thought. He's making talk. Her job, as superior here, was to rescue him from babbling. He'd shown that under ordinary circumstances he was not prone to babble or to other loose business. But still, the non-awkwardness of the definitively awkward minuet they were in continued to please her.

"The thing about the South," she said, getting up with the sudden perfect idea that she have a drink—a very sweet Manhattan struck her in the cortex, and she got Jimmy Teeth the lemonade the law had earlier cost him—"the thing about the South is that it's a vale of tears that were shed a long time ago. It's a vale of dr[y] She looked at Jimmy Teeth.

"Yes'm," he said. "Good 'a[l] thought that this woman w[as] too square for him. She had [to] not gotten any further in th[e] age than, say, Pac-Man and [Don] Kong, if that. She had on so[me] of sweater without buttons.

"Do you understand?" she [was] ing. "A vale of dry tears stand[s] lation to true weeping as dry c[lean] stands to true washing and cle[an]

"Yes'm, I got that."

They sipped their drinks, a[nd] Jimmy Teeth feared that the th[ing] gone this far and yet might not [go] how could it do that? Where w[ould] begin anew, with whom? Talk [of] vale of dry tears—when [Mrs.] Hollingsworth again extend[ed] hand to him, only this time it [was] on the table, palm up. The on[ly] he could figure to do was cover [it] his, noting his dirty fingern[ails] thinking his mother was right [in] constant fingernail vigilanc[e]. Hollingsworth covered his ha[nd] her other one and pressed thei[r] together and Jimmy Teeth fel[t] thing he had not yet felt in [his] considerable feeling of himself [for] done to date. He felt a surge o[f] thing like liquid that came up [his] ly into his shoulders and he almost made him cry.

Mrs. Hollingsworth looked [down] at the table between her arm[s]. Jimmy Teeth thought *she* wa[s] to cry. But she did not. He sat th[ere] what seemed a very long time, [dur]ing he could not move his ha[nd] not knowing what else he co[uld] couldn't do. He thought for t[he] time, what if someone comes [in] didn't have a lawn mower and [it] was in the garbage. Explain *th[at]* my Teeth could explain a few [things] but he couldn't explain that [Mrs.] Hollingsworth was, like, *prayin[g]* and he had time to think h[ow] might try to explain his presen[ce] lawn mower's *impounded* and m[ade] *compacted*. It was funny if you [took] like that, and he laughed. The [sit]was like the other inappropria[te] ments they had already shar[ed] wasn't inappropriate. They ha[d] tle territory here that was, app[ar]

Continued on p[age]

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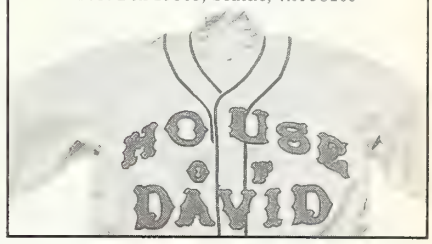
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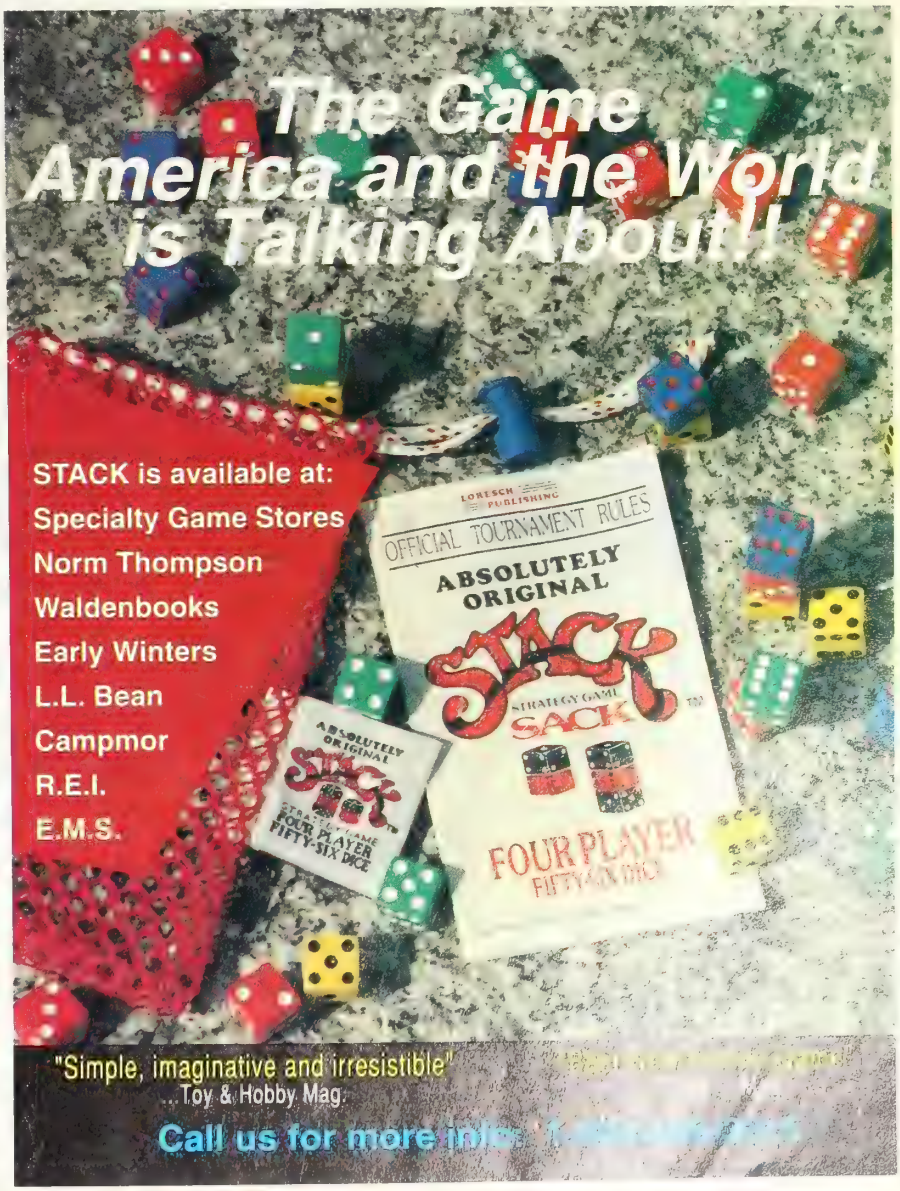
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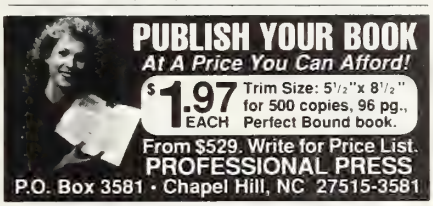
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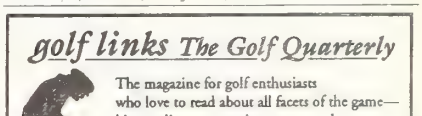
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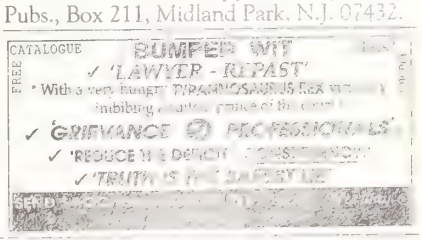


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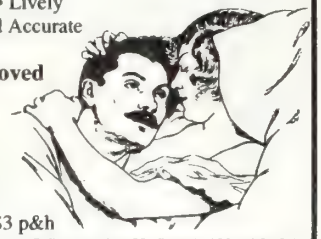
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Continued from page 76

ly, unique: nothing was inap- ate. Jimmy Teeth saw tha Hollingsworth saw that, too, in an ironic light.

She was not praying. She wa ing. She was thinking that in t of impropriety she was prep take Jimmy Teeth and herse there was only one truly immo and that was to act *older* than She could *be* older, she could experienced, she could take ten minutes where he'd take t to get on the streets of sex, a would be that, but if she pull if she mothered him or protec or even counseled him, she w as wrong as the book on thi thing said she was. Jimmy Tee sumed maturity, the young m that dared him into her life speaking pumpkin head on a f his trembling string-sized legs stolen internal combustion her expensively landscaped mortgaged family estate, woul terra firma for their slouchin swamp as potentially messy as

"Jimmy," she said, looking the eye and despite herself f tenderness for another huma she had not felt in a long tim my, I'm going to show you som

"Yes!" Jimmy Teeth said, them both laugh.

"Jimmy, first, if I raise you f dollars to, say, eight, for the l won't tell Mr. Hollingswor you?"

"That would be a private between you and me," Jimm said.

"And Jimmy?"

"Yes'm?"

"Do you go trick-or-treati

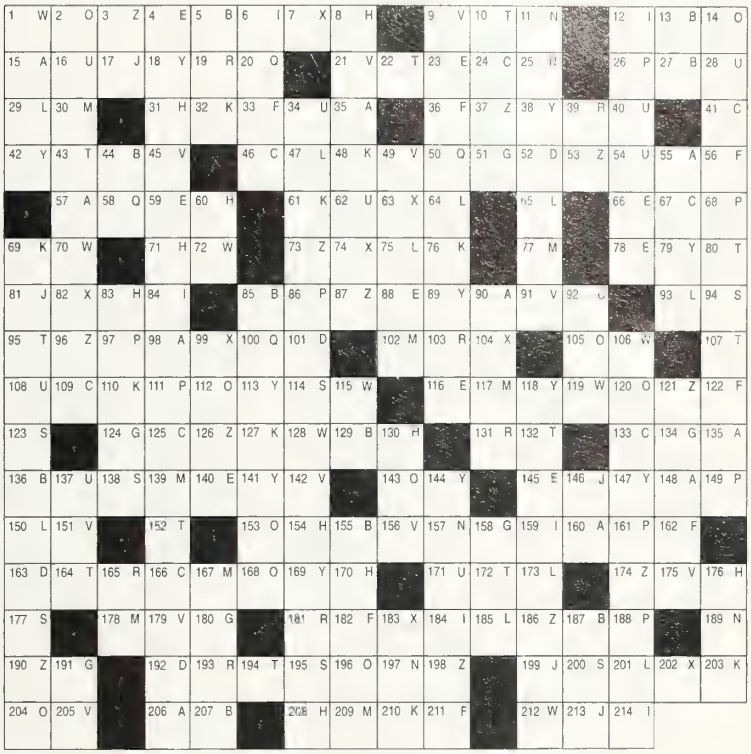
"No'm, I quit that."

That was the right answ Hollingsworth made herself drink. Jimmy was free to pou another lemonade if he wan From there on, Jimmy Teeth w own. Mrs. Hollingsworth wa her own, but to the extent became Janice Halsey agai was a journey that partook of O ascent from the underworld structions to not look back, w comical but not ungratifying s in, she was on her own, too.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 131

by Thomas H. Middleton

e diagram, when filled in, will contain
ıtation from a published work. The
ɔered squares in the diagram corre-
l to the numbered blanks under the
)S. The WORDS form an acrostic: the
etter of each spells the name of the
)r and the title of the work from which
uotation is taken. The letter in the upper
hand corner of each square indicates
'ORD containing the letter to be entered
ıt square. Contest rules and the solution
t month's puzzle appear on page 72.



WORDS

ɛnial; ɔspitable — 98 55 135 15 148 / 160 206 90 57 / 35

ɔlish the apple wds.) — 129 13 155 187 44 / 207 5 136 27 / 85

ısy — 67 125 41 133 109 / 24 166 46

eists; holds up — 163 52 192 101

heridan ___ : aufman and lart character layed by lonty Woolley — 145 78 140 23 4 59 116 66 / 88

ip, sink — 182 36 211 162 122 56 33

ettled in — 134 191 124 51 180 158

ntirely, fully 3 wds.) — 208 154 176 8 130 60 83 31 / 71 170

ulgar, coarsely nocking — 6 184 12 159 214 84

)bjects of blind levotion or dmiration — 146 81 17 213 199

urned aside 2 wds.) — 32 127 69 48 210 203 110 61 / 76

ure, undefiled — 47 64 173 29 93 150 75 65 / 185 201

mmortality — 167 178 209 102 117 77 139 30

Rolls — 25 157 197 189 11

Meddles — 143 105 112 2 14 153 204 168 / 196 120

P. Fanaticism — 68 86 97 161 149 26 111 188

Q. Chilled — 58 50 100 20

R. Harmful, offensive — 103 39 193 165 131 181 19

S. Monster: part lion, part eagle — 195 138 123 200 177 94 114

T. Critical examination — 10 172 132 152 107 194 80 95 / 164 22 43

U. "It is most true; true, I have ___," says Othello (2 wds.) — 108 171 40 34 54 137 28 92 / 16 62

V. System of bodily movements developed by Emile Jaques-Dalcroze — 49 21 205 179 142 151 9 156 / 175 91 45

W. Abandoned, ditched (3 wds.) — 1 212 128 106 119 115 72 12

X. Inflexible, unbreakable — 90 82 63 22 7 153 74 164

Y. "At the balance let's be mute,/ We never ___" (3 wds.; Burns, "Address to the Unco Guid") — 169 113 18 89 118 38 79 144 / 42 147

Z. From gunwale to gunwale — 190 126 96 87

PUZZLE

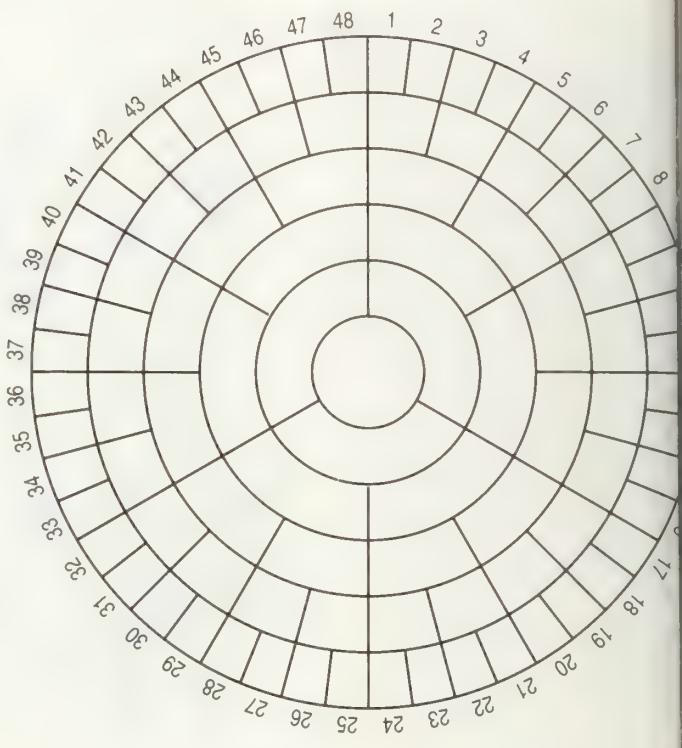
Celebration

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

(diagram acknowledgments to Trochos of *The Listener*)

All clue answers are six letters long. They are to be entered radially at their appointed numbers, *but with the letters in mixed order*, their placement determined from adjacent lights sharing spaces. When the diagram is completed, the third circle of letters (12 in all) in from the perimeter will contain, clockwise, a November event, and the outermost circle will contain several items (two of them two-word phrases) that celebrants might bring to the event.

Clue answers include six proper names (one a trade name) and four less-than-common words (9, 11, 14, 40). The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 72.



1. Here's what to do to get old and nasty
2. Garden-variety fowl
3. Dim doctor, naked, getting red
4. Be first to regress, being around nurse and grass
5. No longer dependent, you and I, and full of energy
6. Article portrayed Prince
7. Landowner taking one-third off—it's depressing
8. Court study lacking flexibility
9. Some whales kept initially in pits
10. Break in session limits American artist
11. Make a connection between crash, linen, and damask ultimately
12. Chip the Spanish used for coin
13. e.e. and I rewrote epic
14. Derivative of coal tar takes part of wind energy
15. Set the limits and remove the levy?
16. All right to swallow ethyl marginally . . . like an ounce?
17. Sea-tossed, going in to set broken ribs
18. Delights in words, ultimately in deeds
19. Stew is cooked with sage superlatively
20. Teddy's in stitches from broadcasts
21. Drug use doesn't start with engagement
22. Students of military sect hassled without notice
23. Model from Plymouth awarded U.S. territory in part
24. Praised—but without a bit of liquor, gets fried
25. Washes and lances boils
26. Thanklessly goes into low joints? Just the opposite!
27. Statesman of old Rome materialized in seance
28. Sticks one's neck out in backing Chinese narcotics
29. Heartlessly transports rabbits
30. Awful shy around one's sweethearts
31. Adolescent's year is quite insignificant
32. Small gate, part of the watch
33. Watch, listen to, watch again
34. One hears Mark got old
35. British animosity—it's appropriate to this puzzle's the
36. Fruit tree found in middle of Mongolian mountains
37. Brand the horse without question
38. Sailing ship characterized by flamboyance? No, love
39. Sketch head of assailant for each copper
40. Medieval courts. Hint: holding trial without start or fin
41. Mendelssohn's Third—primitive, almost
42. Solicitor with Yard in substantial setback
43. Name of girl returning old harp after church
44. Lament about eel that's chopped with vegetable
45. Iron regulation, a symbol of school discipline
46. More flush fuel spilled around left and right
47. Gunny sacks?
48. Quietly, lifer has left, moved to steal

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "Celebration," *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 1001 you already subscribe to *Harper's*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at ran will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. Winners' names will be printed in the January issue. Winners of the September pu "Alter Later," are Jesse Richards, Brooklyn, New York; Kelly Hayden, Iowa City, Iowa; and Matthew Field, New York, New York.



The owls who couldn't be moved.

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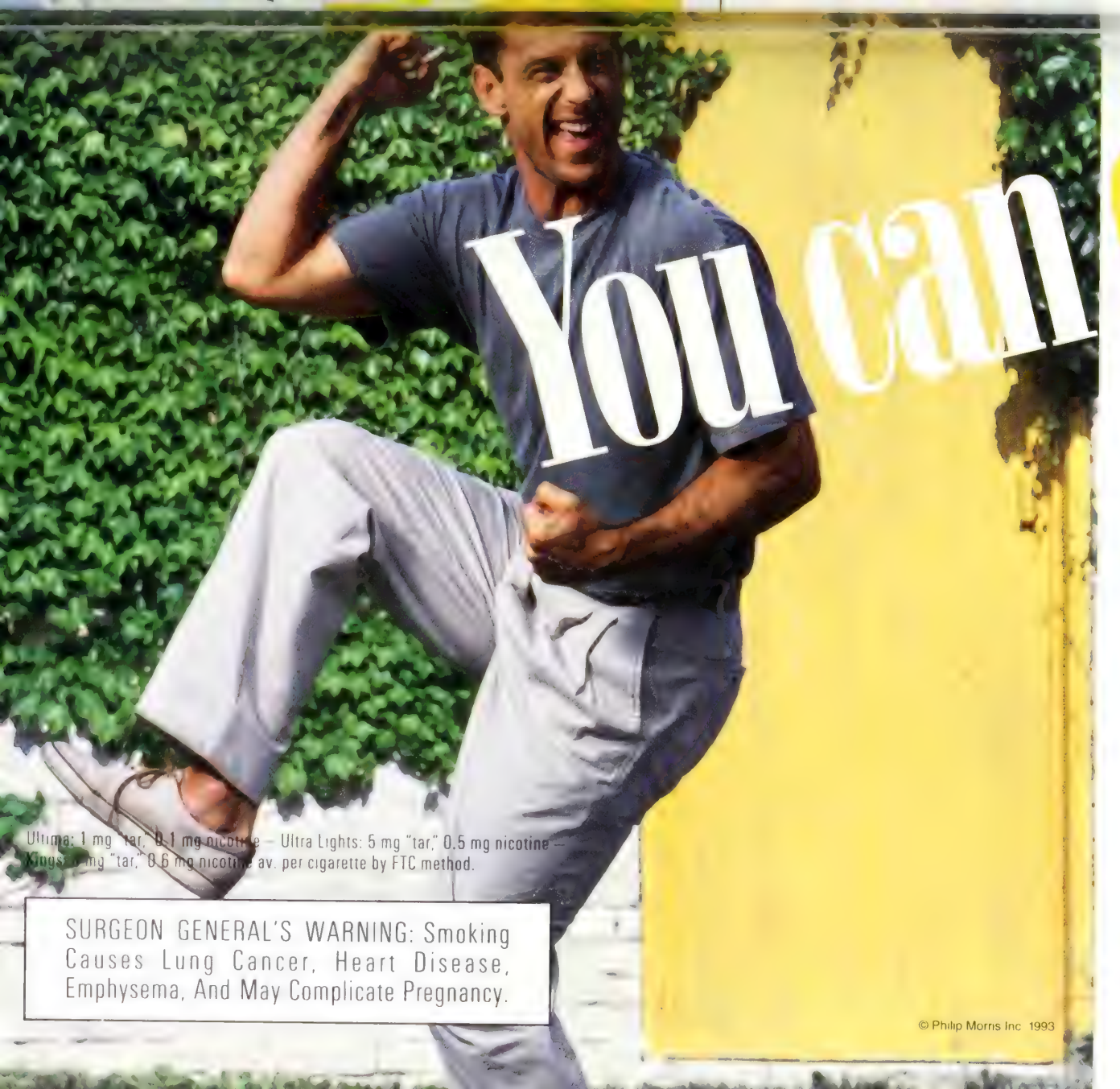
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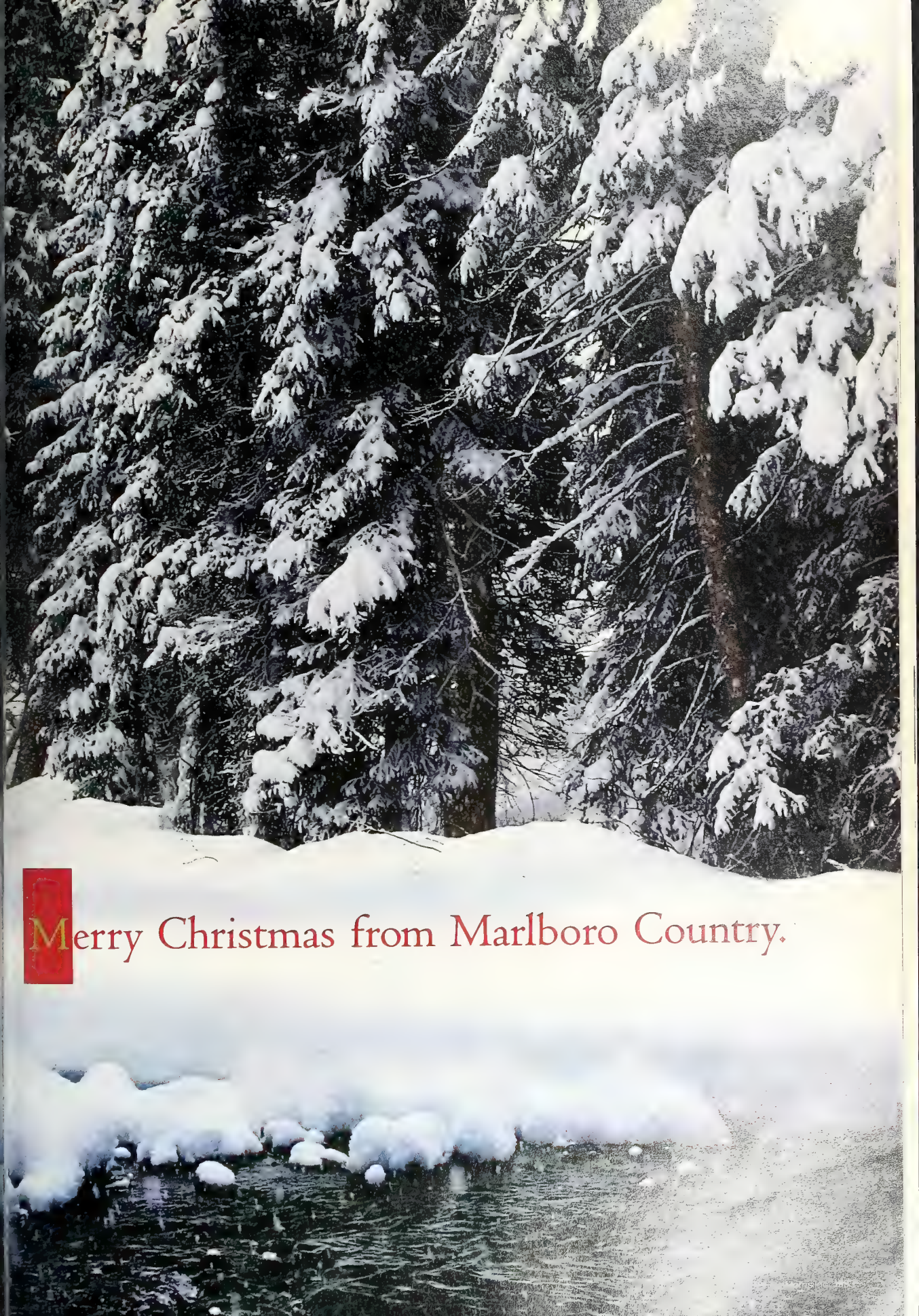
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CHOICE ACADEMIC PORK — *Benjamin DeMott*
Inside the leadership-studies racket

Acrostic 79 *Thomas H. Middleton*

Puzzle 80 *E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.*

Cover: Photograph by Laszlo Szirtes

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LETTERS

Healing Health Care

Dr. Willard Gaylin's thoughtful essay "Faulty Diagnosis: Why Clinton's Health-Care Plan Won't Cure What Ails Us" [October] is as insightful an examination of the health-care crisis as has been written lately. As Gaylin points out, the real impediment to prescribing a cure for our burgeoning health-care costs is our unwillingness to understand health care as an ethical and cultural issue, rather than as a technological and financial one. It should come as no surprise, however, that President Clinton chose the latter point of view. In a multicultural democratic society, government is not capable of constructing an ethical consensus without alienating, if not truly offending, large segments of the citizenry. A population such as ours, rooted in many different religious and cultural traditions, is generally not willing to enter into a dispassionate discussion of ethics. Though any solution to the health-care crisis will ultimately involve rationing, the political discussion will remain framed in terms of finances.

My own disappointment with the Clinton prescription is with its unwillingness to address one of the largest drains on the health-care system's resources: the common practice by doctors of defensive medicine—ordering every lab test and X-ray to avoid some perceived legal threat. It is virtually impossible to document this expense, but as a doctor I am positive that it ru in- to billions of dollars that would b e- ter spent immunizing our childre

If the President's approach is re- allocate the health-care dollars, t her than attempt to deal with our e ca infrastructure, so be it. But ho s it possible that after months of d ate this aspect of the country's il ss, which every physician will recogn as a major cause of debilitation, ha not been dragged under the exam ing light for closer scrutiny?

Jed Jacobson, M.D.
Hollywood, Fla.

Although I quite agree wit Dr. Willard Gaylin's conclusion, I fin his article full of fallacies. His gu ment that bloated health-care cos are due primarily to bloated con mer demand for medical services doe not some serious ethical and practi is- sues, which should be addressed, l he is wrong to blame the consum for this situation.

It is not the patient who is re on- sible for transforming medical ca ine to a commodity that is oversold, ver used, and overpriced, but the pr uc- ers and merchants of medical ind physicians, surgeons, manufactu ers of high-tech equipment, hospitals and pharmaceutical companies. The on- nomics of American medicine r ard most the doctors who prescribe ost the surgeons who cut most, the ho tals that equip most, and the pharma uti- cal and equipment manufacturer ha supply most of the tools of the tr

By minimizing the economic on- sequences of "marketed" health ard and focusing blame on patients, hu

Harper's Magazine welcomes Letters to the Editor. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

nost part, have very little input
ir treatment, Gaylin misses the
which is that Clinton's plan, or
ill remain of it when the smoke
von't work because it leaves the
or profit in place as the engine
ng the whole machine. This
mains: only a universal, single-
ealth-care system (as imperfect
would be) can come close to
the economic, ethical, and hu-
oblems posed by our unmet
care needs.

rooks
lphia

Willard Gaylin is guilty of a
diagnosis" himself when he
that "leaving [the question of
distribute scarce medical re-
s among patients who need
o a lottery—precisely because
to avoid questions of justice
ness—is . . . immoral." What
overlooks, of course, is that,
n seeking to avoid questions of
and fairness, using a lottery an-
hem by affirming the grand
ratic principle that all people
al.

aylin would have scarce life-sav-
ources go to his grandchildren,
than to himself, that is his pre-
e. But it is cruel and age-dis-
atory to expect all old people to
e such extreme self-abnegation.

Ackerman
ence, R.I.

Canadian pharmacist, I would
comment on Dr. Willard
's statement that my country's
is technologically inferior and
re unacceptable to Americans.
true that we have fewer mag-
esonance imaging machines per
but this is not a measure of a na-
ealth. In fact, Canadians have
er life expectancy than Amer-
and our infant-mortality rate is
the lowest in the world. Amer-
abies would have a better chance
ng beyond infancy in at least
other countries, some of which
would consider "low tech."
he area of advanced technology,
ians receive as many heart and
transplants per capita as do
Americans and enjoy the same survival rate at absolutely no cost to the individual patient, rich or poor. Neither are we walking around in trusses, holding our hernias, as Gaylin suggests the British might be doing. Instead, we value a right that every American should have: the right to comprehensive medical care not constrained by the individual's ability to pay.

Canada spends 8 percent of its GDP to cover the health costs of the whole population. America spends 13 percent and still fails to include almost 40 million people. Your competitive system, top-heavy with administration and duplication of facilities, isn't working! Gaylin claims that Americans are unwilling to even consider a government-paid system. Why not?

Adeline Ciebien
Pointe Claire, Quebec, Canada

George Bush's War Record

As a veteran, I was interested to read Mark Hertsgaard's annotation [September] of a Navy document that raises the possibility that George Bush strafed Japanese sailors in a lifeboat when he was a young Navy pilot during World War II. Hertsgaard apparently doesn't realize that in all-out war such as World War II, no quarter was asked or given. When it is a matter of kill or be killed, when the paper-thin veneer of civilization is breached by soldiers of both sides, an inquiry such as Hertsgaard's is not appropriate. The real question, in fact, is not, Did George Bush strafe a lifeboat? but, If he did not strafe them, why not?

During the battle of the Bismark Sea, the Japanese sent a task force of naval combat ships and transports loaded with Japanese soldiers to relieve the Japanese garrison at Lae, New Guinea. The American Fifth Air Force intercepted the convoy, bombing and destroying many ships, and turned it back. Many Japanese soldiers were strafed and killed to prevent them from reaching Lae. And why not?

A close friend of mine from my hometown was returning from a B-17 bombing mission to Rabaul, New Britain. His plane had been damaged in the attack. It became necessary to ditch the plane in the surf off the coast of New Guinea. My friend and the en-

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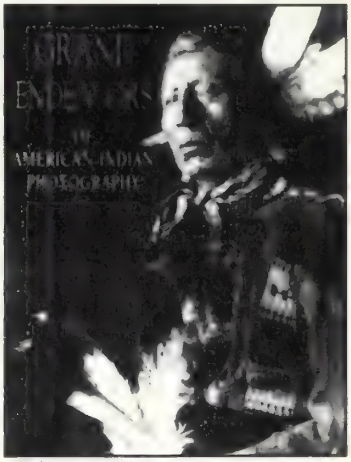
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tire crew had their heads chopp[ed] off by a Japanese officer wielding a S[a]mu-rai sword. And why not? What [else] the Japanese to do with prisoners [so] far from Japan?

War is ugly and cruel, not a [clean], gentlemanly affair. The question [raised] by Hertsgaard was a cheap sh[ot] at Bush. Perhaps the writer never had the experience of participating in [five] invasions over three years from [New] Guinea to Japan, as I did, and th[us] has never been immersed in the ob[scen]ities of war.

Glenn Bowerman
Albuquerque, N.M.

During World War II, I was stat[ioned] at a fighter base in England. Af[ter] an uneventful bomber escort missio[n over] Germany, some of our pilots retu[rning] to base happened upon some Ge[rman] cadets (flying dual-wing light ai[r]craft) in training to be flyers in the Luft[waffe]. Their planes were slow and una[rmed]. Our P-51's were heavily arme[d with] 50-caliber machine guns. They [were] probably the fastest aircraft flyin[g] during World War II. Upon sightin[g the] cadets, our planes pounced on [these] trainees, shooting down all five.

Our pilots returned to base [quite] proud of what had happened. [Their] rationale for shooting down the [cadets] was that someday they would ha[ve] become German pilots. Our pilot[s took] credit for these "kills" by pa[inting] swastikas on the sides of their p[lanes].

Frank P. Del Deo
Johnston, R.I.

A Happy Fantasy

In his September Notebook [writer] Lapham skewers the new $10[0 mil]lion theme park being built by [Ca]that re-creates the city of Los A[ngeles] in "a vision of Paradise regained [(no] gangs, graffiti, drug dealers, o[r un]fire), and then offers several [more] theme-park possibilities, inclu[ding] wholesome American high sch[ool], prosperous American assembl[y line] and a compassionate communit[y hos]pital. Here's another:

Canada, the friendly neighb[or], a mini northern landscape of pi[ne] rock with a log cabin on a blu[e] lake. Chemicals could achieve the c[ost-]

Your symptoms are bothering you, but you're still waiting to see your doctor about ur enlarged prostate. Maybe it's time to stop waiting.

Ask your doctor about the prescription medicine PROSCAR®.
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Finally, a medicine for the treatment f symptomatic benign prostate enlargement

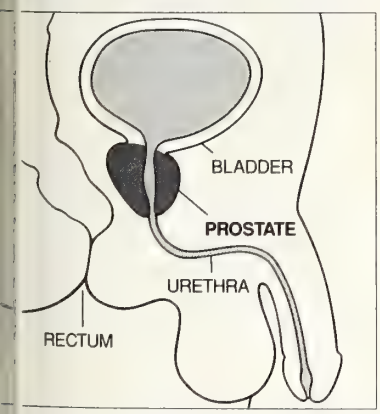
can't make it till halftime any- without having to go to the oom. You're getting up several a night to urinate. It's begin- to bother you, but up to now, e lived with it. The question is, ld you?

l recently, there wasn't a cine that could help the condition vn as symptomatic benign ate enlargement or BPH. But there is PROSCAR, the first oral ription medicine that can actual- rink an enlarged prostate.

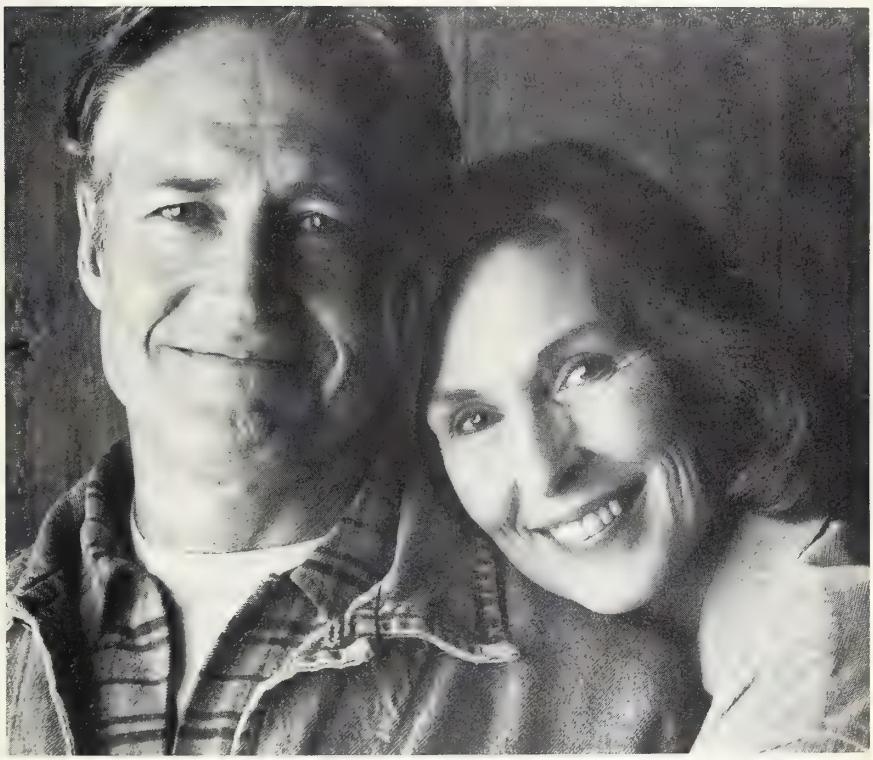
ever, it is important to know the ving: PROSCAR doesn't work for one. Even though the prostate ks, you may not see an improve- in urinary flow or symptoms. you may need to take PROSCAR for nths or more to see whether it you.

w PROSCAR can shrink an enlarged prostate

man ages, a key hormone can cause the prostate to grow.



state surrounds part of the urethra, the tube that rine from the bladder. As the prostate enlarges, it eze the urethra and cause urinary problems.



PROSCAR actually blocks the production of this hormone, so it helps shrink the prostate to a smaller size in many men. As a result, some men treated with PROSCAR experience an increased urinary flow and an improvement in urinary symptoms.

Why you should see your doctor soon

The problem will probably not get better by itself. In many cases, the prostate continues to enlarge and the symptoms may get worse. So if your urinary symptoms are bothering you, consult your family doctor or a urologist and find out if PROSCAR is an appropriate treatment for you. It is also important to have regular checkups. *While benign prostate enlargement is not cancer and does not lead to cancer, the two conditions can exist at the same time.*

Remember, only a doctor can evaluate your symptoms and their possible causes. So don't wait any longer. You may find out that your enlarged prostate can be made into a smaller problem.

For a free, informative booklet, "Every man should know about his prostate," call 1-800-635-4452 today.

TABLETS
PROSCAR 5mg
(FINASTERIDE)

, Merck & Co., Inc. J3PO36V1(701)-PSA559 Please see patient information on the adjacent page.

PATIENT INFORMATION ABOUT PROSCAR® (Prahs-car)
Generic name: finasteride (fin-AS-tur-eyed)

PROSCAR is for the treatment of symptomatic benign prostatic hyperplasia and for use by men only.

Your doctor may prescribe PROSCAR if you have a medical condition called benign prostatic hyperplasia or BPH. This occurs only in men.

Please read this information, as well as the leaflet which accompanies your medication, before you start taking PROSCAR. Also, read the leaflet each time you renew your prescription, just in case anything has changed. Remember, this leaflet does not take the place of careful discussions with your doctor. You and your doctor should discuss PROSCAR when you start taking your medication and at regular checkups.

What is BPH?

BPH is an enlargement of the prostate gland. After age 50, most men develop enlarged prostates. The prostate is located below the bladder. As the prostate enlarges, it may slowly restrict the flow of urine. This can lead to symptoms such as:

- a weak or interrupted urinary stream
- a feeling that you cannot empty your bladder completely
- a feeling of delay or hesitation when you start to urinate
- a need to urinate often, especially at night
- a feeling that you must urinate right away.

Treatment options for BPH

There are three main treatment options for BPH:

- **Program of monitoring or "Watchful Waiting".** If a man has an enlarged prostate gland and no symptoms or if his symptoms do not bother him, he and his doctor may decide on a program of monitoring which would include regular checkups, instead of medication or surgery.
- **Medication.** Your doctor may prescribe PROSCAR for BPH. See **"What PROSCAR does"** below.
- **Surgery.** Some patients may need surgery. Your doctor can describe several different surgical procedures for BPH. Which procedure is best depends on your symptoms and medical condition.

What PROSCAR does

PROSCAR lowers levels of a key hormone called DHT (dihydrotestosterone), which is a major cause of prostate growth. Lowering DHT leads to shrinkage of the enlarged prostate gland in most men. This can lead to gradual improvement in urine flow and symptoms over the next several months. However, since each case of BPH is different, you should know that:

- Even though the prostate shrinks, you may NOT see an improvement in urine flow or symptoms.
- You may need to take PROSCAR for six (6) months or more to see whether it helps you.
- Even though you take PROSCAR and it may help you, it is not known whether PROSCAR reduces the need for surgery.

What you need to know while taking PROSCAR

- **You must see your doctor regularly.** While taking PROSCAR, you must have regular checkups. Follow your doctor's advice about when to have these checkups.
- **About side effects.** Like all prescription drugs, PROSCAR may cause side effects. Side effects due to PROSCAR may include impotence (or inability to have an erection) and less desire for sex. Each of these side effects occurred in less than 4% of patients in clinical studies. In some cases side effects went away while the patient continued to take PROSCAR.

Some men taking PROSCAR® (Finasteride) may have a decrease in the amount of semen released during sex. This decrease does not appear to interfere with normal sexual function.

You should discuss side effects with your doctor before taking PROSCAR and anytime you think you are having a side effect.

- **Checking for prostate cancer.** Your doctor has prescribed PROSCAR for symptomatic BPH and not for cancer—but a man can have BPH and prostate cancer at the same time. Doctors usually recommend that men be checked for prostate cancer once a year when they turn 50 (or 40 if a family member has had prostate cancer). These checks should continue while you take PROSCAR. PROSCAR is not a treatment for prostate cancer.
- **About prostate specific antigen (PSA).** Your doctor may have done a blood test called PSA. PROSCAR can alter PSA values. For more information, talk to your doctor.
- **A warning about PROSCAR and pregnancy.**

PROSCAR is for use by MEN only.

PROSCAR is generally well tolerated in men. However, women who are pregnant, or women who could become pregnant, should avoid the active ingredient in PROSCAR.

If the active ingredient is absorbed by a woman who is pregnant with a male baby, it may cause the male baby to be born with abnormalities of the sex organs. Therefore, any woman who is pregnant or who could become pregnant must not come into direct contact with the active ingredient in PROSCAR.

Two of the ways in which a woman might absorb the active ingredient in PROSCAR are:

Sexual contact. Your semen may contain a small amount of the active ingredient of the drug. If your partner is pregnant, or if you and your partner decide to have a baby, you must stop taking PROSCAR and talk to your doctor. If your partner could become pregnant, proper use of a condom can reduce the risk of exposing her to your semen (discuss this further with your doctor).

Handling broken tablets. Women who are pregnant or who could become pregnant must not handle broken tablets of PROSCAR.

PROSCAR tablets are coated to prevent contact with the active ingredient during normal handling. If this coating is broken, the tablets should not be handled by women who are pregnant or who could become pregnant.

If a woman who is pregnant comes into contact with the active ingredient in PROSCAR, a doctor should be consulted. Remember, these warnings apply only if the woman exposed to PROSCAR is pregnant or could become pregnant.

How to take PROSCAR

Follow your doctor's advice about how to take PROSCAR. You must take it every day. You may take it with or between meals. To avoid forgetting to take PROSCAR, it may be helpful to take it the same time every day.

Do not share PROSCAR with anyone else; it was prescribed only for you.

Keep PROSCAR and all medicines out of the reach of children.

FOR MORE INFORMATION ABOUT PROSCAR AND BPH, TALK WITH YOUR DOCTOR. IN ADDITION, TALK TO YOUR PHARMACIST OR OTHER HEALTH CARE PROVIDER.

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color. The lodge offers excel
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crafts and nature expeditio
women and children. The t
wear flannel shirts and buck
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ry of a vicious bear attac
distance an Eskimo (often
for an Inuit) is building an i
ging trucks are seen lumber
dirt roads with a load of cut
materials bound for our bi
south of the border. The ca
serves up venison steaks and
how he's saving his money s
buy a television and watch *I L*
The atmosphere is clean, p
and charming. The Americ
are treated like celebrities.
gratified that we haven't forgo
they saved the world from Na
ny or how they won the
evokes a time when Canadian
embarrassed to be mistaken f
icans when traveling abroad.

Paula Anderton
Toronto

Another Sargent Portra

I very much enjoyed All
ganus's "The Practical Heart,"
ry of Muriel having her portrait
by John Singer Sargent [Folio, July]. I appreciated the tale perhaps more than other readers because my maternal grandmother was a friend of Sargent's. In 1913 he sketched charcoal drawings of my grandmother, then forty, and
two daughters, ages eight (my m
and six.



Though by no means as m
reticent as Gurganus's Muri
grandmother, Ilona, was a co
able artist herself and unprete
in things that mattered. Thus
with amused self-mockery that s
of how she anticipated Sargent'
rearranging the furniture and ev
curtains where she felt he wou
her to sit, choosing and rejec
number of dresses and jewels.
Sargent's drawing of my mothe

Anthony Robinow
Montreal

A CLERGYMAN TORN BETWEEN VENGEANCE AND FORGIVENESS.

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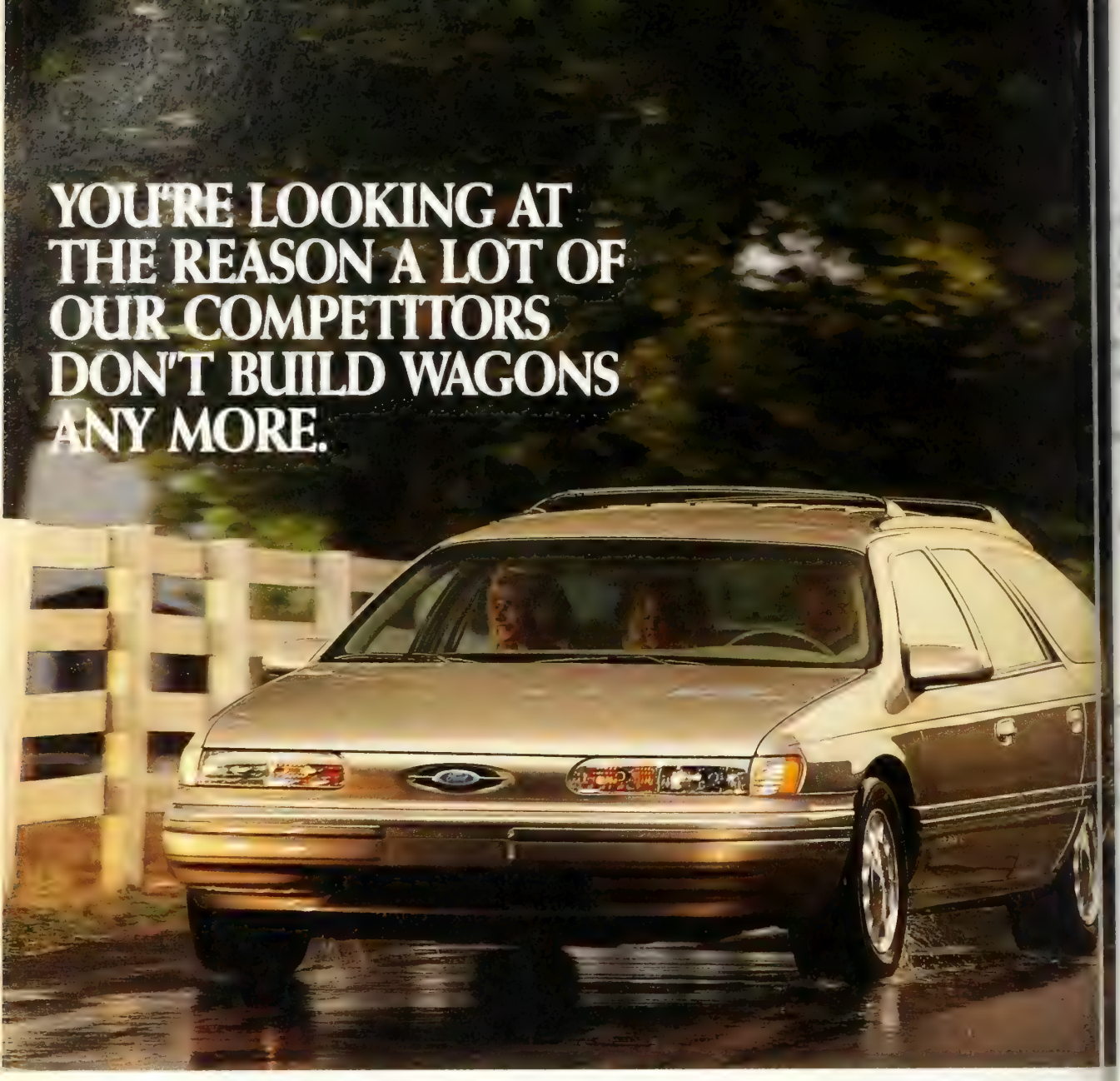


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HARPER'S INDEX

ber of times President Clinton used the word "security" in his health-care speech before Congress in September : 12
Number of times he used the word "security" in his speech before the United Nations a week later : 7
Chances that the leader of a former Soviet republic is a former high-ranking Communist official : 4 in 5
Number of residents of the former Soviet Union who live outside their ethnic homeland : 43,000,000
ated percentage of the value of each bank transaction in Russia that is spent on bribes for Central Bank personnel : 15
Value of the one-million dinar note issued by the Yugoslav National Bank last summer, in dollars : $0.0013
Average number of pounds lost by a resident of Sarajevo since the beginning of the war : 20
verage number of pounds lost by a member of the Biosphere 2 team during the first two years of the project : 29
Average amount of fat consumed by an American each year, in pounds : 59
Average duration of a yawn, in seconds : 6
Maximum speed at which the seeds of the dwarf mistletoe are expelled when ripe, in miles per hour : 60
Number of emergency-room admissions last year for injuries involving snowblowers : 2,800
Age at which a child's belief in Santa Claus peaks : 4
Chances that a Jewish-American child believes in Santa Claus : 1 in 4
Chances that an American considers Israel a "close ally" of the United States : 1 in 4
Chances that an American considers Germany to be a "close ally" : 1 in 5
Number of *New York Times* articles this year in which Bill Clinton has been compared to Franklin Roosevelt : 18
Number of articles in which Hillary Clinton has been compared to Eleanor Roosevelt : 12
Gross earnings of Madonna last year, expressed as a percentage of the gross earnings of Oprah Winfrey : 52
of a gold-and-diamond pendant sold in China this year to commemorate the centennial of Mao Zedong's birth : $10,500
Number of sets of the Hong Kong edition of Monopoly sold in Southeast Asia last year : 30,000
Rank of Snickers, among the most popular candy bars in Russia : 1
Rank of Iceland, among countries with the highest per capita consumption of Coca-Cola : 1
Number of Taco Bell outlets in Mexico City : 3
Price of a pound of pork on Cuba's black market : $45
Percentage of South African workers who are unemployed : 47
Average number of South Africans killed in political violence each day last August : 20
Chances that a pregnant woman in Lusaka, Zambia, is HIV-positive : 1 in 4
Estimated cost of treating an American with HIV from the time of infection until death : $119,000
Percentage change, since 1980, in the number of U.S. physicians specializing in emergency medicine : +171
o of Americans who say health care is the nation's most important problem to those who say crime and violence are : 2:1
Percentage of all murder victims in Miami this year who were tourists : 3
Chances that a pedestrian killed by an automobile in the United States last year was drunk : 1 in 3
Amount the U.S. Department of Transportation will spend next year on a study of drunk walking : $370,000
levied on each of three children convicted in Texas last fall of assaulting a man dressed as Barney the dinosaur : $200
Price of a life-sized computer-controlled triceratops, from the Neiman Marcus Christmas catalogue : $93,000
Price of an authentic coroner's toe-tag key chain from the Los Angeles Coroner's Office gift shop : $5
Percentage of Americans who say they enjoy Christmas shopping "a great deal" : 28
Pages of forms an applicant must fill out to be considered for the position of elf at Macy's : 10

Figures cited are the latest available as of October 1993. Sources are listed on page 60
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READINGS

[Diary Entries]

SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER

From the diary of David Sedaris, a New York City writer. Sedaris read these entries last December on National Public Radio's "Morning Edition." "Diary of a Smoker," another set of diary entries by Sedaris, appeared in the April issue of Harper's Magazine.

October 24

I was in a coffee shop reading the want ads when I read, "Macy's Herald Square, the largest store in the world, has big opportunities for outgoing, fun-loving people of all shapes and sizes who want more than just a holiday job! Working as an elf in Macy's SantaLand means being at the center of the excitement!"

I brought the ad home and Rusty and I were laughing about it and he dared me to call for an interview. So I did. The woman at Macy's said, "Would you be interested in full-time elf or evening-and-weekend elf?"

I said full-time elf.

I have an appointment next Wednesday at noon. I am a thirty-three-year-old man applying for a job as an elf.

October 29

I am trying to look on the bright side. I have to admit that I had high hopes when I moved to New York City. In my imagination I was going to go straight from Penn Station to the offices of *One Life to Live*. In my imagination I'd go out for drinks with Cord Roberts and Victoria Buchanan, the show's biggest stars. We'd sit in a plush booth at a tony cocktail lounge and they'd lift their frosty glasses in my direction and say, "A toast to David Sedaris! The best writer this show has ever had!"

I'd say, "You guys, cut it out."

People at the surrounding tables would stare at us, whispering, "Isn't that . . . ? Isn't that . . . ?"

I might be distracted by their enthusiasm and Victoria Buchanan would lay her hand over mine and tell me that I'd better get used to being the center of attention.

But instead I am applying for a job as an elf.

Instead someone will say, "What's that shoe size again?" and hand me a pair of 7 1/2 slippers, the toes of which curl to a point.

October 31

A week ago I laughed myself silly over Macy's "Elf Wanted" ad; this afternoon I sat in the SantaLand office and was told, "Congratulations, Mr. Sedaris; you're an elf."

In order to become an elf I had to fill out ten pages of forms, take a multiple-choice personality test, undergo two interviews, and submit urine for a drug test. The first interview was general, designed to eliminate the obvious sociopaths. During the second interview we were asked why we wanted to be elves, which, when you think about it, is a fairly tough question. When the

[Audit]

TEMPORARY INSANITY

From a thirty-seven-page internal report prepared in June by the Resolution Trust Corporation's Office of the Inspector General. The report reviews the RTC's contract with Price Waterhouse, the accounting firm hired in May 1992 to audit Home Federal Savings Association, a failed savings and loan in San Diego. Price Waterhouse employed temporary workers to make copies of Home Federal records, billing the RTC $35 an hour for their time; it charged the RTC a total of $22.9 million for the five-month audit. The report was obtained by Richard Keil, a reporter for the Associated Press.

The following observations were made during OIG [Office of the Inspector General] interviews with security personnel and HomeFed employees.

- Temporary employees were idle a lot of the time; one shift did nothing for the entire eight hours. At times, 50 to 150 temporaries were observed playing poker during office hours. At one point, about 30 temporaries and their supervisors did nothing for a week.
- The third-shift temporaries [who worked from midnight to 8:00 A.M.] would brag about sleeping on the job, taking two-hour lunches, reading the newspaper, etc. The first shift would spend the first part of the day cleaning up the third shift's mistakes.
- RTC personnel were not present on site very much. When they were on site, the temporaries were told [by Price Waterhouse supervisors] to re-review files in order to appear busy.
- Files returned [to Home Federal] by Price Waterhouse were in very poor order. Sections were misplaced, documents were upside down, and officer comments were missing. The poor quality of the files was not the exception but rather the general condition.
- [Home Federal] loan officers would sometimes hide a file to be copied because they were afraid that if they surrendered it [to Price Waterhouse] they might not be able to get it back.
- Temporaries were involved in vandalizing the break-room and rest-room facilities.
- Briefcase searches were implemented to deter the theft of equipment by the temporaries.
- Several employees hired as temporaries were later promoted to supervisors. They did not appear to have any training and seemed frustrated and afraid.

woman next to me, a former waitress in her late twenties, answered, she put question marks after everything she said. "I really want to be an elf? Because I think it's really about acting? And before this I worked in a restaurant? Which was owned by this really wonderful woman who had a dream to open a restaurant? And it made me think that it's like, really, really important? To have a dream?"

I told the interviewers that I wanted to be an elf because it was the most ridiculous thing I had ever heard of. I figured that for once in my life I would be completely honest and see how far it got me. I also failed the drug test. But they hired me anyway. Honesty had nothing to do with it. They hired me because I am five feet five inches tall.

November 19

Today we began our elf training. We learned the name of the various elf positions. You can be, for example, an "Oh, My God!" elf and stand at the corner near the escalator. People arrive, see the long line around the corner, and say, "Oh, My God!"; your job is to tell them that it won't take more than an hour to see Santa.

You can be an Entrance Elf, a Watercooler Elf, a Bridge Elf, Train Elf, Maze Elf, Island Elf, Magic-Window Elf, Emergency-Exit Elf, Counter Elf, Magic-Tree Elf, Pointer Elf, Santa Elf, Photo Elf, Usher Elf, Cash-Register Elf, or Exit Elf. We were given a demonstration of the various positions, acted out by returning elves who were so "on stage" and goofy that it made me a little sick to my stomach. I don't know that I could look anyone in the eye and exclaim, "Oh, my goodness, I think I see Santa!" or, "Can you close your eyes and make a very special Christmas wish!" It makes one's mouth hurt to speak with such forced merriment. It embarrasses me to hear people talk this way. I prefer being frank with children. I'm more likely to say, "You must be exhausted" or, "I know a lot of people who would kill for that little waistline of yours."

I am afraid I won't be able to provide the enthusiasm Santa is asking for. I think I'll be a low-key sort of elf.

November 21

My costume is green. I wear green velvet knickers, a yellow turtleneck, a forest-green velvet smock, and a perky little hat decorated with spangles. This is my work uniform.

Today was elf dress rehearsal. I worked as a Santa Elf for house number two. A Santa Elf greets children at the Magic Tree and leads them to Santa's house. When you work as a Santa Elf you have to go by your elf name. My elf name is Crumpet. The other Santa elves have names like Jingle and Frosty. They take the children by the hand and squeal with forced



From Meanwhile. . . , *published in Philadelphia.*

delight. They sing and prance and behave like cartoon characters come to life. They frighten me.

November 29

Two members of the Macy's stable of Santas are black. Both are so light-skinned that, with the beard and makeup, you'd never know they weren't white. Yesterday a black woman who requested a "Santa of color" got upset after she was sent to Jerome.

"He's not black," the woman said.

The floor manager assured the woman that, yes, he was black. The woman said, "Well, he isn't black enough."

Jerome is a difficult Santa, moody and unpredictable. He spends a lot of time staring off into space. When a boss tells Jerome that we need to speed things up, Jerome gets defensive and says, "Listen, I'm playing a *role* here. Do you understand? A dramatic role that takes a great deal of preparation."

I've overheard Jerome encouraging children to enter the field of entomology. He says, "Entomology. Do you know what that is?" He tells them that the defensive spray of the stinkbug may have medicinal powers that may one day cure mankind of communicable diseases. He says, "Do you know what a communicable disease is?" That's an odd question, especially coming from Santa.

I was the Pointer Elf this afternoon. A woman approached me and whispered, "We would like a *traditional* Santa. I'm sure you know what I'm talking about." I sent her to Jerome.

Last Saturday Snowflake was the pointer and a woman said, "Last year we had a chocolate Santa. Make sure that doesn't happen again." Snowflake sent her to Jerome.

December 9

A child came up to Santa this morning and his mother said, "All right, Jason. Tell Santa what you want."

Jason said, "I . . . want . . . Procton and . . . Gamble to . . . stop animal testing."

The mother said, "Procter, Jason, that's Procter and Gamble. And what do they do to animals? Do they torture animals, Jason? Is that what they do?"

Jason said, yes, they torture. He was maybe six years old.

December 11

We were packed today, absolutely packed, and everyone was cranky. Once the line gets long we break it up into four different lines because no one in their right mind would stay if they knew it would take over two hours to see Santa. You can see a *movie* in two hours. Standing in a two-hour line makes people worry that they're not living in a democratic nation. They go over the edge. I was sent into the hallway to direct the second phase of the line. The hallway was packed with people and all of them seemed to stop me with a question: which way to the down escalator, which way to the elevator, the Patio Restaurant, gift wrap, the women's rest room, Trim-a-Tree. There was a line for Santa and a line for the women's bathroom, and one woman, after asking me a thousand questions already, asked, "Which is the line for the women's bathroom?" I shouted that I thought it was the line with all the *women* in it.

She said, "I'm going to have you fired."

I had two people say that to me today: "I'm going to have you fired." Go ahead, be my guest. I'm wearing a green velvet costume. It doesn't get any worse than this. Who do these people think they are? I want to lean over and say, "I'm going to have you *killed*."

December 22

This afternoon I was stuck being Photo Elf with Santa Santa. I don't know his real name. No one does. During most days there is a slow period when you sit around the house and talk to your Santa. Most of them are nice guys and we sit around and laugh, but Santa Santa takes himself a bit too seriously. I asked him where he lives and he said, "Why, I live at the North Pole with Mrs. Claus!" I asked what he does the rest of the year and he said, "I make toys for all of the children!"

I said, "Yes, but what do you do for money?"

"Santa doesn't need money," he said.

Santa Santa sits and waves and jingles his bell sash when no one is there. He actually recited "The Night Before Christmas" and it was just the two of us in the house. No children, just us. What do you do with a nut like that?

[Letter Topics]

BILL CLINTON, AMERICA'S PEN PAL

From a list, given to volunteers in the White House correspondence office, of 141 possible letter topics. President Clinton receives about 6,000 personal letters a week; volunteers categorize them by content using the list excerpted below. Each correspondent is then sent the appropriate computer-generated form response. The list was obtained by Richard Blow, a writer for The New Republic, *who volunteered in the White House last summer.*

Pure Support/Congratulations/Love
Support/Congrats/Prayers
Support/Encouragement/Views
Congratulations from Citizens of Other Countries
Personal Hardship (does not request help)
Shared Birthday with President
Sympathy re: Vince Foster
Views re: Child-Abuse Prevention Bill ("Oprah Winfrey Bill")
Welfare Reform
World Hunger
Mental Health in the Health-Care Package
Pro Blockade of Armenia by Azerbaijan
Views re: Whaling Industry
General Environment Concerns
Veterans/Plight of/Views
Constructive Advice/Unhappy Supporters
Town Meeting Appearances
Personal Involvement/AIDS Crisis
Anti Billy Graham Benediction
General Concern re: Morality (Abortion/Gays/Church and State)
Allergies—Concern and Suggestions

[Court Transcript]

EXCUSE ME, YOUR HONOR

From the transcript of the jury-selection proceedings in the World Trade Center bombing trial, which is taking place this fall in Manhattan federal court. Because the trial may take as long as four months, and involves terrorism, court officials expected people to be more reluctant than usual to serve as jurors; accordingly, a jury pool of 5,000 New York City residents was called in September. In the transcripts below, prospective jurors offered Judge Kevin Thomas Duffy reasons why they believed they should be excused from serving.

[Prospective juror present]

Q: Hello, young lady. What's the problem?

A: Well, I just don't feel that I would be the right person to serve on this jury because I don't feel that foreigners should have the right to come here from different countries in the first place and to be so free to do whatever they want to do. I

WE ADMIT, TRAVELING IN PAIRS IS NOT A NEW IDEA.



Philadelphia Museum of Art. Bequest of Lisa Norris Elkins

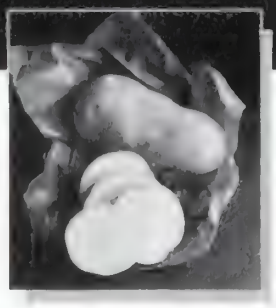
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ortunately, we can't take credit for the idea. But we do believe we've improved it a little. Just buy a ifying roundtrip adult coach class ticket on Northwest, the #1 on-time airline, and take a companion g for $149 when you use the attached certificate. Together, travel anywhere Northwest flies in the ontiguous states between now and March 15, 1994. certificate for additional details.) For reservations or mation, call your travel agent, visit your Northwest City et Office or call Northwest Airlines at **1-800-225-2525.**



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LON
POTATOES, DUCKS AN
GRADUALLY GAINING
FOR ITS COMM



First came the commitment, the vision, itself a risky identity chang on any institution, let alone a university.

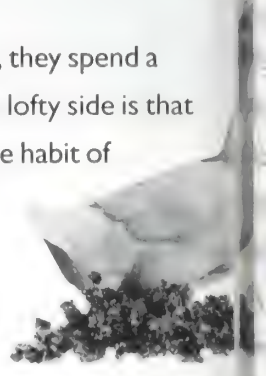
Then came the announcement of such a commitment, a combinati n speeches, full-page ads in newspapers and magazines of note, and inte n and videos and all of the other hyperbole of contemporary communicatio

Then, the honoring of the promise:

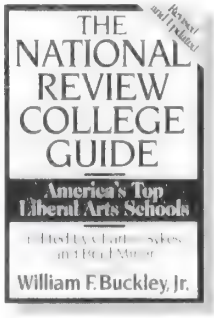
A Core Curriculum reflecting the belief that university education is nei e a kind of career preparation bazaar nor an initiation into esoteric intellect l mysteries, but something better.

To quote (which we don't mind doing) Adelphi's Core Curriculum bro "American education, at its best, is both practical *and* lofty, offering indee possibilities of transcendence and for that reason also offering the most la career preparation."

No matter what the students' major areas of study, they spend a good 1/3 of their time with the Core Curriculum. The lofty side is that the future accountant or lawyer or doctor acquires the habit of mind to ask fundamental questions, to be articulate, to be critical, to become a rational being. (Or is that the practical side?)



"Because Adelphi is located on a seventy-five acre greenbelt on the outskirts of NYC, concern is often raised about security. Amazingly the Adelphi campus is not only safe, it is the safest in the nation according to a 1990 *USA Today* crime-safety survey of nearly 500 schools."



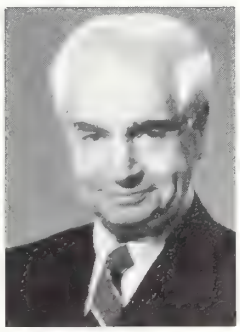
Then came the recognition.

Odd at first. *USA Today*'s survey ranked Adelphi's cam across a number of criteria as the safest in the nation. (W attribute it to the Curriculum nor a particularly overabu campus police force. Maybe the fact we don't see our ca

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sion of our larger society, though, had something to do with it.)

The National Review College Guide had this to say: "Those who suppose eges cannot change for the better have only to turn to Adelphi for an to the contrary. Just about everything has been d; the quality of its in-coming students; the quality of its n part through stricter rules for granting tenure); and ity of its curriculum.... Please note that the school's on has been accompanied by the elimination of its debts tripling of its endowment. We'll be keen observers hi's continued, astonishing growth."



Peter Diamandopoulos
President,
Adelphi University

the transformation is continuing. This Fall, we estab- e Society of Mentors program, a way for each student a wise sponsor, a supporter, a guide. The University Mentors challenge ents to re-evaluate the depth of their interests, the strengths of their intel- kills and their outlook so they can determine their creative potential and he beneficial self-transformation that the Adelphi years can provide.

year, we will continue Adelphi's own transformation when we launch ors College.

996, the year of Adelphi's Centennial, who knows? Maybe as ersity realizes all its promise, the original notion of ool embodied in Adelphi's longstanding Latin "Vita sine litteris mors est," will be equally zed across America as a truth in English: ithout learning is a life not worth living."

"The Core Curriculum at Adelphi represents our faith in our students' abilities — beyond their interests, their backgrounds, their secondary education — to comprehend difficult ideas, to hazard testing their own ideas, to translate learning and thought into choice and action in their own lives."

— Peter Diamandopoulos '69

ADELPHI UNIVERSITY
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guess you could say I'm a little prejudiced. I don't think I would make a good juror.

Q: All right. Would you be good enough to wait outside for us, please.

[Prospective juror leaves the jury room]

[Map]

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN STATISTICIANS



This map of Alabama, a version of which appeared in the September 5 Birmingham News, *reflects the results of a study completed last summer by the Southern Baptist Convention's Home Mission Board. The study, known as the Evangelistic Index, calculated the percentage of each county's residents whose souls will be sent to hell if they are not saved; the figures were based on church-membership statistics and a secret formula that estimates the percentage of the members of each faith who will go to heaven. According to the* News, *the study was intended to "help the denomination know where it should intensify outreach efforts." The greatest number of lost souls are located in Jefferson County, which contains the city of Birmingham; the study estimates that 278,780 Jefferson County residents are potentially doomed.*

[Prospective juror present]

Q: What's the problem?

A: One of the deceased in the bombing was a one-time neighbor of mine. Came from the same town and everything.

Q: Okay. Wait outside, please.

[Prospective juror leaves the jury room]

[Prospective juror present]

Q: What's the problem, young man?

A: I am presently in college, and it is also against my concept.

Q: Against your concept?

A: Yes.

Q: What do you mean by that?

A: I am a Rastafarian. It is totally against my religious background to be judgmental in any way. I also am presently enrolled in classes, and I have a class that I missed two sessions already because of registration.

Q: Okay. Why don't you wait outside and we will let you know. Okay?

[Prospective juror leaves the jury room]

[Prospective juror present]

Q: How are you doing? What's the problem?

A: I don't feel well. Whenever I come down here I get the runs, I get a bad headache, I get pains in my chest.

Q: Okay. Wait outside.

[Prospective juror leaves the jury room]

[Prospective juror present]

Q: Sit down, young man. What's the problem?

A: I was a former member of the New York City Police Department. I may have supervised or have been supervised by any of the members of the law-enforcement agencies that may be asked to testify.

Q: How long did it take you to memorize that?

A: About a minute.

Q: Okay. Go outside, please.

[Prospective juror leaves the jury room]

[Prospective juror present]

Q: What is your problem?

A: I am very biased.

Q: Okay. I want you to tell me which way. Or does it matter?

A: They're guilty, hang them out in an island someplace.

Q: Okay. You're excused, thanks.

[Prospective juror leaves the jury room]

[Prospective juror present]

Q: What can I do for you, sir?

A: I guess the bottom line is that my experience with Arabs has not been a positive one, and I think that I would be prejudicial. There are other reasons as well.

Q: Like what?

A: My sister dated a Palestinian for two years, and it wasn't a positive experience.

Q: Okay. You will be excused.

A: Thank you.

[Prospective juror leaves the jury room]

[Prospective juror present]

Q: Hello, young man. What's the situation?

A: I got spinal arthritis and I am on a prescription medication, Lodine, and I am in a sitting position for at least thirteen hours.

Q: What about it?

A: Pardon?

Q: What about it? You are in a sitting position?

A: Yes.

Q: So?

A: From the time I leave the house until I get back, I am supposed to be sitting on a doughnut. I am supposed to have a half neck brace.

Q: Okay. Lots of people have sat on doughnuts and worked with neck braces while they were jurors. Still think you can't do it?

A: Well, what happens is that it—also what it triggers is a migraine syndrome, which gives me a headache and in turn makes me nauseous and more headache stress, and I upchuck.

Q: All right. Wait outside, please.

[Prospective juror leaves the jury room]

[Telephone Transcript]

POLICE REFORM: STILL ON HOLD

From a transcript released in October by the Mollen Commission, a five-member panel created in 1992 by New York City Mayor David Dinkins to investigate corruption in the city's Police Department and evaluate charges that the department has been lax in its handling of corruption allegations. According to commission staff, investigators have found an "institutional resistance" to combating corruption. In January, a Mollen Commission investigator, posing as a civilian with information about a corrupt police officer, called the "Action Desk" at the department's Internal Affairs Bureau and had the following conversation with an Internal Affairs officer.

INTERNAL AFFAIRS BUREAU OFFICER: Internal Affairs.

MOLLEN COMMISSION INVESTIGATOR: Yes, hi! Mmmm. I have some information regarding, ah, a boss, ah, in the Police Department and ah—

INTERNAL AFFAIRS: A what?

INVESTIGATOR: A boss. Mmmm, he's, mmmm, like a big boss.

INTERNAL AFFAIRS: Right.

INVESTIGATOR: In the Police Department. I'm just, like, trying to decide. Mmmm, I don't know what to do really.

[Pause]

INVESTIGATOR: It's just that I haven't been

[Court Transcript]

CONTEMPT OF COURT

From the transcript of a pretrial hearing that took place on May 5, in a criminal court in Adelaide, Australia, before Judge Roy Grubb. In the transcript below, the prisoner is Yusuf Biyikli, a Turkish immigrant charged with "assault occasioning actual bodily harm"; Mr. Smart is the attorney for the crown.

[The charge is read]

PRISONER: Shut up, fucking poofter. You poofter, thank you.

HIS HONOR: You just keep quiet, we will have a word with you in a moment.

PRISONER: Fuck to you. All right, you poofter. All right, I fuck you. That is answer.

HIS HONOR: It is said that you assaulted—

PRISONER: Fuck the English, fuck the colony, all right.

HIS HONOR: If you don't shut up—

PRISONER: Fuck the judge too. That is not true.

HIS HONOR: Do we assume this is a plea of not guilty?

MR. SMART: Yes, I think we can assume that.

PRISONER: I fuck you, answer you, stuff you, poofter. Is that enough for you answer?

HIS HONOR: That is no answer, but I take it as a plea of not guilty. In view of the outrageous outburst from the accused, I assume that the torrent of language from him is a plea of not guilty to each count. Remanded for trial. Has someone been imprudent enough to grant a bail agreement?

MR. SMART: I hesitate to ask him.

PRISONER: Fuck you.

HIS HONOR: Do you wish to ask for bail?

PRISONER: You ask yourself bail, poofter. Now ask me.

HIS HONOR: I don't have to ask.

PRISONER: Fuck the bail, fuck Australia.

HIS HONOR: I take it, then, you don't wish to seek bail.

PRISONER: Stuff that.

HIS HONOR: No application for bail. The accused is remanded for trial in custody.

PRISONER: Fucking bastard, poofter, melon-arse.

able to decide what I should do with the information. It has to do with, mmmm, him. I know he's doing so many bad things. Mmmm. I just don't know—

[*Pause*]

INVESTIGATOR: What do you think I should do?

INTERNAL AFFAIRS: Oh, I don't know. You have to do whatever you feel is right. Whatever you think, you know. It's up to you.

INVESTIGATOR: I know's he's, like, heavily in corruption and—and I know his name and everything. I just, I just don't know.

INTERNAL AFFAIRS: Well, when you have the information, ah, let me know if you want to decide. Whenever you decide, give me a call. Call this number anytime.

INVESTIGATOR: I haven't decided if I should remain anonymous.

INTERNAL AFFAIRS: What?

INVESTIGATOR: I, I could remain anonymous?

INTERNAL AFFAIRS: Yeah.

INVESTIGATOR: I think I'd feel more comfortable if I don't give my name. I know his name, I, I just, I'm not sure if I should disclose all this information.

INTERNAL AFFAIRS: Well, you know, I mean, I can't make you. Ah, hold on a minute, I got another call. Hold on.

INVESTIGATOR: Okay.

[*Caller put on hold for 6 minutes, 55 seconds*]

INTERNAL AFFAIRS: Hello?

INVESTIGATOR: Yes.

INTERNAL AFFAIRS: Make up your mind yet?

INVESTIGATOR: No, no. Ah, I was hearing, like, a beep. What is that?

INTERNAL AFFAIRS: That's a tape recorder.

INVESTIGATOR: Oh, because does that mean I could be identified?

INTERNAL AFFAIRS: Ah, not really, I mean, there's a voice identification. I mean, ah, there's a lot of ways, if you want to be identified. They could, ah, have that, ah, call, ah—what do you call that thing, you press a button, you find out what number you're calling from? There's that and there's voice identification, you know. Hold, hold on a minute. I got another phone call, all right?

[*Caller put on hold for 3 minutes, 35 seconds*]

INTERNAL AFFAIRS: Hello?

INVESTIGATOR: Yes.

INTERNAL AFFAIRS: Make up your mind yet?

INVESTIGATOR: I, I still don't know what to do.

INTERNAL AFFAIRS: Well, can you call me back when you make up your mind? I have other phone calls coming in here. I'm pretty busy.

INVESTIGATOR: Oh. Okay.

INTERNAL AFFAIRS: So when you, when you decide to, ah, do whatever you're going to do, ah, give us a buzz here. Okay?

INVESTIGATOR: Okay. Thank you very much.

INTERNAL AFFAIRS: Right-o.

[Recipe]

OVEREAT TO LIVE

From issue No. 5 of Diseased Pariah News, *a 'zine published in Oakland, California, as a "cranky, irreverent, insightful forum . . . by and for people with HIV." Each issue contains a section called Get Fat, Don't Die! that features recipes such as the one below.*

FATTY MAE'S BACON 'N EGG SANDWICH

Nothing'll put on weight faster than Fatty Mae's Bacon 'n Egg Sandwich. Fry two or three slices of bacon in a skillet. Set aside to drain. Pour off most of the grease in the pan, but not all the little bits of bacon effluvia that get left behind. Break two eggs into the pan and scramble them over medium heat until cooked. Add two or three dollops of mayo and crumble in all of the bacon. Mix well and spread between two slices of rye bread, toasted if you prefer.

[Essay]

DO ORGAN DONORS HAVE TO BE DEAD?

From "The Dead Donor Rule: Should We Stretch It, Bend It, or Abandon It?" by Robert M. Arnold and Stuart J. Youngner, in the June issue of the Kennedy Institute of Ethics Journal. *Arnold is a professor at the University of Pittsburgh's Center for Medical Ethics; Youngner is the director of the Clinical Ethics Program at University Hospitals in Cleveland.*

Three important principles currently provide the moral framework for organ procurement in America. First, the dead-donor rule: patients must be dead before their organs are taken. Second, the prohibition against active euthanasia: although patients may be allowed to die under certain circumstances, they must never be actively killed. Third, the primacy of consent: patient or family consent must precede organ retrieval. These rules serve to reassure people that when they enter hospitals they will not be killed or mistreated so that their organs can be taken.

In the early 1990s, doctors and administrators at the University of Pittsburgh Medical Center found themselves in two paradoxical quandaries. First,



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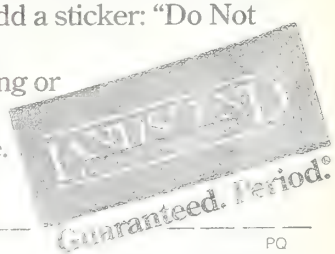
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they were finding it increasingly difficult to meet the growing demand for organs for transplant. At the same time, they often found themselves in the unpleasant position of having to tell families of terminally ill or massively injured patients that despite their wishes, their relative's organs couldn't be used for transplant. This was due simply to the limitations of the existing transplant procedure and the restrictions of the dead-donor rule: in many cases, after life support was removed, a patient's organs would deteriorate to the point of unusability before he or she could be officially declared dead and those organs could be removed. The center began looking for ways to reconcile its need for organs, the wishes of patients who were prepared to donate, and the dead-donor rule.

The result of that quest is a policy known as the Pittsburgh protocol, which went into effect at the center last year. The protocol is used only with patients who are dependent on life-sustaining technology and only after they (or their families) have explicitly requested that their life support be removed and their organs be donated for transplant. In these cases, patients are taken into an operating room, where doctors administer pain-killing medication and remove the patient's life-support systems. Under the protocol, the doctors document the time that the patient's pulse and breathing cease, and then wait for two minutes, during which time no attempts are made to resuscitate, even though the heart may still show evidence of electrical activity indicating that it could still be restarted. After those two minutes, the patient is declared dead and the needed organs are quickly removed by surgeons, who have been standing by, and prepared for transport.

The Pittsburgh protocol has caused considerable controversy among medical ethicists. The most frequent complaint about the protocol is that it allows a patient to be declared dead at a point when his or her heart could probably be restarted by medical intervention and might even be able to restart on its own. This leaves the distinction between almost dead, maybe dead, probably dead, and definitely dead indeterminate. As a result, many argue that the Pittsburgh protocol merely provides a convenient way for hospitals to improve their chances of obtaining organs while still adhering to the letter, if not the spirit, of the dead-donor rule.

In fact, it is the dead-donor rule itself that is at the root of the controversy over the Pittsburgh protocol. By excluding all but the definitely dead from organ donation, it tempts us to do precisely what many accuse the Pittsburgh protocol of doing—to redraw the line between life and death simply to include patients as dead who were previously considered alive.

One could argue, for instance, that the introduction of the concept of "brain death" in the 1960s was nothing more than a well-intentioned effort to gerrymander the line between life and death in order to increase the donor pool without inflaming public opinion. The idea of brain death, though legally and clinically acknowledged, still causes confusion, even among medical professionals. One study found that a third of physicians and nurses involved in the management of "brain-dead" patients considered them to be, in fact, alive.

Thus the brain-death formulation seems less the result of intellectual "discovery"—i.e., we figured out that some people we said were alive are really dead—and more the result of using conceptual sophistry to solve a social problem.

[Case History]

PAGING DR. KEVORKIAN

From a letter to the editor by Charles J. Engel and A. Hilton Parmentier that appeared in the July 21 issue of the Journal of the American Medical Association. *The authors, doctors at the Milwaukee Psychiatric Hospital, in Wauwatosa, Wisconsin, were writing to warn other physicians of "a new variety of drug overdose."*

Our patient was a forty-four-year-old man who came to the hospital in October 1992 with a single episode of major depression and recurrent suicidal ideation. Diagnostic evaluation resulted in additional diagnoses of pathological gambling, alcohol-dependence syndrome, and nicotine dependence. The patient had undergone coronary angioplasty in August 1992 for coronary-artery disease. Two weeks prior to his October hospital admission, he attempted suicide by means of nicotine overdose. He placed seven 21-mg nicotine patches on his chest and began smoking cigarettes, two at a time. Prior to applying the patches, he had flushed the patch enclosures down the toilet. It was his intent to precipitate myocardial infarction, and he had planned to hurriedly remove the patches and dispose of them once he developed chest pain. He also brewed and consumed a pot of double-strength coffee. Approximately two hours into this attempt, having experienced no chest pain or other untoward symptoms, he became anxious that he might actually succeed in his suicide attempt and abruptly removed all the patches and discontinued smoking.



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Unfortunately, such a utilitarian justification for changing the definition of death is inherently unstable; it will result in continued attempts at redefinition whenever utility requires it.

What if, instead of continually gerrymandering the line between life and death, we were simply to ask, "Are there some patients whose quality of life is so unacceptable and whose death is so imminent (by fate or their own decision) that we may take their organs *before* they die?" Instead of pretending that we can continue to develop more accurate definitions of death (which conveniently expand the donor pool), we would allow organ procurement, for example, from patients with severe head injuries who were irreparably damaged and near death but who had not lost all brain function.

We could minimize the problems of judging what constitutes harm to the patient by insisting on clear and rigorous consent by the potential donors rather than their surrogates. People could sign donor cards or living wills that designated the circumstances under which their organs could be taken. Machine-dependent patients could give consent for organ removal before they are dead. For example, a ventilator-dependent patient could request that his life support be removed at 5:00 P.M., but that at 9:00 A.M. the same day he be taken to the operating room, put under general anesthesia, and his kidneys, liver, and pancreas removed. Bleeding vessels would be tied off or cauterized. The patient's heart would continue to beat throughout the surgery, perfusing the other organs with warm, oxygen- and nutrient-rich blood until they were removed. At 5:00 P.M., according to plan, and long before the patient could die from renal, hepatic, or pancreatic failure, the ventilator would be removed, the patient's heart would stop, and the patient would be pronounced dead.

To take the scenario even further: if active euthanasia—e.g., lethal injection—and physician-assisted suicide are legally sanctioned, even more patients could couple organ donation with their planned deaths; we would not have to depend only upon persons attached to life support. This practice would yield not only more donors but also more types of organs, since the heart could now be removed from dying, not just dead, patients.

If a look into such a future hurts our eyes (or turns our stomachs), how are we to understand such feelings? Are they merely emotional reactions and cultural habits that stand in the way of social progress? Or are those feelings, even if irrational, important to our moral character? Even if the dead-donor rule is merely symbolic, is it a symbol that we need?

Given the difficulties our society is likely to experience in trying to openly adjudicate these disparate views, some might ask, "Why not simply go along with the quieter strategy of policy creep? It seems to be getting us where we want to go, albeit slowly. Besides, total candor is not always compatible with the moral compromises that inevitably accompany the formulation of public policy." But calling a spade a spade has at least one advantage. By framing our choices in stark rather than obfuscated terms, we may be able to choose our path more clearly and be less surprised by where it takes us.

Our society is on the brink of a paradigm shift in which the procurement of body parts will increasingly link the intentional ending of some lives with the salvaging of others. These practices will inevitably pit our insatiable longing for better health and longer life against deep-seated notions of the sacred and the profane. How we attempt to resolve this conflict will reveal a great deal about who we are and what we value.

[Etiquette]

AN EMILY POST FOR THE HOMELESS SET

From "A Guide for the Polite Panhandler," a brochure distributed recently to panhandlers in downtown Baltimore by City Advocates in Solidarity with the Homeless, a local citizens' group. The brochure was part of a "campaign to promote politeness among panhandlers and the panhandled."

- Try to make eye contact, recognizing the humanity of the panhandled.
- Always say "Please" and "Thank you."
- Never follow or yell at people; harassment is illegal.
- Do not block the sidewalk or interfere with commercial businesses.
- Offering to work for food is frequently effective.
- Smile—you can catch more flies with honey than with vinegar.
- Never use profane language.
- Remember, everyone has the right to say no.
- Beggars are the moral stoplights of society; your presence and actions should make passers-by question the relationship between their moral or religious values and current socio-economic practices and policies.

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From a series of photographs, by Chuck Fishman, of immigrants to the United States, taken as they arrived at New York City's John F. Kennedy Airport. The families pictured above, from left to right, are natives of Laos, Ethiopia, and Ukraine. The photographs appeared in the February issue of GEO Special *magazine, published in Hamburg, Germany. Fishman lives in New York City.*

[Essay]

OZONE ANXIETY: IT'S A WHITE THING

From "The Ozone Layer: Who Cares?" by David A. Bush, in the September/October issue of Interrace, *a magazine, published in Atlanta, that promotes interracial relationships.*

A lot has been said recently about the thinning of the ozone layer. Interestingly, it turns out that the whole issue is really of concern only to fair-skinned Caucasians in the Northern Hemisphere, who are threatened with skin cancer and other problems associated with increased ultraviolet radiation. The peoples of the middle latitudes have always been exposed to higher ambient levels of ultraviolet radiation, but their naturally darker skin has acted as protection.

It is entirely possible that "lard-white" skin just will not make it in this new world reality! Perhaps the era of the "classic" Caucasian is drawing to a close, and for completely natural reasons. Fair skin might eventually be considered an affliction and impose on those who possess it severe limitations on their enjoyment of the world.

The far-thinking Caucasian cannot help but realize that the best gift delicate-skinned individuals can give their progeny is a better chance of survival in the coming ultraviolet environment. Fair-skinned individuals should give careful consideration to the selection of a mate who will contribute a darker complexion to the genetic makeup of their offspring.

I am not suggesting that the government should mandate changes, but it could do a great deal to encourage interracial coupling. First of all, the government could provide some financial incentive to encourage interracial families. Special tax deductions would mitigate some of the problems that these families encounter.

On another level, the government could organize summer camps, or even working camps, where majority children would encounter minority children in a relaxed atmosphere, away from social constraints. Majority girls would participate in camps where they would encounter only minority boys, and vice versa. In such an environment, children would not be subjected to prejudicial pressures or obsolete taboos. Even if relationships did not develop at these camps, the participants would gain a greater appreciation of people who are different from themselves. When they returned home, they might be more disposed to the idea of a different-race partner.

In addition, the public should be educated about the positive aspects of a darker complexion. When mainstream television programming promotes the existence of couples from different races and backgrounds, then cultural and racist barriers will fall and society will move forward.

A major benefit will be the fact that the population's general resistance to ultraviolet radiation will be enhanced.

The thinning of the ozone layer is just one more reason for Caucasian parents to bestow the gift of a darker complexion on their offspring. If we continue to lose the ozone, there may not be any options at all for fair-skinned individuals, as they will simply cease to exist. But if Caucasians do the right thing, how comforting it will be for them to look at their children and know they have done their best to ensure them a safe and comfortable future.

[Letter to the Editor]

RANTING WELL IS THE BEST REVENGE

From a letter to the editor of the Chicago Reader *by Billy Bermingham, the director of* Fat Men in Skirts, *a comedy staged this fall at Chicago's Torso Theatre. The letter, published in the paper's August 27 issue, was written in response to a review of the play by Adam Langer, one of the* Reader*'s theater critics. In his review, Langer had written that the play was "a truly disgusting piece of pomposity that insults the intelligence of its audience," and had urged readers to write Bermingham with complaints.*

Since Adam Langer has deemed himself an appropriate agent to throw open my mailbox for "complaints, insults, and petitions" in that pathetic diatribe you allowed him to pass off as a review of *Fat Men in Skirts*, I'll consider it an open letter and respond now: DID YOU PEOPLE ACTUALLY PAY THAT IDIOT FOR WRITING THAT PIECE OF SHIT?

First Mr. Langer complains that the play "insults the intelligence of its audience." Well, Adam, I think all of us—audiences past, present, and future—all of us peons, minions, and other cerebral sharecroppers would just like to say THANK YOU. THANK YOU, LORD GOD KING LITERARY-DEITY LANGER for taking the time to step down from your CLOUD-BORNE THRONE OF KNOWLEDGE and TELL us by what standards we should be insulted. Don't you even realize that YOU insult EVERYONE'S intelligence by simply making the statement? Fool.

Next Mr. Langer says the show "borders on pornography." My first instinct is to lead Mr. Langer by his snotty little nose to a dictionary and make him LOOK UP THE WORD. But on second thought, I feel it might be more constructive (in a therapeutic and learning kind of way) if he were simply to RENT AN X-RATED VIDEO and then compare the contents to what he saw on our stage. I'm sure the stark differences will strike Mr. Langer in a LIGHTNING BOLT OF REVELATION at least HALFWAY through the tape.

Mr. Langer then proceeds to call the Torso Theatre a firetrap. Now, correct me if I'm wrong here, but I don't believe Mr. Langer MOON-

[Proposal]

DANCE OF THE SUGARPLUM HAIR BALLS

From a proposal for a dance entitled "BALLS," sent to prospective producers and patrons in June by the Cyndi Lee Dance Company, in New York City. The dance will be performed in Dublin in February.

"BALLS" is a collaboration between choreographer Cyndi Lee and Irish visual artist/set designer Catherine Owens. The piece will visually address dreams, fears, memories, and identity issues regarding hair.

Owens's set will include two large hair balls, each 4½ feet in diameter. One will be a free-moving piece with which the dancers will have a physical relationship based on momentum and exchange of weight—a metaphor for emotional relationships we have with our hair involving security, confidence, disguise, and avoidance. The dancers will interact intimately with the moving hair ball as they would with a partner. Or they will run from it, be run over by it, or push it through space as one would push one's identity forward in the world. A backdrop of smaller human hair balls in glass boxes will serve as an abstract mirror to the audience, the hair balls like witnesses, watching, listening, and almost breathing.

Ms. Owens will make hair laminates on chains that will be clipped onto the dancers with the idea of being dressed in one's crowning glory. Later they will be given to audience members as a token of our ability to give ourselves away, to shed our skin and be free from physical attachments.

The dance will be performed against a soundtrack of music, folk stories, and myths involving hair—Rapunzel, Lady Godiva, Medusa, and Samson—and narration by real people who have good hair stories: balding men and women, hairdressers, cancer victims, drag queens, and just regular people.

LIGHTS as a BUILDING INSPECTOR for the city of Chicago. Torso is inspected regularly, is up to code, and is completely SAFE, asshole.

After these futile attempts to keep everyone possible away from our theater, Mr. Langer actually talks about the play. He first comments that it is "unbelievably long." I think most people would agree that an hour and a half running time divided by a ten-minute intermission is about standard for an evening in the theater. Perhaps Mr. Langer's talents would be better served if he were to critique productions that weren't so TAXING, like, say, PUPPET SHOWS at the STATE FAIR.

Hypocrisy, on the other hand, is a concept that Mr. Langer is quite familiar with. He accuses the playwright of resorting to "infantile name-calling," and then, in perfect form, only a paragraph later, calls one of the actors a "pipsqueak" (an actor who, incidentally, could KICK his SOFT, SQUISHY, FAT ASS).

By printing Langer's juvenile, auto-fellating rubbish, your paper does a great injustice to ALL: to the entire theatrical community, to your readership, and, in the ultimate irony, to YOUR VERY OWN NEWSPAPER by CATAPULTING your CREDIBILITY as a theater-criticizing medium like a FLAMING BALL OF SHIT, SCREAMING, SOARING RIGHT OUT OF THE FUCKING WINDOW. Any publication with an IOTA of integrity or PROFESSIONAL STANDARDS would not only FIRE LANGER out of SHEER EMBARRASSMENT but would also CUT OFF HIS HEAD, AFFIX IT TO A PIKE, AND PROMINENTLY DISPLAY THE SOGGY MELON OUTSIDE THEIR FRONT DOOR AS AN APOLOGY TO THE ENTIRE COMMUNITY FOR SUCH A FLAGRANT DISREGARD FOR THE ETHICS OF RESPONSIBLE JOURNALISM!

[Press Release]

CASTING CHRIST

From a press release issued by Radio City Music Hall Productions about Jean Marie Lamour, the star of Jesus Was His Name, *a play that was staged at Radio City last summer and is currently touring the United States.*

Jean Marie Lamour, a twenty-nine-year-old native of France, believes destiny was at play when he was cast for the "role of a lifetime" in the multimedia spectacular *Jesus Was His Name*. In the title role of Jesus, Jean Marie exudes a serenity far beyond his years. It is that spirit of inner peace, combined with his tall frame, the high cheekbones characteristic of his Viking ancestry, and the added touch of long brown hair and a trim beard, that first caught the attention of the show's producers. They had been carefully searching for just the "right" actors—those who looked the part and who projected the inner virtues of Jesus and the Apostles as reflected in the Gospels. Upon noticing Jean Marie, the producers immediately felt his "look" was ideal for the role of Jesus. Jean Marie Lamour says that even his name—which translates as John Mary Love—may have mystically guided him to the audition.

In preparation for the role, Jean Marie says he read many books about Jesus and spent time in the United States practicing his English. "In my heart," he says, "I just decided that I wanted to be the best Jesus ever—and that I would work toward that every day."

[Transcript]

THE WORLD'S SMALLEST TALK

From A Month of Jeopardy, *a collection of on-air interviews with contestants on* Jeopardy, *conducted by the show's host, Alex Trebek, during the month of December 1992. The interviews were compiled and published by Joe McKay, an artist living in Toronto.*

Tuesday, December 1

ALEX: Art, you are originally from Seattle, Washington, and you write poetry in Middle English?

ART: Yes.

ALEX: Sounds fascinating.

ART: Yes, that's right.

ALEX: Can you give me an example of a line that you might write?

ART: Well, I'd like to, but my lawyer says it's not copyrightable, so I shouldn't do that in public.

ALEX: Even one line?

ART: (*Recites a line of Middle English poetry*)

ALEX: Well, that's neat, but how do you get people to understand it when they are listening—because I picked out a few words, I thought, but it would be very difficult, you'd have to concentrate.

ART: Well, my audience is rather small.

ALEX: Oh, okay, that explains it. All right, Julie Spore from Pasadena, California. You got to be a contestant on *Jeopardy* in a rather strange way, inspired by someone at the hospital?



and Crib," by Jocelyn Lee. Lee's photographs appear in a group show this month at the Condeso Gallery, in New York City. She lives in Austin, Texas.

JULIE: That's right. I was in the very early stages of labor, and we had *Jeopardy* on the television, and I was answering the questions, and the o.b. nurse says to me, "This is crazy, you should go on that show. Anybody who can answer under these circumstances is sure to win."

ALEX: Good for you. I had a similar thing going when my wife gave birth to our son, Matthew. I was watching the Lakers and they beat the Chicago Bulls that day, so it was a double win for me all around.

Michael Ming is our champion. Spent a year in Paris?

MIKE: That's right.

ALEX: In a linguistics course?

MIKE: That's right. I was working as a graduate student in linguistics after I went to medical school.

ALEX: Well, why in linguistics and then the change to medical school? Was there a change in your plans for the future at that time? Or you didn't know what you wanted to do?

MIKE: Well, I wasn't sure what I wanted to do, and linguistics was always something I was really interested in. So I tried it out and—

ALEX: Good for you.

MIKE: —I decided to go into medicine.

ALEX: All right, great. We're going to take our break right now, ladies and gentlemen. We have more commercials for you and then we have the Double Jeopardy round, so, please, stay where you are.

Tuesday, December 8

ALEX: Geoff Shannon, from Highland Hills, New York.

GEOFF: How do you do?

ALEX: Nice to meet you. One of the main reasons you came on our show is not to win the money but something else more personal. Tell us about that.

GEOFF: Well, I would like to take my fifteen minutes of fame that Mr. Warhol would grant me, and reach out across the, uh, electronic media, and say hello to everyone who might see me and know me.

ALEX: A lot of friends and family out there?

GEOFF: Yes, indeed.

ALEX: All right, well, it's a pleasure having you with us. Deborah Hardwick, who comes to us from Houston, Texas. Teacher?

DEBORAH: Teacher. Teach at a community college.

ALEX: Married one of your former students?

DEBORAH: Yeah, he, uh, dropped out of a class and a couple of years later dropped back into

my life, and the rest, as they say, is history.

ALEX: What subject were you teaching?

DEBORAH: English.

ALEX: English.

DEBORAH: I'm an English teacher.

ALEX: I see. Dennis Donahue—

DENNIS: Yes, sir.

ALEX: You've accumulated a lot of money: $46,299.

DENNIS: It's been fun.

ALEX: It sure has. What are you going to use it for? You've been to Europe about four times already.

DENNIS: Four times.

ALEX: You enjoy going there I know.

DENNIS: I do.

ALEX: Would you like to—

DENNIS: My wife has not been there and I'd like to take her once. And maybe Hawaii. And we have two very young children, so I'm sure we'll find some way to spend the money.

ALEX: If you take your wife to Europe, where would you take her that you consider to be very special?

DENNIS: My mother and all my grandparents are from Killarney, so I'd like to take her to Ireland. But Venice is very nice, Paris, there are so many places.

ALEX: So many places. All right. So many places, so many things to do, and so much money. We'll take our break now and return with the Double Jeopardy round. Don't go away.

[Guidelines]

NOT *THAT* BOLDLY!

*From the "*Star Trek *Submission Guidelines" prepared by Pocket Books and distributed to authors who are interested in submitting manuscripts for the publisher's series of* Star Trek *novels. Pocket Books is a division of Simon & Schuster, which is owned by Paramount Pictures. There are currently more than one hundred titles in the series.*

We're looking for *exciting* science fiction stories featuring the *Star Trek* characters we all know and love. All material is subject to the approval of Paramount Pictures, which is very concerned about maintaining the integrity of the characters and the *Star Trek* universe.

Plot elements to avoid:

Kirk: no offspring or close relations not already established. Also, no childhood or current sweethearts, although you can create temporary love interests.

Spock: no sisters, brothers, half-siblings (beyond Sybok), offspring, sudden reversions to emotion, or sex. The Vulcan mind-meld has also been seriously overused of late. No explanations of the "Vulcan way" beyond what has already been done in the TV series or movies.

Some major themes to avoid:

- Traveling in time to change history, learn something, rescue someone, etc.
- Having a tear in the fabric of reality which could destroy the universe.
- Any plot that mixes the *Next Generation* and the original crews.
- Death of a major, established crew member.
- Pon farr in Spock [pon farr is an affliction that strikes Vulcan males, including Spock, every seven years, during which they have to mate or die].
- Any plot which hinges on or describes in detail sexual relations (normal, abnormal, and so on). We are not interested in books that suggest anything other than friendship between Kirk and Spock or any other crew members.

[Story]

SLOW MOTION

By Reginald Gibbons. Gibbons read this story in October at the Michigan City, Indiana, public library. He is the author of Five Pears or Peaches, *a collection of prose poems, two of which appeared in the April 1992 issue of* Harper's Magazine. *His first novel,* Sweetbitter, *will be published next summer by Broken Moon Press.*

There was this guy at the pay phone saying, "Yes, sweetie, what do you feel about that? Were you scared at the way Mommy was talking?" You could hear his voice all over that corner of the lobby. No effort at compassion is required when you work with a machine. If it isn't doing its job, it's not because something bad happened to it. The man's voice was tender; also full of resignation that he couldn't change whatever was going on at the other end of the line. He said, "I'm going to be home the day after tomorrow, do you think you can get yourself ready for bed tonight and then get up and go to school tomorrow, because then I'll be home the next day, okay?" Dealing with even a smart machine, like this one, is a blessing. And if it's down, that's even better, that's a gift from the company, at least as far as I'm concerned. The man was saying, "Mommy is very tired, and she needs to be alone for a while, can you get ready for



ans Lanting. From Okavango: Africa's Last Eden, *a collection of Lanting's photographs taken in southern Africa's ango region, and published by Chronicle Books, in San Francisco. The photo above, shot in the Kalahari Desert, is ap-necked chameleon. Lanting was born in Rotterdam, the Netherlands, and now lives in Santa Cruz, California.*

bed by yourself?" He pulled on his cigarette deep enough to suck the smoke all the way down into his legs, and then, while he was stubbing it out in the ashtray, he said, "I know you don't want to, but you can do it, you're a big girl now." The room reservations for the next million years are in this thing's memory, along with credit-card numbers, phone numbers, addresses, company names, titles, all kinds of stuff beyond that. Running a batch of updates for tomorrow, if you know what to do and you aren't frightened by machines like this, is a piece of cake. He looked at his watch—it was almost 11:00 P.M.—he crumpled his empty pack and tossed it at the trash can and missed. He was listening a long time. The only other person at the desk with me was Heather, poking along. I have this problem with her—I have it with everybody. "What *did* you want to eat for dinner? Did you want a peanut-butter sandwich like I make for you?" He started fishing around in his briefcase and he found another pack of cigarettes and tore it open while he held the phone in the crook of his neck; he tapped the first few a little bit out of the pack and took one with his lips and lit it with a match from a hotel matchbook beside an ashtray. My problem especially with Heather but with everybody—and I can't help this, this is just the way I am, I don't do any drugs or anything—is that I'm always waiting on them to catch up to me. I call information for a number and I sit waiting while this recorded voice says the numbers one at a time, starting with the area code, so slow that I could write it down six times while she says it once. Everything else is in like slow motion for me, everything but me: I'm in real time and everyone else is going really, really slow. The guy moved the phone from one hand to the other, from one side of his neck to the other, as he gets out of his suit coat one arm at a time and folds it and lays it on his briefcase, which is standing on the floor now, and he's still listening. Then he said, "Yes, honey, I know you felt bad, I know you were worried, but you don't have to worry, Daddy doesn't want you to worry, everything is okay, you can go to sleep and have happy dreams and then go to school tomorrow and Daddy will be home the next day." I run a routine on the computer while I'm showing Heather or somebody else how to do it and they just can't get it, and I'm supposed to show them how to do it so that I don't have to be the one to do it, I'm supposed to be troubleshooting, not doing the daily procedures. But for me it ends up being easier just to do it—faster, I mean, a lot faster, than it would be for me to go over it again and again and then have the staff change and me start over again with somebody

Short Short Story

THE MUSIC OF LIVES IN BED

By Kenneth Koch. From [illegible] Looking a collection of short short stories by Koch, published by Grove Press Press, in November. An excerpt of Koch's story "The Sound Long Forever" appeared in the Spring 1986 issue of Harper's Magazine.

In the middle of the night (it was about 4:00 a.m., their waiter in the night) he asked her to turn over and [illegible] from how she was now. She thought that was ridiculous. She had been [illegible] that they were married, and now they were divorced. Why would they still be discussing a matter of this kind [illegible]? She thought. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

ADIEU, BIG BIRD

On the terminal irrelevance of public television

By Lewis H. Lapham

Over the last twenty-odd years I've probably read several hundred so-called documents, mostly foundation studies or government briefing papers, intended to reform one of the society's institutions or repair one of the society's misfortunes, but I don't think I've ever read such a forlorn text as the report published last summer by the Twentieth Century Fund Task Force on Public Television. The title of the report took the form of the question "Quality Time?" which could be understood as either plaintive or sardonic, and well before I turned to the "Summary of Task Force Recommendations" I wondered why all present didn't simply hand in the pencils and adjourn to the nearest hotel bar to drink a bottle of California chardonnay in memory of a hope that had long since been lost.

But it is not in the nature of task forces, especially ones charged with high moral purpose, to abandon their missions without a decent show of pomposity and resolve, and the twenty-three prominent citizens assembled by the Twentieth Century Fund to worry about the future of public broadcasting carried out their instructions to the last syllable of wasted service.[1] In the summer of 1990 the fund had invited them to review the record of public television since it was established by Congress in 1967—the sources of its funding, the extent of its audience, the character of its programming, its former triumphs and present sorrows—and with these topics in mind the task force devoted the better part of a year to the proposition that public television should "enrich" and "strengthen" American culture by upholding "our best values." The preamble to the report amplified the sentiments in language suitable to an annual banquet of the Kiwanis club. "Television in this country," the report said, "is for sale as an alternative to commercial television, which is dedicated to attracting the largest audiences and therefore tends to capture much of its revenues we build from such as excellence, creativity, variety, [illegible] programs [illegible] community, diversity, children's [illegible], and [illegible]."

The task force endorsed each of these [illegible]

[1] The complete list of the names and titles of the members of the task force is too long to be compressed into a footnote, but as an indication of the [illegible] the following names must be considered: [illegible] Peace Chair, President, Bertelsmann [illegible]; Jane Alexander, Chairman, National Endowment for the Arts; Marian Wright Edelman, President, Children's Defense Fund; Michael R. Klepper, President, Fulcrum & Associates; Lawrence Grossman, President, PBS; Barbara Walters, Co-anchor, ABC News; Diane Sawyer, Co-anchor, CBS News; [illegible]

THE TASK FORCE GLOSSED OVER PUBLIC TELEVISION'S DEPENDENCE ON ITS CORPORATE SPONSORS AND ITS EAGERNESS TO HUSTLE TOYS THROUGH THE OFFICES OF BARNEY AND BIG BIRD

rary absence, and took note of the several obstacles that cruel fate had p ed in the way of their joyful expression. But not wanting to offend any pro c tive underwriters, or possibly arouse the suspicions of Senator Jesse H as, the twenty-three voices of conscience were very, very careful in their cl ce of words. Whenever possible, they preferred euphemism. They didn't el on public television's abject dependence on its corporate sponsors or it a gerness to hustle toys to children through the friendly offices of Barney nd Big Bird. They spoke instead about "competition for viewer's attent n," about relying, perhaps too strongly, on "business underwriting," about the lack of adequate funds" that prompts, unhappily, so many stations "to r rn to broadcasting 'mass appeal' programming in order to attract viewer ers tributors during on-air fundraising drives."

When the task force came at last to its recommendations, it found p lic television in need of bracing reform in all sectors of its operations, bu le spite the repeated urging of "fundamental structural change" and the fre uent use of the words "must" and "should," the admonitory paragraphs la ed conviction. It was the languid emptiness of the prose that made the ple thoughts seem so forlorn. One paragraph in particular I could imagine ing read in the key of C minor, accompanied by mournful flute music and the ow tapping of a toy drum: "Editorial balance and objectivity are requirem ts, but the system should be flexible enough to require them over a period of me, rather than within every individual program. Otherwise there is no w in which public television can be anything except bland, unexciting, u he manding, and unintelligent—all of the things it was designed not to b ."

Like the fine phrases and the fine values that decorated the rest of the sk force's report, the brave words about editorial balance were as familiar a he Cookie Monster, and I wondered how it was possible that their rank hypo isy still could provoke me to mockery and anger. Why go to the trouble? By ow surely, everybody must know that the conditions of public television's ist tence—most especially the conditions that govern the making of the pri e- time programs distributed by the Public Broadcasting Service (PBS)—re ire its strict conformity to the norms of expression deemed proper by the or- porations that sustain its pretensions to intellectual freedom. People have een making the point for twenty years. Even the Carnegie Commission, w ch conceived the purpose embodied in the Public Broadcasting Act of 1967, derstood, as long ago as 1979, that its good intention had gone astray. In ano latter year the commission published a second report, to the effect that ub lic broadcasting didn't come close to meeting the original specificat ns that it had failed to serve as "a forum for controversy and debate" or as "a ion for groups in the community that may otherwise be unheard."

Why, then, the late-arriving complaint? Not only had I seen the ro- grams and read the reviews but I also had met quite a few of the dramatis ers sonae. As the producer of *Bookmark*, a half-hour talk show for PBS, d ng the seasons 1989–1991, I'd encountered a complacent bureaucracy so fr ntly ened of new ideas that it no longer knew how to do anything except ti meetings. Some of my querulousness I can set down to the private acc nts of a spirit ill-suited to the environment.[2]

On the plane of a public argument my objection proceeds from a sense hat public television does the country a disservice by refusing to open its stic tutional mind to the social, technological, and political changes abro in the world. We have before us an entirely new set of circumstances—new n ans

[2]A round-table discussion with the authors of newly published books, *Bookma* was never well regarded by the management of PBS. The show was in many ways fl ed but the criticisms had to do with its subject matter: when I first offered the pr am to WETA in Washington (together with $1 million in prospective funding the station's chief programming officer, Ward Chamberlin, declined the offer o the ground that the important people in the country didn't have time to think about b ks. WNET in New York agreed to broadcast the program on condition that I hir its own expensive producers, augment it with film clips, and pay the station a surc ge of $250,000 for its friendship and public-relations counsel.

communications, new blocks and definitions of national interest, new ilaries in the arts and the sciences—but the Public Broadcasting Ser- habits a world according to Alistair Cooke. The broadcast year is still and nobody has heard of Ted Turner or imagined the possibility of five ed cable channels selling gold jewelry and performances of Japanese No Without the presence of PBS in 1973, Big Bird and Bill Moyers might have become household names, but nobody at PBS appears to have no- hat both the times and the rules have changed. Instead of trying to bend w technologies to new forms of programming, or asking themselves what oadcast and cable networks neglect to carry, or how to address an ican citizenry sorely in need of relevant information, the happy few in ublic-TV studios in New York or Washington or Sioux City think they do the American public a great favor if every now and then they show a painting by Van Gogh or play a tune by Beethoven.

he Twentieth Century Fund report appeared in July, the same month BS presented the schedule of its 1993–94 season to a gathering of ion critics in Los Angeles. Reading the newspaper accounts of the press ence during the same week that I was reading "Quality Time?" I was l to a feeling akin to pity for the twenty-three worthies who had labored g and so earnestly to come up with language that smudged the likeness en PBS and the commercial vaudeville circuits.

ong the principal new series: *The Secret of Life*, *The Nature of Sex*, *The Depression*, *Death: The Trip of a Lifetime*. Among the series originally ed but then abandoned by the networks: *I'll Fly Away*. Among the spe- rograms grouped under the heading "In the Spotlight": *Sade: Love e*, *Joe Cocker: Night Calls*, *Billy Joel: River of Dreams*.

PBS publicity introduced the new programs with an overture of inspiriting ("inform," "inspire," "illuminate"), but each of them could as easily have ought by any one of several cable channels—by Discovery, or A&E, or —and quite clearly they were intended for an audience much weakened prolonged captivity in the theater of celebrity. It wasn't that the programs lull, or fatuous, or poorly conceived, but rather that they had little or noth- do with the public interest as it was defined by the Carnegie Commis- n the optimistic winter of 1967 and confirmed by the Twentieth Century in the melancholy summer of 1993. They made no attempt to provide merican people with a visible means of support for "the values we hold and instead of offering an alternative to the Roman circus of commer- levision, they presented a show of slightly less expensive lions.

pearing at the podium in Los Angeles as patron of the new PBS sea- ennifer Lawson, executive vice president of national programming, he occasion to announce a forthcoming development deal with Bran- artikoff, the Hollywood studio executive formerly at NBC and Paramount es. Fortunately for PBS, she said, Tartikoff had agreed to produce what lled "a watercooler comedy" for the 1994–95 season, a comedy that was set in New Orleans, in a bar warmly reminiscent of NBC's immortal rs. Entitled *Under New Management*, the comedy would invite a racial- anced cast to showcase the political and cultural wisdom of the day.

e newspaper story neglected to quote Ms. Lawson on the subject of so- levance, but in my mind's eye I could see her pitching the concept and ng the room, and I remembered how she once had explained to me— ntly, as if to a child—the funding priorities of public television. I had to Washington to ask for $200,000 to defray some of the cost of pro- g *Bookmark*, which was then appearing in its third season on 140 PBS ns. The Bell Atlantic Corporation had paid the full cost of the first three ns, but the company had shifted the venue of its good works to the pro- n of golf tournaments, and if I were to produce a fourth season of the am, I needed at least a little money from Washington to prove to oth- derwriters that the system awarded it some measure of esteem. Of the

WE HAVE NEW MEANS OF TELECOMMUNICATIONS AND NEW NATIONAL INTERESTS, BUT PBS CONTINUES TO INHABIT A WORLD ACCORDING TO ALISTAIR COOKE



tions by Victoria Kann

"BRING ME BIG PROJECTS," THE PBS EXECUTIVE TOLD ME AS WE LUNCHED AT THE FOUR SEASONS HOTEL. "BRING ME STREISAND OR THE CIVIL WAR"



$250 million that the federal government allots every year to public te vi- sion, Ms. Lawson reserves roughly $55 million as a production budget for o- gramming that she thinks deserving of a national audience, and her deci ns seldom brook argument or appeal.

We met for lunch at the Four Seasons Hotel, but before we ordere he mineral water and the arugula with walnuts, I knew that my cause was st Ms. Lawson quite clearly was a woman of the theater, and what had sh to do with editors who wanted to talk, God help us, about the play of ide ? I might as well have been offering Socratic dialogues to Barry Diller or ar ry Tisch. The proposition was patently absurd, but, knowing that we th knew it was absurd, I could enjoy Ms. Lawson's company and admire her n dor. As expected, she didn't have much use for what she called "chea ite- tle half-hour service shows." She was interested in expensive produc ns geared to the prime-time hours of 7:00–10:00 P.M., glossy stuff with m sic and helicopter shots and famous names. "Bring me big projects," she id "Bring me Streisand or the Civil War. I'd rather give you $2 million th n paltry $200,000."

During the three years of my acquaintance with PBS, I noticed that ne of the important bureaucrats, notwithstanding their mandate to commi on "alternative" programming, liked to mistake themselves for Hollyw od agents. Their budgets seldom allowed them the use of limousines and c u- lar phones, but, whenever these comforts could be arranged, they rece e them with the smiles of faint acknowledgment that they had learned wh their study of Fred Astaire. Maybe public television wasn't as big or as ch as ABC or Fox, but what it lacked in the way of substance, it supplied th the airs of entitlement.

The effect was always comic because the presiding sensibility belonge to the Age of Aquarius, and everybody was expected to show a poet's dis in for commerce and trade. We were all engaged in the great work of brin g truth and light to a grateful populace, and a cant phrase about the ven ty of the commercial networks was understood as a mark of refinement and t u The humor in the conversations followed from the contradiction betw en the pose of principled bohemianism and the stultifying preoccupation th funding—its source and durability, its innate loveliness and resemblanc to the waters of the Nile—that reduced all present to a sta of near paralysis. Given the system's medieval financial struc re, the effect is probably unavoidable.

Properly understood, public television is not a network. It is an ant l- ogy of 351 stations, each of them jealous of its own rights and privileges, ch of them suspicious of Washington and envious of one another, loyal to t ir own interests, their own board of trustees, their own definitions of the b- lic good. If the system were to be represented on a geopolitical map, it w ld resemble the Holy Roman Empire during the last years of its decaying h o- mony—351 petty states and dukedoms, each with its own flag, court ch n- berlain, and trumpet fanfare.

Dependent on Washington in varying states of subservience, the a- tions enjoy different privileges of wealth and rank, and they divide into u different degrees of vassal—the metropolitan stations that produce mo of the programs seen on public television (WGBH in Boston, WNET in N w York, WETA in Washington); the stations operated by universities, n ly in basements; the stations owned by a city or state, all of them beho n to local political agendas; the stations controlled by boards of educat n which supply primary and secondary schools with televised classroon s- signments.

Taken all together, the annual subsidy to public television amount to $1.4 billion, but it derives from so many different sources under so many f- ferent conditions and restrictions that most of the people in the system h- dom have time to think about anything other than the protocols of mo y. Less than a fifth of the total sum (roughly $300 million) is allocated to ne

g of national television programs. The bulk of the subsidy pays the op-
g costs of the 351 stations, each of which believes itself entitled to the
hat was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome.[3]

e inevitable quarreling between so many antagonistic interests and am-
s assures the system's lack of coherence, which almost certainly was
Congress and the Nixon Administration had in mind in 1970 when
rudgingly agreed to provide funds for the Public Broadcasting Service.
pposition to the Vietnam War had given tongue to too many voices
ent. What would the government want with an independent or tele-
network likely to make more trouble than was already present in the
? By dividing the money into the smallest possible denominations and
litorial authority into the smallest possible constituencies, and by set-
he big stations against the little stations and the city stations against
untry stations, the government made sure that the Carnegie Com-
n's alternative ways of looking at the world would be strangled at
The Reagan Administration continued and refined the practice
g the 1980s by further reducing PBS's accustomed pittance, and the
rations filled in the blank spaces with programs best understood as
tisements for a preferred reality and with what the servants of the
n learned to call "enhanced underwriter acknowledgments."[4]

n't know why so many people persist in the superstition that PBS re-
a leftist political bias. It's true that every now and again the system broad-
a documentary film shot from a feminist, black, or homosexual point
w, but the occasions are so infrequent and the films so cheaply produced
hey can safely be understood as acts of private piety, not as statements
lic purpose. By and large and as a general rule, political discussion is
ncouraged in the drawing room with the leather-bound volumes of
rpiece Theatre, the handsome sporting prints (mostly of waterfowl
olves), and the collectible celebrities arranged at the table with Char-
se, but for the sake of civic-minded appearance the system permits oc-
al seminars on topics of current interest—provided, of course, that the
ipants come dressed in decent clothes, with their hair neatly combed,
heir arguments stamped with the seals and permissions of a reputable
ration. The regularly scheduled news and talk shows serve at the plea-
f their corporate sponsors, and as I read through the press material de-
ng the 1993–94 season, I noticed that the names of the weightier
its coincided with the heavier concentrations of wealth. As follows:

ashington Week in Review—Ford Motor Company

all Street Week with Louis Rukeyser—Prudential Securities Inc.; Travel-
orp.; Massachusetts Financial Services

ny Brown's Journal—Pepsi-Cola

chnopolitics—Pfizer, Inc.; Anheuser-Busch Companies; Kraft General
s

lam Smith—Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

e MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour—The Archer Daniels Midland Company;
New York Life Insurance Company; Pepsico

THE SPONSORING CORPORATIONS HAVE FILLED THE PBS SCHEDULE WITH PROGRAMS BEST UNDERSTOOD AS ADVERTISEMENTS FOR A PREFERRED REALITY

federal government supplies a relatively small proportion of the subsidy, no more
$285 million, or 20 percent, of the total sum. Subscribers contribute $296 mil-
in dues and membership fees); state governments contribute $230 million and
rporations another $230 million; the remaining balances arrive from state col-
foundations, local governments, private colleges, public colleges, and auctions.
ugh the corporations contribute direct production costs in the amount of on-
) million per annum, their opinion of the larger projects adds to the weight of
importance. The metropolitan stations assign as much as 85 percent of their pro-
n budgets (as well as 85 percent of their time and thought) to those projects
ring with them the promise of matching grants.

turn for their production money, PBS allows the corporations to affix image ad-
ing to the completed film, much in the manner of seventeenth-century Dutch
ers who placed their wealthy patrons in the foregrounds of classical or biblical
s, pious figures kneeling at the gates of Jerusalem or holding the stirrups of the
in's horse.



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THE EXPECTANT PBS COURTIER IS CONSTANTLY BOWING AND SMILING IN EIGHT OR NINE DIRECTIONS, FOREVER TURNING, LIKE A COMPASS NEEDLE, INTO THE GLARE OF THE NEW MONEY

Firing Line—The John M. Olin Foundation; Annenberg Foundatio
The McLaughlin Group—General Electric[5]

What surprised me during my encounters with PBS was the lack of c tion to the terms of its medieval servitude, and at the system's program Dallas in June of 1990 I remember thinking that I had wandered onto t of a costume drama in which the assembled notables imagined themselve ing the parts of the Duke of Essex or the Duchess of Anjou. Each of th broadcast fiefs within public television supports the sensibility of both gram and a station manager (either of whom is likely to detest the other these individuals, together with their trains of followers, come to the look over the next season's leading attractions. They look at highlight make the rounds of the hospitality suites, and complain about the arro and stupidity of their overlords in Boston and New York. Although m the stations must present the ten or twelve programs that Washington d obligatory (*Nova*, *The MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour*, *Great Performances*, they remain free to do as they please with the rest of the programmin and instead of presenting Bill Moyers on Zeus or *Frontline* in Somalia, the show old Ginger Rogers movies or the complete archive of *Star Trek*, WTTW in Chicago chose to do last October, a home shopping service do the stations have to present a program at a uniform time. Washington broadcast a program at 6:00 P.M. on Sunday, but Seattle can show the ta 2:00 A.M. on the following Tuesday. San Francisco might choose to hol program for six months, until Saturn enters the house of Virgo. Dominion the schedule and the time slots encourages attitudes of hauteur, and some the affectations can be very grand. In particular, I remember a program ager from Sacramento who informed me that if she was going to talk books at all, she preferred to talk about Chaucer or Ezra Pound, and that had to make aimless conversation with what the system calls "a talking h she preferred it to be a famous talking head.

The fair lasted nearly a week, and because the temperature never dro below 100 degrees, nobody ever left the hotel. Ms. Lawson arrived with a of retainers from Washington to explain the year's division of the s and the metropolitan stations sent wandering celebrities (among them Moyers and Jim Lehrer) to astonish the impresarios from Boise and W ta Falls and maybe cajole them into broadcasting their news. Not unti third day of the fair did I discover the distinction between program man and station managers, and that by persuading one of them that five of Updike's paragraphs made a weight equal to a hundred photograph Princess Di, I was apt to make of the other a sullen enemy.

Within the hierarchies of commercial television, the ebb and flow of patro runs in fairly straight lines, and even the most arrogant of studio executive dom has the gall to speak in the name of the public interest. His interest is o ly his own. But PBS claims to serve the interests of the sovereign people so the functionaries who distribute the national largesse claim to act on b of anything they can classify as the common good. Because the figure o prince appears in so many different disguises—as foundation executive or porate sponsor, or friend of Louis Rukeyser—the expectant courtier is stantly bowing and smiling in eight or nine directions, forever turning, compass needle or a weathervane, into the glare of the new money.

If much of the programming seen on public television takes place in kingdom of perpetual blandness, it's because nobody present can afford risk of giving offense. Any controversial opinion, any rude or unwelcome

[5] By the estimation of Fairness and Accuracy in Reporting, the clear majority o guests presented on public television news and talk shows (at least 70 perc speak for the interests of the professions, the government, or the corporations. ly 10 percent of the respondents appear as common citizens or as members of general public." On the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, the supervisory that distributes the congressional subsidy to PBS, the board of directors reflect unashamedly conservative political bias. The chairman is Sheila Burke Tate, was Nancy Reagan's press secretary.

ably provokes objections, if not from Senator Helms, then from the Gay esbian Task Force or the chairperson of the board of trustees. Mindful imminent complaints, and all too aware that prestige within the sys- ccrues to the accounts of intellectual cowardice, the curators of the na- conscience tailor their programming to the measure of a college ıencement speech.

the last night of the fair, in the only hotel bar that stayed open past mid- I met a producer of public-affairs programs who was staring bleakly in- drink and calculating the cost-benefit ratios within PBS between stry and candor. Although he favored the second form of expression (de- ng himself as "a maker of winter opinions instead of summer hats"), he that he couldn't afford the luxury of honest criticism, "not if I want to nue to guide the country into a free, open, and democratic debate." He ed lightly at his own bitter joke and explained that everybody within the au of public television talked mostly about the forms of funding and the s of funding because everybody knew that the ideas didn't matter. Ideas as cheap and as perishable as moths, he said, but Pepsico lived forever, did the Ford Motor Company and The John M. Olin Foundation.

the time I read the report of the Twentieth Century Fund's task force, seen enough of the system to recognize the tone of pious euphemism defining characteristic and voice. A dissenting opinion appended to the as "Supplemental Comment from Eli N. Evans" was the exception that d the rule. As the president of the Charles H. Revson Foundation, had invested a great deal of thought and money in his belief in the pos- ies of public television. He also had served on the staff of the Carnegie mission that drew up the original brief in 1967, and as a member of the d Carnegie Commission in 1979. Having seen his hopes courteously but cably mocked for the better part of thirty years, he had decided that the hing to do was "to begin again," "to sweep away this history and cre- new national entity that will lead the system to a new world."

ans didn't think that the important questions were about money. The n was always short of money, and even if it hit the lottery in forty-three at least once every six months for the next fifty years, it still would ort of money. More to the point, PBS had nothing to say that wasn't said by somebody else. Maybe the system never had anything to say, n the context of the changes that have reshaped the means of com- cations over the last ten years, and as one of many instruments in has become an entirely new media orchestra, PBS no longer can be l to be making a distinctive sound.

uspect that Evans is probably right, but as I read the last dismal pages e report I found myself wondering what PBS would look like if it at- ted to do what it was intended to do—if it didn't dance for ratings points urtsy to the whim of the corporations. PBS was meant to address the rican people in their capacity as students and citizens (rather than in capacity as buyers of life insurance), and if it had the wit to extend the ices of C-Span and National Public Radio. I could imagine its cameras te legislatures and city halls, in university lecture rooms, in the nation's ıing hospitals, in research laboratories and town meetings, in the cap- of foreign countries, and on the decks of wandering ships.

the vast energy and intelligence at large in the world, I have not the doubt, and it seems to me no hard trick to place a camera in a room people excited by their journeys toward the horizons of the human mind. ɔe some of them don't speak in sound bites, and maybe some of them ı too long about the aerodynamic absurdity of the hummingbird or about veek's hearing on property taxes, but the play of ideas assumes the ac- ɔarticipation of the people who come to watch. PBS insults its audience eaking to them as children who must be ceaselessly amused and en- ined. At the bidding of the corporations that gaze upon the images of own magnificence, PBS resigns its task of looking outward into the l and turns inward upon the reflections in a courtesan's mirror. ■

THE IMPORTANT QUESTIONS AREN'T ABOUT MONEY. MORE TO THE POINT, PBS HAS NOTHING TO SAY THAT ISN'T BEING SAID BY SOMEBODY ELSE





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A CHRISTMAS PAGEANT

By Donna Tartt

The lunchroom, even with all its tinsel and lights and cutouts of Santa Claus, still looked like the lunchroom: concrete floor, windowless cinder-block walls, long humming lights that were encased in things like egg cartons across the ceiling and were different from the lights Sally had at home. She remembered sitting under those same lights in the first grade, hungry but not wanting to eat her chicken sandwich because Leah had made it, because it was something from home, and the thrumming, greenish light had made her want to cry. Now she was in the fourth grade, but the lights still made her feel homesick and sad. She had never been in the lunchroom at night before. Even at night it was exactly the same, and made her feel the same way.

Tonight the tables were folded up and the chairs were arranged in rows. A wooden platform that looked homemade stood against the back wall. Mrs. Mills's fourth-grade class was having its Christmas pageant.

Everybody was dressed up, and some of the little girls looked as though they had been at the beauty parlor, but Sally's hair was short and she hadn't gone. She was wearing a plaid pinafore, a white shirt and red leotard, and black patent-leather shoes. Usually she liked this outfit but tonight she had not wanted to wear it because it seemed irreverent. In her room, before leaving home, she had searched about hastily for something that would make her look more religious; at last, she draped a white dresser-scarf over her head. It made her look like a bride, or the Virgin Mary. For a while she practiced supplicant poses in the mirror—holding her hands out, palms up, eyes turned to heaven. Then Leah, the maid, had come in without Sally seeing her and laughed. It irritated Sally, but still she wanted very badly to wear the dresser-scarf; she had lied to Leah, telling her that everybody was supposed to wear them, and had gotten a swat on the hand.

Sally's part was the letter T in the word Christmas. Each child was to wear a big sign with the proper letter, and they were to step forward and explain what their letter meant when the time came. The C in Christmas stood for candy, the H for holly, and so forth. Sally's part went like this:

> T is for tinsel
> Bright as the dawning
> Which makes us so happy
> On Christmas morning.

It was a silly poem, not a real one. Mrs. Mills had made it up. Besides which, the letters did not stand for what Mrs. Mills said they did. C stood for Christ, not candy; H was certainly for Herod. Sally had wanted to be M because that stood for Mary, but she was glad that Mrs. Mills had picked

Donna Tartt's novel, The Secret History, *is out in paperback from Ballantine.*



Kenny Priddy and not her because Mrs. Mills had made it mean mistletoe, and that meant kissing, and people would laugh.

Sally had tried to explain this to her best friend, a little girl named Tammy Dankin. Tammy was not popular and sometimes her nose ran, but Sally liked her because she would play the games that Sally liked to play, games that were generally religious in nature and that usually involved Sally falling on the ground and pretending to be dead while Tammy knelt at her side and implored God to revive her. Sally had a gift for remaining completely motionless in these postures, hardly breathing even when Tammy shook her or pulled her hair; sometimes she would lie so still that Tammy would become frightened and begin to cry.

Tammy was sitting with another girl, a littl- girl, across the room; both of them had rein- horns tied to their heads and they were sha mixed nuts from a paper cup. Sally saw Tan looking over at her wistfully and she turned head away very slowly, so Tammy would kn was on purpose and that she was still not sp ing to her.

A few weeks before, at recess, Sally had dr Tammy aside from a game of jump rope e cially to explain how Mrs. Mills had left all m tion of Christ out of the Christmas pageant, why the Christmas pageant was sacrilege, how they must both take up the burden of pr and penance in order to appease God's w against Mrs. Mills. "It shall be better for her," ly had explained, "if she had had a millst

Illustrations by Russell O

her neck and were thrown into the sea."

mmy was impatient; she kept glancing and bumping her knees together; at last, d said, "I *like* Mrs. Mills," and had run her game.

re, Sally had asked God for mercy; now yed to Him for vengeance. She felt that yer would be answered, as her penance en quite severe. She had walked around use blindfolded until Leah heard her ng into things and made her take the ld off; she had brought the scratchy wire at up to her bedroom from the toolshed so e could kneel on it at night to pray; for week she had thrown away her sandwich htime and refused her dessert at night. She ayed for the most spectacular things she hink of, all the very worst things in the he could find: for rains of fire, for locusts, profaned lunchroom to tumble down her ears like the temple had fallen around n. Now, with the pageant starting soon, sted in the knowledge that God would her.

denly Sally felt a large hand dig into her arm; she turned and saw Mrs. Mills tow- over her, her big silly eyes popping like cherries. She had on the Christmas cor- ie class had given her and she was wearing nit dress with a tie at the waist that made omach pooch out even more than it usu- d. Her brittle, peach-colored hair was piled n her head but already the curls looked l and worn, like doll hair; Sally thought, ome satisfaction, about the time she had her mother say that Mrs. Mills ought not around with such messy hair. "Poor old ' her mother had said. "Maybe she can't af- have it fixed."

lly," said Mrs. Mills severely. She did not let Sally's arm, which made Sally mad; she did e it when Mrs. Mills touched her. "I don't what you think you're doing over here. ught to be over there with the Christmas . You don't even have on your costume

s, ma'am," Sally said quickly and tried to way.

ow scat," Mrs. Mills said, and gave Sally a n the behind with the copy of the program as holding.

ere shall be weeping, thought Sally, face burning, *and wailing, and gnashing of teeth*.

ne Christmas letters were all standing in ggly line by the lunchroom door, waiting ve their costumes fixed and drinking cups nch. A couple of mothers were helping the costumes, and Sally was unhappy to see that Tammy's mother, Mrs. Dankin, was among them. Toward the beginning of school, Sally had been in the grocery store with Leah, and Mrs. Dankin, pushing a shopping cart, had come up to speak to them. After asking Sally a question or two about school, she had turned to Leah. "This one," she said, nodding at Sally, "has quite an imagination."

"Ma'am?" said Leah.

"You really wouldn't believe," said Mrs. Dankin, in a bright voice, but with a mean sideways look at Sally, "some of the crazy stuff she's been telling Tammy." It had looked for a moment as if she would elaborate, and Sally had thought she might cry, but Leah, unexpectedly, had been very sweet. "This baby is mighty smart," she said sharply to Mrs. Dankin. "She knew how to read when she was three." Still, it had all been very embarrassing. She was glad her mother hadn't been there; then again, her mother had Leah and never had to go to the grocery store like Mrs. Dankin did.

Mrs. Dankin, together with somebody else's mother, was fixing Frankie Detweiler's costume. He was to be the letter I, for icicle; the mothers were absentmindedly draping Christmas-tree icicles over his shoulders and talking. Sally, keeping her eyes straight ahead, listened to their conversation. It was very interesting. Mrs. Dankin was telling the other mother that very early the morning before, she had woken up to someone beating on the glass pane of the back door of her kitchen. "*Beat*ing," said Mrs. Dankin, "just slapping up against it with both hands, over and over." She let the icicles she was holding fall on Frankie's shoulder and held up both palms to demonstrate.

"That's awful," said the other mother, fascinated.

"Well, do you know who it was? It was that awful Henry Lee Priddy." (*Was that Kenny's father?* wondered Sally.) "And he just kept beating on the glass and yelling, 'I'm drunk, I'm drunk, call the *po*lice, I'm drunk.' "

"Did you wake up Ray?" said the other mother.

"I sure did," said Mrs. Dankin grimly.

The voices sank to a whisper.

Sally thought about this. Why had this been such a bad thing, when Mr. Priddy had only wanted to turn himself in? She was still wondering about this after they had stopped whispering and resumed normal conversation, which was very boring and about people she didn't know. Then, with a horrible start, she heard her own mother's name: *Christine Farquhar*.

"... not surprised she's not here."

"I don't know what Christine does with her time."

"I don't either. She's got a maid, and a cook

and she doesn't have a job, and she just gives that little girl to the niggers to raise."

Little girl, thought Sally, her face reddening. So now they were talking about her. And they had called Leah *nigger*. Anybody knew that wasn't nice.

"Maybe it's the niggers tell her all that nutty stuff about hell. I can't figure where else she gets it. It scares poor Tammy. The other night she woke up crying. Ray had to go in and talk to her."

"I wonder why she's like that," said the other mother. "Christine doesn't seem very religious."

My mother is prettier than you, Sally wanted to say to them, *lots prettier, she has more money and her hair is really red, not dyed like yours is*. They would be sorry for this. She would go home and tell Leah and Leah's husband would go out and shoot them. Leah's husband was named Jackson. He had been in jail before.



Sally was thinking about Jackson, about how Mrs. Dankin would look if she opened the back door of her kitchen and saw Jackson standing there with a gun, when she felt a sharp jab from a fingernail in her left arm. She turned, irritably, and saw Kenny Priddy, who was the letter M, holding up two crossed fingers. "Sally germs, *vaccinated*," he said, in a twangy, leering singsong; with a shiver she noticed how dirty and long his fingernails were. For a moment she thought of telling him that he wasn't playing the game right, that what did she care if she got a dose of her own germs; instead, she turned away.

"Is your mama here?" said Kenny, leaning over. Sally did not answer. "Hey, I'm talking to you," he said, grabbing her by the arm. "Is your mama here or what?"

Sally looked at him, at his eager, rattish face, at his dirty hair and clothes. He was trembling all over with excitement like a Chihuahua. You were supposed to feel sorry for people like Kenny because he lived in a trailer and was poor. Sally did not see how anyone could feel sorry for Kenny, though, even Jesus. He was mean to animals and had failed a grade. "No," she said.

"That's 'cause your mama don't love you," said Kenny, looking satisfied. "Your mama is a [illegible] snotwad."

"My mother is not here," said Sally, "[illegible] she is in the hospital having her appen[illegible] removed." This was a lie. Sally's mother wa[illegible] ally at a party out at the country club.

"My mama's here," said Kenny, and p[illegible] to a woman in the sixth or seventh rov[illegible] woman had Kenny's close-set eyes; her h[illegible] gray-blonde like his, too, and all dirty an[illegible] Unlike the other mothers, who were all d[illegible] up, she had on blue jeans with a hole [illegible] knee and a T-shirt from a motorcycle [illegible] ship. Under the T-shirt her chest was all [illegible] in, flat as a man's. Nobody was talking to h[illegible] even the other tacky-looking mothers, a[illegible] had her arms folde[illegible] the purse in her la[illegible] she thought som[illegible] would want to st[illegible] Then the purse m[illegible] Sally, startled, saw [illegible] was not a purse at a[illegible] a baby.

"Ain't she pretty [illegible] Kenny. He meant i[illegible] and that was sad. "[illegible] my brothers next t[illegible] Darryl and Wayne. [illegible] baby in her lap's on[illegible] stepsister. Her n[illegible] Misty Darlene."

He went on ta[illegible] about the new bab[illegible] Sally wasn't payi[illegible] tention. Mrs. Danki[illegible] the other mother [illegible] putting the final to he[illegible] on S for snow's cos[illegible] Next in line was he[illegible]

"I almost didn't h[illegible] be in this stupid play[illegible] Kenny conversationally. "My daddy ca[illegible] town to get me for the weekend but they'[illegible] suppose to let me see him. He lives at Fr[illegible] Camp. I got a brother down at the reform s[illegible] at French Camp. My daddy," he said pr[illegible] "just got out of prison."

"*Really*," said Sally, turning around to l[illegible] Kenny. Saint Paul had been in prison. "[illegible] did he do?"

Kenny shifted to the other foot. "Some[illegible] about statutory," he said.

"That's very interesting," said Sally. Sh[illegible] about to ask what that was when suddenly [illegible] were Mrs. Dankin and the other mother, le[illegible] over her. "You're T for tinsel," said Mrs. Da[illegible] as if Sally didn't know what her own part [illegible] Meekly Sally bent her head, like a pony w[illegible] for the bridle, and allowed the sign that s[illegible]

put around her neck.

"ıow why you have to be T?" crowed Ken- e was hopping from foot to foot and trem- with joy. "Because you smell just like e, that's—"

ush up," said Mrs. Dankin to him nastily. ll be wearing one of these yourself in a te." Mrs. Dankin didn't like Kenny any than Sally did.

e other mother, her arms draped with tin- alked around Sally and looked at her in a isfied fashion, lifting up a piece of Sally's –dark, bobbed at the nape like a China- s. "I don't know why a child with long hair 't chosen for this part," she said. "We could braided the tinsel in it if it was just a little er."

ally, what'd you want to get your hair cut for?" said Mrs. Dankin pleasantly.

lly's face felt very hot. "My mother won't let ave long hair until I'm old enough to take of it myself," she said. "My mother says long on little girls is tacky."

rs. Dankin exchanged a disgusted look with other mother, and suddenly Sally remem- l: Tammy Dankin had hair halfway down her . But it was true: her mother really did say Besides, having short hair meant that you ied the World.

rs. Dankin cleared her throat and picked string of gold tinsel. "Will your mother be tonight?" she said as she wound it in a cir- round Sally's head.

he tinsel prickled her forehead. "No, ma'am," said.

frs. Dankin raised her penciled eyebrows as gh she were really surprised. "Oh, no? That's ame. Why not?"

She is out of town," said Sally. All of a sud- she felt like she might cry.

That's not really festive enough, do you think, ol?" said the other mother, stepping out from ind Sally's back and looking concerned. "Just little piece on her head makes her look like s supposed to be an angel."

hey were quiet a moment, looking at her. of a sudden Kenny began to jump up and n. "I want my costume, I want my costume," ang in a high, breathless voice.

Mrs. Dankin turned on him. "Do you know how to stand still?" she snapped.

I've got some mistletoe," sang Kenny to y, holding a sprig of mistletoe that he'd torn is costume up over her head and sticking his in hers. "I guess that means we should kiss." ere was a big red smear across his mouth from Christmas punch. Sally turned her head ay.

The Christmas letters, shuffling, restless, were waiting in the hall outside the lunchroom, being watched by a couple of mothers. They were to go on after Santa's Elves. She could hear them in the lunchroom now, singing their stupid song. Mrs. Mills was making some mistakes on the piano. She couldn't play very well.

Kenny nudged Sally in the ribs with his elbow. "If I wanted to," he said, "I could beat you up. Right here."

Sally paid no attention to him. Her stomach hurt and the lights were too bright; "Jingle Bell Rock" had given way to the Elves and "I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus"; already the birth of Christ had been sadly profaned, yet somehow God allowed the pageant to go on.

"What you looking over there at the pay phone for?" Kenny said to her. "You think your boyfriend's gonna call you or something?"

God will put out the lamps of the wicked; He will banish the unclean.

"Who's your boyfriend?" said Kenny, leaning closer. "I bet he's retarded."

With a sinking feeling, Sally heard Mrs. Mills bang out the final notes on the piano. The mothers, inside the lunchroom, began to clap.

"I know a retarded boy," said Kenny pleasantly. "His name is Tom Bibbett. What he does, is, go around all the time with a straight pin and pretend to give everyone shots. He's my first cousin, I guess."

"Hush," said a mother who was coming along the rear of the line. "Single file, everybody."

Kenny waited until she had passed and then resumed. "Every day Tom Bibbett has to take the bus into Tupelo to the Mental Retardation. He knows a lot of other retarded kids. Probably he knows your boyfriend."

The mother, now at the head of the line, turned. "Who's that still talking back there?"

"Kenny," said Rosemary Mitchell and Frankie Detweiler at the same time, in tired voices.

"Well, you tell him to hush up." She opened the door to the lunchroom; a flag of light fell into the hall. "Go on," she whispered to the C, and gave him a little push.

Sally couldn't see anything, just a few stout, beaming faces in the first row; the sound of applause rolled over her. Flashbulbs popped here and there. Somebody had a movie camera and was walking backward with it down the aisle, all crouched over. Then the clapping died down and there was no sound at all except the rustling of programs and the whir of the movie camera.

C is for candy

said the C hesitantly; he was in the slow reading circle:

Chocolate and mints
That we get in our stockings
After lots of . . .

"Small hints," said a voice somewhere near the stage.

"Small hints," repeated the C, gratefully.

Without waiting for the C's applause to stop, the H rushed into her poem, saying the words really fast so everyone would know how well she knew them by heart:

H is for holly
All red and green
It's the prettiest thing
That I've ever seen.

Next was Tammy Dankin. She had her head to the side and was making her eyes big on purpose:

R is for reindeer

she said, in a high, babyish voice; did she think people didn't know she was putting it on?

Stomping their hoofs
And bringing us presents
When they land on our roofs.

"*Aww*," said the mothers when she had finished, and clapped very loudly. They had been taken in by the baby voice and by Tammy's size; she was the littlest girl in the class. Tammy giggled and, to Sally's disgust, curtsied. Tammy was like one of those bad children of Israel in captivity; she knew better and yet was happy to do wrong and show off if anyone at all approved.

It was all going so fast, much faster than Sally had expected; somehow she had thought it would take hours. In a few moments it would be her turn. Her eyes were filling with tears; she couldn't see anything but a fuzz of brightness.

I is for icicle

whined Frankie Detweiler; he was trying hard to be cute, too:

So frosty and white
Which hangs from the roof
On a long winter's—

All of a sudden the door to the lunchroom flew open and slammed against the wall with a crash.

Sally jerked her head up; the mothers, startled, all craned to look. Mrs. Mills got up from her place at the piano and flustered over to the door.

The mothers all began to whisper.

"Hey," said Frankie.

They could hear Mrs. Mills by the door now, squeaking, breathless. "I'm sorry, sir, but we're in the middle of our little program right now. Why don't you just come in and—"

"Outta my way."

Mrs. Mills pattered backward, her big [illegible] eyes rolling, and the hum of whispers fro[illegible] mothers stopped.

It was a man, in a greasy T-shirt, cowboy [illegible] and jeans. He was huge, red-eyed, unsh[illegible] blue and black tattoos snaked luridly up hi[illegible] arms; there was a bottle of whiskey in his [illegible] He staggered out to the front of the stag[illegible] stood there for a moment, blinded by the [illegible] light, one arm thrown up to shade his eyes, [illegible] ing, reeling. "RaeLynn," he said hoarsely. "W[illegible] are you, RaeLynn Priddy?"

"Hey," said Kenny, interested. "That's my [illegible]

There was the quick sound of a chair [illegible] scraped back, and Kenny's mother jumpe[illegible] "Get out of here before I call the cops, [illegible] Lee," she yelled at him. "You ain't got no[illegible]

Mr. Priddy lurched forward; his foot cau[illegible] the cord to the Christmas lights and he a[illegible] fell. With a savage kick he sent the cord [illegible] out of the socket, and half the room went [illegible] Someone screamed. "I come for my kid[illegible] said.

"Over my dead body," yelled Kenny's m[illegible]

"Maybe," said the man.

There was a click and a glint in the spot[illegible] someone else screamed, and then someone[illegible] Mr. Priddy had a big deer knife in his han[illegible]

"Mr. Yopp!" shrieked Mrs. Mills. "Some[illegible] run find Mr. Yopp!" Mr. Yopp was a retired [illegible] trician; he was the janitor at the eleme[illegible] school.

Mr. Priddy came toward Kenny's mothe[illegible] the knife, walking very carefully, one foot p[illegible] cautiously in front of the other. The moth[illegible] the front rows began to scatter.

Kenny's mother was holding Misty Da[illegible] in front of her, like a shield. "Get that god[illegible] knife away from me."

Mr. Priddy, with a jerk of the knife, mot[illegible] toward the stage and licked his lips. "Go [illegible] there and get him," he said.

"Get him yourself," said Kenny's mother, [illegible] ing Misty Darlene defensively in front [illegible] face.

Mr. Priddy made a quick feint toward th[illegible] of her face with the knife. "*You* better g[illegible] him," he said, "if you don't want me to slit [illegible] nose wide open with this here knife."

Kenny's mother lowered the baby and s[illegible] at him contemptuously. "You ain't gonn[illegible] shit," she said.

There was a quick flash of silver; the nex[illegible] ond, Kenny's mother was standing very stil[illegible] her eyes were wide, and Mr. Priddy had hi[illegible] around her neck and the knife at the end [illegible] tiny, pinched nose. "Hell, RaeLynn," he s[illegible] her ear, in an aw-shucks kind of voice, [illegible] regret. "You know I will."

. Mills was still crying for Mr. Yopp. Sally red what she thought Mr. Yopp would be do even if he had been there. Mr. Yopp out seventy years old; he had lost an arm ıccident down at the power plant.

Priddy was behind Kenny's mother now, ow still around her neck and the knife at se. Roughly, with his knee in the back of s, he was making her walk down the aisle l the stage, Misty Darlene still in her arms, ng, somber.

e kids!" somebody screamed.

n," screamed somebody else, but most of ds had already scattered. Only Kenny re- d on the stage, and Sally, and Tammy in, who was crying and too scared to

mmy!" screamed Mrs. Dankin. She was ng on the floor to the left of the stage, her utstretched. "Run here! Run to Mama!"

Priddy was walking up the steps of the with Mrs. Priddy in front of him; as he got on the platform and was edging her across bumped against Tammy—weeping, the er horns now slipped from place and pok- ıt from the side of her head—and made ımble. Mrs. Dankin screeched and rushed the platform, almost knocking both Mr. Mrs. Priddy over (more horrified screams he audience, as for a moment it looked as . Priddy were not only going to drop the ba- lose her nose); the whiskey bottle slipped Mr. Priddy's free hand and broke on the

ırry, Rae," said Mr. Priddy breathlessly and l himself up. "What the hell, lady," he ed, and then he stopped and looked at Mrs. in more closely.

s. Dankin, her eyes glassy and her arm d the sobbing Tammy, began slowly to back

st a minute," said Mr. Priddy, narrowing es at Mrs. Dankin, who was still inching vard. "I said just a minute," he snarled, ing Mrs. Priddy in a half nelson with his free nd swinging the arm with the knife around, Mrs. Dankin stopped, the tears drying on neeks and her eyes round with terror.

h, no!" screamed somebody in the audi- "He's going to kill them!"

ou," said Mr. Priddy to Mrs. Dankin, be- n his teeth, "are the bitch who sicced that n me the other night."

s. Dankin, stuttering, tried to say some- or other that didn't come out right at all. hat damn dog like to chewed my leg off. he boy, RaeLynn," he said unexpectedly, a jerk of his head, and let Mrs. Priddy slip om under his arm and go to Kenny, who was oud and excited that he had thrown his sign halfway across the stage and was jumping up and down. Then he turned to Mrs. Dankin and Tammy. Both of them were motionless with terror; he took a step toward them, the knife outstretched and his eyes glittering. "I got a bruise on my leg," he said, "the size of a grapefruit." His voice was kind, almost reasonable. "I ought to cut you and this brat of yours wide open."

There was the sound, outside, of feet running down the hall and of Mrs. Mills yelling frantically, "In here! In here!" The next second, two policemen ran in the door. They both had guns.

Mr. Priddy looked around, confused. Mrs. Priddy took his arm.

"Hold it right there, Henry Lee," the first policeman said.

Without anyone noticing, Sally walked quietly around Mr. Priddy and off the stage, through the wailing mob of mothers, past the policemen with their drawn guns, into the empty hall. Then she went to the pay phone to call Jackson to pick her up in the car. Leah had given her a dime to keep in her pocket so that she could call somebody to get her when the program was over.

While she was on the telephone with Leah, the door to the lunchroom flew open and Mr. Priddy, his hands cuffed behind his back, stumbled out. The policemen were being rough with him, kicking and pushing even though he only looked very sad and bewildered and wasn't fighting them at all.

After she hung up the phone, she went outside. There was a lot going on. Two police cars were there, and an ambulance, and lots of people. Over in the parking lot some cars were pulling out, but there were still knots of gabbling mothers and children in the lights by the school doorway. The ambulance men in white were bringing out people on stretchers. Several mothers had fainted, Frankie Detweiler had had one of those fits of his, and some mother had been trying so hard to get away that she had tripped over something and broken her leg.

Mrs. Mills had just come outside; Sally listened with one ear as she began to tell a policeman her story of what had happened. It was funny: she was saying that Mr. Priddy had shoved her at the door and threatened her with the knife. He had done no such thing.

Everyone was talking very loudly, but their voices seemed far away. Sally took her sign off her neck and put it down on the ground and sat on it, looking out into the dark at the end of the driveway for Jackson's car. It was funny, how ignorant they all were. Tonight they had seen the work of the Lord and understood it not; they had seen a miracle, and yet had not believed.

BABBITT IN THE WOODS

The Clinton environmental revolution that wasn't

By James Conaway

Ten years ago I sat in a limousine in the basement of the Interior Department with the secretary, James Watt, while he railed against environmentalists, those "hard-core, left-wing radicals, manipulating the press . . . Their real objective," he said, "is partisan politics to change the form of government."

I remember the desperate eyes behind Coke-bottle glasses and the voice of absolute certainty. A born-again Christian, Watt inspired antiphonal denunciations among his opponents—a director of the Wilderness Society once described him as "the worst thing that ever happened to America"—by determinedly exploiting vast federal lands in the West. He cleaved to exhortations from Genesis entombed in his cranial El Capitan ("Have dominion over . . . every living thing") and disposed of public resources as quickly as possible.

Politically, Watt reeked of gasoline, cow manure, and entrepreneurial piety, but he was a consummate bureaucrat, if an odd one. The greatest claim he made for his tenure was that he had larded into the department's bureaucracy lower-level functionaries who shared his views, environmental land mines.

Watt was followed as secretary by Reagan's trail-riding buddy, William Clark, by Watt's more diplomatic cyborg, Donald Hodel, and finally by Manuel Lujan, perhaps the shortest attention span ever to take in the Fourth of July fireworks from the balcony outside the office of irascible old Harold Ickes, secretary of the interior under Franklin D. Roosevelt and Harry S. Truman. None of these men had come to office with any great sense of mission, and they were duly jettisoned by the permanent government when their time came, leaving little behind but demoralization.

Since that meeting in the limousine I had developed a keen interest in the West, and had gone on to write a book about it. And recently I had begun to wonder about the mood at Interior under the Democrats, now that Bruce Babbitt had been made secretary and Watt's demons put into play.

An enlightened environmentalism was precious to Bill Clinton's core constituency and helped elect him president. Those voters anticipated the undoing of twelve years of Republican environmental neglect, a job that would surely involve remaking the Interior Department. During the campaign, Clinton led his supporters to believe that he would raise grazing fees on public lands. The issue had been batted around Washington for decades but never acted upon, and Clinton had latched on to it as a way of announcing an end to business as usual at Interior.

Clinton's choice to accomplish this and other ecological corrections was Bruce Babbitt, putative savior of A ica's public lands and resources. A erner and avowed outdoorsman, Bal had served as an activist attorney eral of Arizona and as governor for terms; his appointment as interior retary was seen as vital, so much so the environmental movement's cu dial organizations and their b boomer membership despaired wh looked like Babbitt might end up stead on Clinton's Supreme Court. firmly in place at Interior, Bab seemed to herald the reformist mil nium, and as such was the subje many glowing profiles and intervi Whether he will be allowed to liv to the advance billing is a question is now in the process of being answ

The carpet in the secretary's o office on the sixth floor has b changed from russet to sky blue. traits of recent secretaries hangin the richly paneled walls reflect a conscious individualism; Watt been rendered in a dark suit, mortician than proprietor of 503 lion acres, which is much of the maining American endowmen forest and prairie, ranchland, and eral wealth—to be virtually gi away or held in trust. Frederick J. son Turner wrote in his seminal paper "The Significance of the F tier in American History" that frontier shaped American democ and character by providing cheap l and that the frontier was no mor

What's left of the frontier is administered by Bruce Babbitt. I fo

With this issue, James Conaway becomes the Washington editor of Harper's Magazine. *He is the author of* The Kingdom and the Country *(Avon, paper, 1993).*

ing at his desk at one end of
nificent room atop Interior's
st wing, one of the most im-
offices in Washington; it was
dly by Ickes to build an empire
Thirties and Forties, but only
ially by Watt, who squirreled
away in what had once served
's bedroom. Babbitt was talk-
the telephone to a congress-
irtsleeves rolled up, in the
of art inspired by the West—
ure of a soaring eagle, oils of
lands, and Native American
"This is just a heads-up," he
ing, the subject of their con-
on being grazing
need you guys . . .
giving up any-
until I see what
ck."
ught Babbitt
vaguely out of
nore the soft-
, unassuming
treet regular
he environ-
l nimrod or
nding bureau-
resence. At the begin-
his term he was considered to be
st potent of the President's ad-
partly because he seemed the
proachable, a human face at the
White House conference table.
irst, the impression seemed to
firmed. President Clinton had
backed away from his posi-
raising grazing fees in the face
sition from a group of western
ssmen led by Senator Max Bau-
Montana. (Baucus reportedly
palled that Clinton didn't sug-
ompromise.) The sound Wash-
ians remember from that day
ollective grunt of lobbyists hap-
ing from the banquettes in var-
staurants. Babbitt told me that
sident did not back down, that
as a misperception on the part
press. "I made a tactical error,"
l, "by including grazing fees in
dget and separating the fees
the environmental reforms.
going to get both."
bitt's new plan was to bypass
ess altogether; as interior sec-
he possessed the regulatory au-
to raise grazing fees unilaterally.
didn't seem to work, either. If



on by Steve Brodner

he had put the action off until after Congress acted on the Interior appropriations bill, Babbitt might have prevailed without a fight, but he announced too soon his intention to modify the subsidy and to end the domination of range management by the people—ranchers—that Interior is supposed to regulate. For the previous twelve years the Senate had been content to let the Wattites and their successors at Interior run things, knowing that the Republicans would act to satisfy ranchers' demands and preserve the status quo. Faced with this Babbittry, however, the Senate decided to override the usual procedure and pass a law that in effect micromanages Interior by legislative fiat, including a moratorium on the fees.

"The cowboys are kicking our butt," I was later told by an Interior appointee.

Finally, this fall, Babbitt managed to have the Senate initiative killed in the joint conference committee, thanks in part to his "heads-up" calls to various congressmen, and in October both parties agreed to the fee rise. It had to be subjected to a final vote in Congress, but the contest got the attention of a public not routinely exposed to the concept of an "animal unit month," a bureaucratic characterization of what is supposedly a pastoral phenomenon: feeding a cow and a calf or five sheep for a month on the nation's commons. The price would rise from $1.86 to $3.45, bringing in less than $20 million—chicken feed. Only 27,000 ranchers would be affected, many of them corporations rather than family outfits.

Many in the environmentalist camp viewed grazing fees as a test case: if they could be raised significantly, the reasoning went, other adjustments might also be made, and not just on rangeland. Corporations might be prevented from carting off minerals without paying for them. "Miners" might no longer be permitted de facto free vacation cabins on public land while wreaking havoc with patently bogus claims. The attention of Americans living elsewhere, those of us in what Walter Prescott Webb, in his book *The Great Plains*, called the humid regions, might focus on western water rights and wonder aloud why a few farmers and ranchers can own whole rivers and run them dry in the dry years.

Making such adjustments would mean dismantling a system that has been in effect for more than a century. The Interior Department was created in 1849 to oversee a large chunk of the intermontane plain and desert extending from the Rockies to the Pacific and from Mexico to Canada. The department includes all the national parks, but the vast preponderance of Interior land lies in the twelve quite different western states (including Alaska), much of which still belong to all Americans. This is because the lands were acquired by the federal government by purchase and treaty after the nation was formed and parceled out to those brave, foolish, or [illegible] relatively [illegible] rior functions today as the clean-up crew for Manifest Destiny.

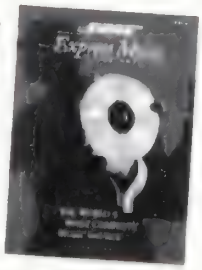
[illegible] things [illegible] the [illegible] secretaries, had [illegible]



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asked Babbitt if Watt's influence continued to be felt in the department, he said, "I came in here wonderin[g] bureaucrats were manning machine-gun nests." He took no enfilade on Watt but instead found "an outpouring of enthusiasm and relief. This is the department of Rachel Carson. People are here because they believe in the mission . . . I haven't spent one minute since worrying about the problem."

The General Accounting Office has been worrying about it, though following a directive from Congress at the outset of the Clinton Administration to study a phenomenon known as "burrowing." Burrowers are politically appointees, officially called "conversions," who progress from Schedule A appointments (political) to Schedule B (civil service), thus avoiding competitive review. The GAO discovered that between January 1992 and March 1993 in the thirty-three government agencies studied, hundreds of those appointments had become permanent, and the Interior was one of the most affected agencies. Burrowers, however, were always a small percentage of the total number of people hired, and apparently were not particularly powerful at Interior.

The official line at the department is that the past is dead. Babbitt is a consensus builder—"a practitioner of government," as he puts it, "with an extraordinarily broad mandate from the President"—and he believes in allowing the bureaucracy to rev[eal] its better nature. In such a place, prominent employees sympathetic to the appointees in power usually advance incrementally by letting their concerns show, or conceal them and wait out the current administration like blennies on the great sea fan of an subject to electional ebb and flow. Interior is staffed by people with [a] for land, or at least a scientific interest in it. The environmentalists are definitely in at Interior. But even with Watt gone, the mood is cautious. I would take me a while to realize why.

Babbitt spoke most enthusiastically about his proposed National Biological Survey, an inventory of species on public and private land, called a "my first priority." The NBS is [also] emblematic of the Clinton/B[abbitt]

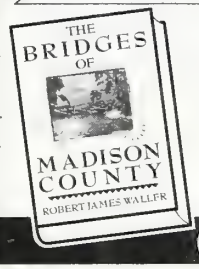
than butting heads over re- because the survey can be as cooperative and because it popular political slogan, "bio- y"—yin to the yang of cultur- sity and a general proposition reasonable person can oppose. task of determining America's in the West was first undertak- e great surveys following the War, by people like Ferdinand , Clarence King, and John Wes- vell. The country wanted to hat was "out there," and valu- ecimens were collected, many h ended up at the Smithsonian. biological survey faltered over rs, whereas the geological one ed, driven by the vast mineral it helped uncover. The U.S. Ge- l Survey could serve as the mod- Babbitt's revamped biological the signal difference being that s the former facilitated the open- he West, the latter can only cat- its demise.

advantages of the biological are considerable and its scope ication of Babbitt's conceptual es. It will take scientists from 's bureaus within Interior and hem under one tarp. Because it cus on the entire ecosystem, in- of on its components, hereto- nappreciated relationships species can be studied and en- ied recommendations made. In ese recommendations can lead g-term decisions affecting con- on and the general ecological Traditionally, such scientific re- has been vitiated in direct pro- n to the number of warring es it must filter through; by con- ting and isolating the research, ld have greater practical force. at is the argument. But irrespec- f its merits, the National Bio- l Survey is an idea easily grasped shington. The new agency would round more than 1,700 Interior ists and support staff, get funds, quire "enabling legislation," so the imperial non sequitur. Its cal effects are years away.

nore pressing problem of species t of salmon on the West Coast, ue that promises to become the ic version of the spotted owl, h it is a lot more complicated

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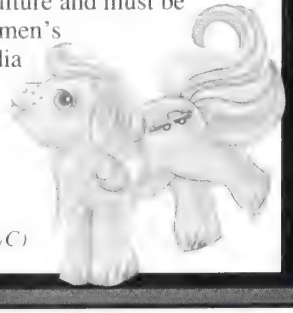
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and potentially more conte
Dams on the Columbia River a
icating the natural sockeye run
say methodically; other speci
the same fate. The solution is
available—altering the dams t
the fish to pass—but it is exp
and would adversely affect pow
eration, barging, and some irri
all activities with dedicated lo

This is a paradigmatic issue
age that so values environmen
adigm. It involves twenty-thre
rate governmental jurisdictio
cluding such monoliths
Department of Energy, the N
Marine Fisheries Service with
Commerce Department, the
Army Corps of Engineers, per
bad boy of American rivers, a
Bureau of Reclamation and th
and Wildlife Service, both with
terior. Actions by some of these
cies suggest that the last desc
the Columbia by sockeye fry, a
extirpation of the fed's politica
lem, is eagerly anticipated.

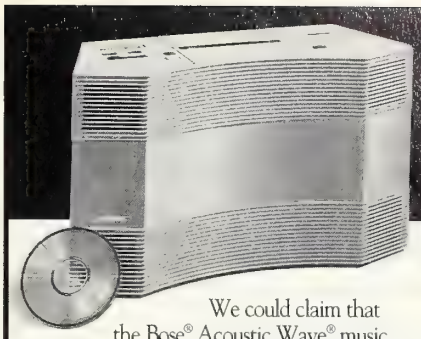
Babbitt claimed to be power
help in the short run, an extr
nary admission. The offending
are operated by the Army C
Engineers and produce energy
DOE. Interior has sufficient w
its dams upstream to help the s
get back to the ocean by raising
levels, and theoretically coul
vide it over the shrieks of up
irrigators. "I could force the
of Reclamation to release the v
Babbitt said, "but I would be
mated by six or seven other age

Babbitt's approach to the s
and other problems is interagen
operation. "That was the reas
got the timber plan," he said, re
to the compromise among en
mentalists, the timber industr
the regulators over the timber
the Northwest. "For ten years
agencies had been fighting, a
got them together. That's the m

The salmon issue, unfortun
doesn't seem to fit the model. I
or could champion the salmo
that would involve a debilitati
fight, salmon being the charge
Commerce Department. I too
question to Babbitt's assistant sec
for Water and Science, Betsy
"Recovery is in the hands of M

rces," she said. "We're hopeful
ney'll come up with the right
on to halt the dramatic decline
e species of salmon." She then
l Babbitt: "We want to maintain
nce among the interests."
st everyone agrees that some-
can and should be done about
n, but not that it will be done.
nt in Babbitt's concept of "bal-
is diminishment, and possibly
tion.
he West, politics still rules. The
n languishes in part because Tom
speaker of the House of Repre-
ives, doesn't want his district's
generation and downstream
s disturbed by a fish. Clinton
Foley, as he needs Senator Bau-
ho is chairman of the Commit-
Environment and Public Works
he Subcommittee on Interna-
Trade, and a member of the
ulture, Nutrition, and Forestry
ittee, the Select Committee on
Intelligence, and the Joint
Committee on Taxation.

ne of Babbitt's best appointments
rt, pudgy westerner who wears a bo-
n Baca. He heads the Bureau of
Management, which administers
gest single piece of remnant lands—
illion acres and 300 million acres of
face mineral rights—within Interior.
vants range and mining reform and,
some others in the administration,
en willing to stand up to western
cians making opportunistic forays
ublic lands. An example is that of
mbing range proposed for southwest
's high-desert Owyhee County, at a
when the Soviet Union is panhan-
and the U.S. military is in fiscal
. Baca has reservations about cre-
a 200,000-acre Nintendo in an area
upports the largest herd of Califor-
ighorn sheep. High-tech dust-ups
e conducted at the supersonically
y ranges already in existence, but
's Cecil Andrus wants it, and Andrus
h a Democrat and a governor—a
ory particularly dear to the former
nor of Arkansas.
bbitt will influence the outcome of
nd other squabbles, but the real
ions will be made by Clinton, as the
ous path of the grazing-fees issue
nstrates. Clinton is not known to
artial to nature when its excres-



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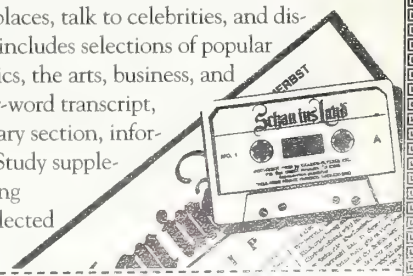
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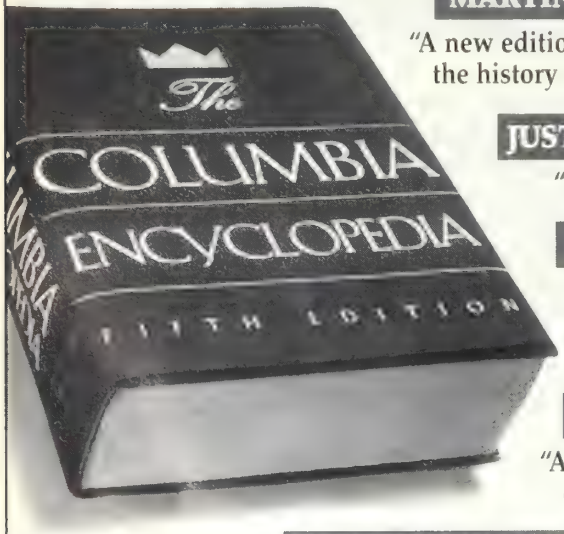
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cences can be traded. Clinton de
people, not to trees. Unlike Reag
doesn't view the latter as dang
merely mutable to our requiremer
this respect, he and his immediat
decessors in the nation's highest
have more in common than so
Clinton's supporters care to admit
fact that people can be profound
hanced by aspects of nature that a
turned into product hasn't beer
appreciated in the White House
the days of Teddy Roosevelt.

Wandering the corridors of I
or, looking at all the photograp
the outdoors, I tried to imagin
things more antithetical than a
and Bill Clinton. The West is s
terior and he relentlessly interic
jogging demonstrations notv
standing. He doesn't waste senti
or thought, on geography, and
raphy is what the West—an
country—is about. If Clinton u
stood this he would have vacati
in the Tetons, or in Hope, n
Martha's Vineyard. "The W
doesn't resonate in his internal
cy discussions, nor do the states
quite real and discrete to him. Ins
they are collections of congres
and a governor who have, as Cli
has, peculiar problems relate
"jobs," which are related to "v
What Babbitt said of the typ
Washington reporter applies equa
Clinton: "He doesn't know a co
from a piece of quartz."

Clinton's ability to identify
the political abstraction "biodiver
led to his support for the Nationa
ological Survey. Babbitt told me
he and Clinton had discussed b
versity at length, and added—sal
ly, I thought—"The President c
up one morning and said he had
a story about living on the land
wanted to know how to reconcile
with the environmental concerns
said, 'Remember the little guy.' "

This is a noble, if naive, view,
retro-Rousseauian. Living on the
meant in the traditional sense o
cupying and transforming wilder
is no longer possible in Americ
federal property. The President's q
tion to Babbitt suggests that he
little idea of the difference betwe
farmer, rancher, miner, or lumber
using his own land and those

presuming upon the public do-
The public has a right to de-
supervision and limits on the
its own land.
nton's words reminded me of
ning Watt had said all those years
about using federal resources
p another person get a job, feed
nily . . . You might have provid-
ter, so somebody can live out of
izzards of Wyoming." Another
ition no reasonable person can
, and therefore politically po-
et for a century and a half the lit-
has provided the big guy with
ral justification for bonanza and
iation. The uncomfortable truth
during that time many Ameri-
ittle and big, have built liveli-
and fortunes using commodities
o not belong to them.
biological survey could very well
me animals and plants because
species will disappear before the
ory gets under way. This is be-
laws and regulations protecting
re not enforced. Trespassing dirt-
are likely to run over the desert
e and other species while they are
the microscope. Throughout In-
and Forest Service lands, corpo-
s and the little guy are stealing
r, graze, water, and stone, dump-
ripping, digging up living things,
ing them, squatting, fouling
beds, misreading meters on oil
as wells, overcharging govern-
for services not performed, grow-
ope, and smuggling Anasazi
ts. No one in authority even pre-
to be in control of this grubby as-
f land management.
n westerners are beginning to
lain. They are speaking out
t antiquarian irrationalities like
in time, first in right," the basis
stern water law, and wondering
why the right to graze cattle on
you don't own can be passed
to your children. Increasingly,
rn delegations in Washington
t speak for the majority of their
ituents, and western senators re-
hat they know less about the is-
t home than do outsiders.
e apportioning of resources re-
so illogical in terms of today's re-
—political ones excepted—that
Americans, wherever they live,
ocked to learn of them. While

the argument over grazing fees progressed at Interior, for instance, a mining company, American Barrick—it is Canadian-owned—was in the process of extracting some $10 billion worth of gold from the great American interior, on land American Barrick will probably be able to acquire for the grand sum of $10,000. Royalties are not paid on hard-rock minerals, a favor to the mining companies, domestic and foreign. Though Babbitt has been holding up the process, it's a battle one high-ranking Interior official said he's bound to lose. Ten thousand dollars in exchange for $10 billion worth of assets that belong to all Americans would seem to transcend even the permanent government's ideas of acceptable ineptitude and venality in the body—Congress—that continues to defend the General Mining Law of 1872.

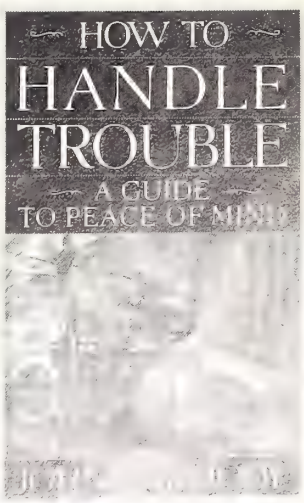
One of the people Babbitt listens to closely at Interior is George Frampton, assistant secretary for Fish and Wildlife and Parks. Frampton mastered the give-and-take of Washington consensus while serving as president of the Wilderness Society, which today reflects the same K Street sheen as other successful lobbies around town; he is not what the indigenous environmental hard core call "a tennis shoe environmentalist." "He's never worked these issues on the street," says one who has.

Frampton was just back from Alaska when I met with him, and on his way to the Everglades. He evinced all the bonhomie of a vacuum-cleaner salesman in a dust storm: such a mess, so much opportunity. The timber summit, from his viewpoint, had been a victory for "balance," whereas environmentalists outside Washington considered it a cave-in by the environmental establishment to a government bent on jobs and votes. Gains from the environmentalists' perspective were at that moment being further eroded by Interior appointees eager to please the White House. Within days the Clinton Administration would threaten to go to Congress to obtain a still-larger timber cut, and a member of Frampton's own Wilderness Society would characterize Interior as "staff running amok . . . We have to question their sincerity."

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What are the facts?

The PLO and Yassir Arafat. Israel is making this fateful arrangement with a terror organization. According to its "covenant", which has never been rescinded, the PLO has only one aim: the destruction of the state of Israel through force and violence. The aim is and has always been the notorious "phased plan": to eliminate Israel in two stages—first by creating a Palestinian state in any territory vacated by Israel and then using that state to foment an allied Arab assault against the truncated and critically vulnerable Jewish state.

Until recently, Arafat was officially declared a terrorist by the United States government and was not allowed entry into our country. He is personally responsible for hundreds of assassinations and terrorist attacks. The fact that such a man could appear on the White House lawn, that he could shake hands with the President of the United States, and with the Prime Minister of Israel is truly astonishing.

A mortal danger to Israel. Turning over control of the Gaza strip and any part of the "West Bank" to the Arabs puts Israel in mortal peril. The basic conflict is not between Israel and the "Palestinians", with whom some accommodation, some arrangement of autonomy, could certainly be reached. The basic conflict is with the Arab nations, all of which, with the sole exception of Egypt, are still in a state of war with Israel. They are armed to the teeth, not just with "conventional" weapons, but with missiles that even today can reach any part of Israel, and with weapons of mass destruction—chemical, biological and nuclear.

With the "West Bank" in Arab hands, missiles won't be needed. Mortars and shoulder-held Stingers would suffice to threaten every commercial flight into and out of Israel, to impede the take-off of military airplanes and to threaten and rain destruction on the principal cities of Israel and its most important industrial, commercial and military installations. Sure, the world would insist that the new Palestinian state be demilitarized. But does anybody really believe that with Israel surrounded by mortal enemies, they would allow such a military vacuum to exist for any length of time—even in the unlikely case that the Palestinians would so desire? If it yielded the "West Bank", Israel would be only 9 miles wide at its narrow waist—it would take no major military effort to slice it in half and to destroy it. No country should expose itself to such peril. But with the Judean hills in enemy hands, and without the elaborate warning system on those hills, Israel is totally indefensible and at the mercy of its enemies. That is the opinion of 100 U.S. generals and admirals who so reported to the President and to the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

"If it yielded the "West Bank", Israel would be only 9 miles wide at its narrow waist—it would take no major military effort to slice it in half and to destroy it. No country should expose itself to such peril".

We all want peace and, surely, besieged Israel, which has been under constant attack since the day of its creation, wants peace more than anybody. And it is likely that such fervent wish for peace has led Israel into making fateful concessions to Yassir Arafat and the PLO. It will be almost impossible to reverse what has been done. The process of empowering the Palestinians will almost certainly result in a Palestinian state. Will it, as we are told, be "democratic" and peaceful? Not likely! Every one of the 22 Arab states is totalitarian, ruled autocratically, and ruthlessly abusive of human rights. Another Lebanon, carved on Israel's back, with never-ending strife and bloodshed is much more likely—a source of constant terrorist attacks against Israel and ultimately the source of a new Mid-East war. In such a war, Israel's ability to defend itself and to prevail would be in serious question.

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I asked Frampton if he th
salmon and hydropower could
the same attention at the
House that the spotted owl a
ber received. "The President h
his brush with Northwest reso
Frampton said; apparently grazi
were not a test case after all.

Frampton moved on to talk
departmental affairs. Any disgr
Republican leftovers at Inter
said, would be disposed of thro
trition and replaced by young
sonnel. "The department wi
reflection of what has happe
the White House. That will
legacy—the next round of man

That, of course, was Watt's
recast the bureaucracy. This
anomalies were to be erased
baby boom, not by transfers, firi
ideological tirades. We were t
evolution. Meanwhile Babbitt
appointees have their mandate
ventory our diminishing speci
member the little guy, and he
Clinton re-elected.

December Index Sources

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CHOICE ACADEMIC PORK

Inside the leadership-studies racket

By Benjamin DeMott



ne steam-broiled
ng last August I found
in a hotel conference
t 16th and M Streets in
ngton, D.C., receiving
tion in how to judge
roposals for something
the Dwight D. Eisen-
Leadership Develop-
Program, a modest new
federal pork purveyed
country's academic
courtesy of Senator
Specter and Repre-
ive William Goodling,
f Pennsylvania.

not, as it happens, a
ship scholar—wasn't
aware, in fact, that the
"leadership scholar"
d. (I've been an En-
professor for forty
) A government com-
looking to assemble a
of "peer readers" sim-
oughed me up. Academic jury
s the name of this game—it pays
ly ($100 a day) but is otherwise
ss; I'd been snagged for it a half-
times before.

is time, however, was different.
eading for the Eisenhower pro-
emerged first as a fiasco, then as
ucation. I learned many new de-
tails about the ways of government waste, of which the Eisenhower program stands as a small, perfectly formed specimen. More important, I was introduced to the leadership-studies cult, a no-less-perfect specimen of late-twentieth-century academic avarice and a precise depth gauge of some recent professorial descents into pap, cant, and jargon.

The leadership cult, I discovered, embraces both public and private entities: governmental bureaucracies, nonsectarian youth agencies, academic institutions, the corporate complex. Its reach stretches from the Kennedy School's Leadership Education Project, at Harvard, and Penn's elite Wharton School and the Kettering Foundation (a major sponsor of specialized leadership research and publication) to the U.S. Military Academy (which requires cadets to study leadership in formal courses) and the YMCA, which conducts summer-camp-style "leaders' schools" for teenagers throughout the nation. As this suggests, the cult has many grass-roots presences: state education departments and university extension services that support 4-H and other "leadership-training initiatives"; new, business-backed "leadership institutes" springing up at on-the-make private universities; a cluster of Eastern liberal arts colleges pursuing image as leadership specialists; "centers for creative leadership" [illegible] of North Carolina [illegible]

In [illegible] texts comparatively unknown to the [illegible]

in DeMott is Mellon Professor of Humanities Emeritus at Amherst College and thor of The Imperial Middle.

ion by Barry Blitt

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terms. And it displays a strong determination to enlarge the spheres of its influence.

Thus far, the most visible sign of that influence is the enactment of the Eisenhower program—the show for which I was dragooned and a contender, arguably, for the title of worst-conceived taxpayer-financed program in the history of the republic. The program was enacted in 1992, part of that year's education amendments—the array of new, old, and restructured Education Department programs financed by annual congressional appropriations. By summer 1993 bureaucratic wheels were churning. A call for proposals ran in the *Federal Register*, producing 135 bids. The summons to read arrived in mid-July and included the text of the legislation—Part D of Title X of the Higher Education Act as Amended.

> AS LEADERSHIP SCHOLARS SNUGGLE TO THE NEW PUBLIC TEAT, A NEW INDUSTRY AND SPECIAL INTEREST ARE BORN

Congress hereby authorizes, said the text, $10 million for a program, "to be known as 'the Dwight D. Eisenhower Leadership Development Program,'" the purpose of which is to develop "new generations of leaders in the areas of national and international affairs." The program's primary "function" was defined as "stimulat[ing] and support[ing] the development of leadership skills among new generations of American college students." Other "functions" include "direct[ing] a national program that identifies, recruits, inspires, and educates outstanding young men and women regarding leadership roles," "develop[ing] curriculum for secondary and postsecondary education," and "stimulat[ing] the theoretical and practical study of leadership and leadership development. . . ."

Seemingly aware that the Eisenhower program was a turkey, the government managers in charge of the eighteen readers summoned to move the ball down the field evinced little relish for their responsibilities. On previous juries I'd been supplied with regulations interpreting the pertinent law. Not this time. The feds' letter of notification commented that "it was too late to go through that proce e The same letter urged, in frantic ital s, that readers "BE SURE READ THE LEGISLATION." further, the letter listed substa questions to be dealt with presur at the opening briefing: "What definition of leadership? How one teach leadership? and wh whom should leadership be ta When and where?"

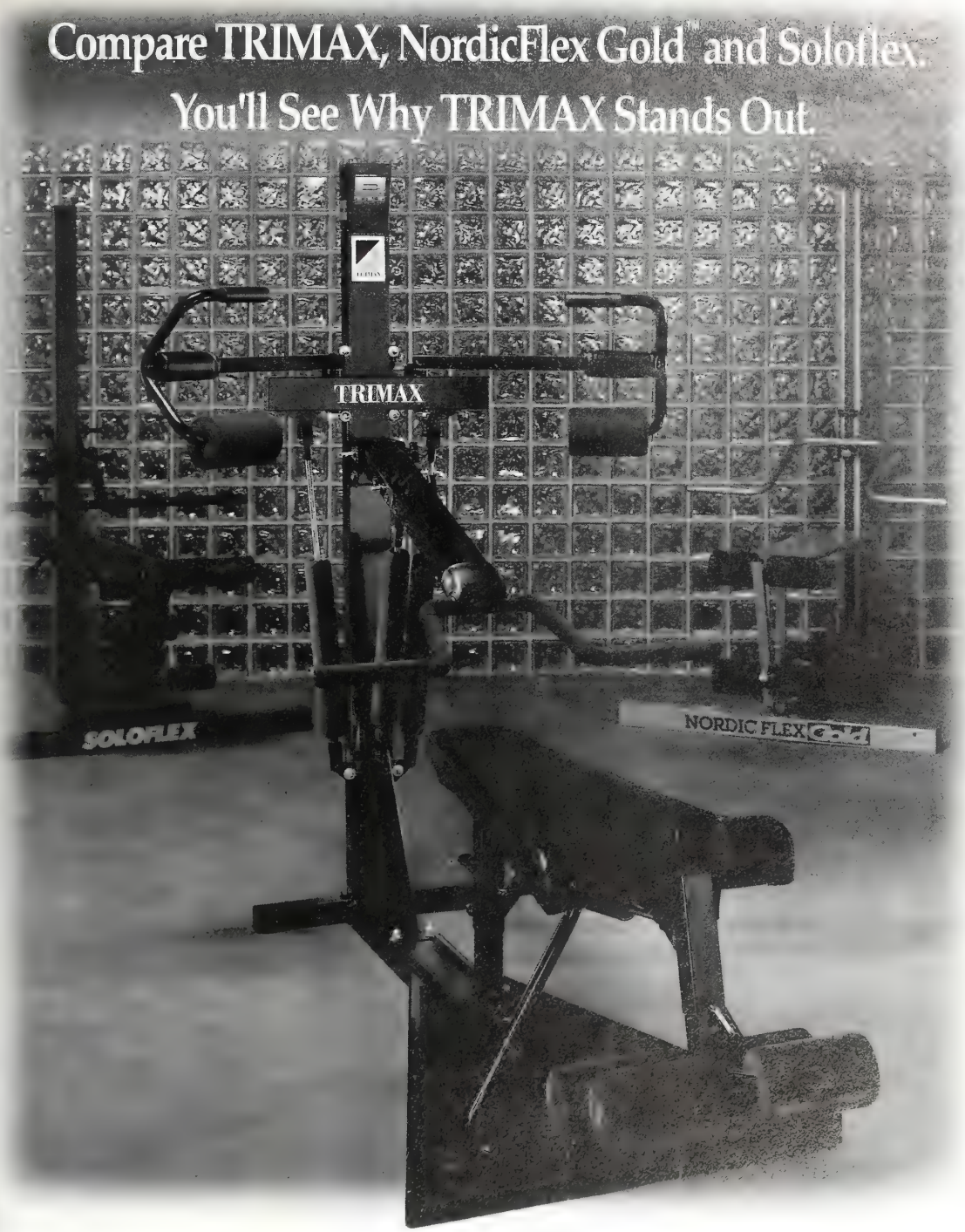
You tell us.

At the initial briefing the pro director, an earnest, harried somehow still-humorous thirty Education Department vet n Donald N. Bigelow, told us t large number of American col and univers —close to six dred—"now something mal about . . ucation for le ship." He a his personal that teaching ership "was teaching s you can go just so far. . . ." And higher-ranking bureaucrat said th himself had always thought leade "was a trait," not an academic su With this guidance we were divide to two-person teams and dispat to our rooms for a one-hour "tra exercise." Pick a couple of app ations, skim them, make notes, back with your questions, and help. We returned minus convent questions but noisy and irritable

Picture the usual economy-c hotel meeting room, manage front at the usual baize-covered t readers seated in rows of folding c the usual coffee, ice water, pens pads available in the rear, t sounds just penetrating the win The managers said little, pointi one raised hand after another as as the meeting remained ord obliged to hear out the protests, erless to alter the basic situation

A gray-haired Californian in of me asked acidly, "Is there any losophy behind this thing? Shou talk about it?" From the rear: " one I read claims they've been te ing leadership for fifty years. So are we giving money to colleg

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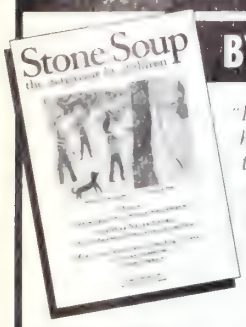
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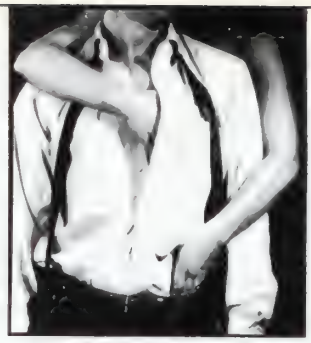
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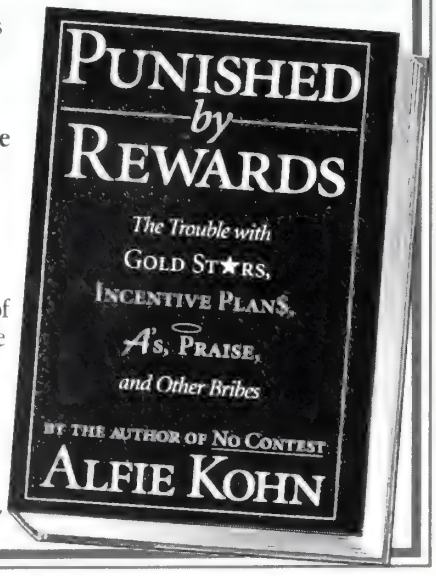
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teach what they've been teach[ing] fifty years.'" A professor from Ar[izona] raised the issue of fairness: the [Harvard] *al Register* said the grants would [be] age around $175,000 but the [professor] she was reading asked for a m[illion]. With a million you can do a l[ot] can't do with a fifth of a mi[llion]. "Shouldn't this be thrown out"? An other voice from the rear: "T[his] bullshit, really. Nobody can teac[h] stuff. You can't have a curriculu[m]. All you can do is some hands-on [work] the community. Identify people [and] out and do something, for Ch[rist]'s sake."

A late-arriving, short, trim, fi[ne]-gent on the aisle—a teacher of "[Quali]ity Management" at a midwe[stern] state university who turned out [to be] my own teammate—defended th[e en]terprise. "Look," said he in a re[as]ing tone. "You're going to get [into] repetition of words. Commitmen[t, em]powerment... What you do is lo[ok] yond, at the conceptualization [be]logical? Has it got the overlay [of] ence? Remember," he told us, "[Learn]ing is as practical as good theory. [There] has to be a science overlay."

Suddenly, all eighteen readers [were] talking at once and the director [in] front of the room was shouti[ng to] make himself heard. He could [have] assembled a group of eighteen [spe]cialists in "the field," he said, bu[t the] present route was better. "We h[ave a] number of specialists who writ[e on] leadership, but most of you ha[ve] even thought about it." Strugg[ling], sweating, the man shook his h[ead]. "This is the first time I've had a [pan]el many of whom don't kn[ow] damned thing about what they're [talk]ing. . . . Usually people have a [plan]mer."

The room erupted once more [in] messy," the director cried out int[o the] din. "I know it's fuzzy. . . . But *we're* [not] going to get our oar in. You have [to]

the judge."

End of briefing.

A bit of genealogy: The cu[rrent] leadership boom has at least one [root] in an early 1980s pop phenomen[on]—best-selling business manuals su[ch as] *Management Secrets of Attila the H[un]*, *The One-Minute Manager*, and *A [Pas]sion for Excellence*, by Tom Peters [and]



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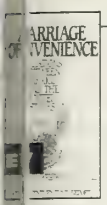
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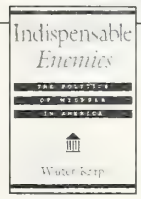
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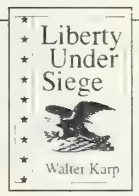
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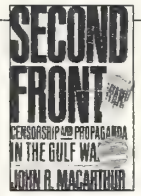
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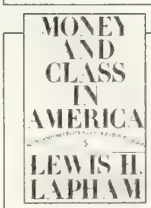
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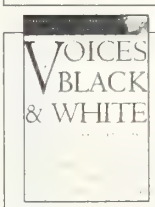
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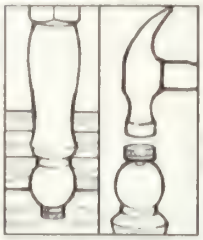
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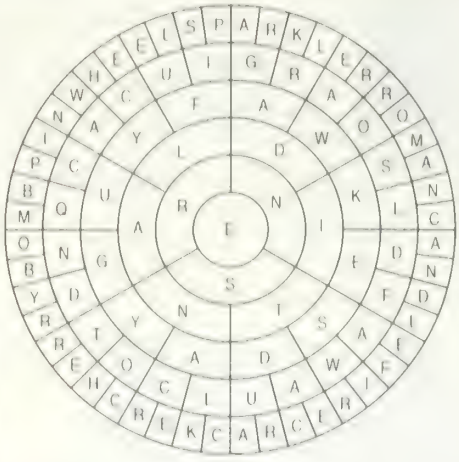
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Note: Anagrams are indicated both in text and by an asterisk (*).

1. [illegible]*; 2. CANDLE*; 3. DA(U)BER*; 4. [illegible], rev. of lead; 5. ARE(A)D; 6. [illegible]; 7. (h)ARKNESS; 8. [illegible]; 9. SHEAF [illegible]; 10. EARTH, hidden; 11. [illegible]*; 12. [illegible]; 13. AENEID*; 14. INDENE, hidden; 15. DEFINE, pun; 16. F(E . . . L)INE; 17. TE(ASE*)S*; 18. FEA(. . . S)TS; 19. WISEST*; 20. S(T.R.)EWS; 21. (u)SE-DATE; 22. C(AD)ETS*; 23. DUSTER, hidden; 24. SA(I . . .)UTED; 25. CLEANS*; 26. ANKLES, hidden; 27. SENECA*; 28. CRANES, hidden in reverse; 29. CON(v)EYS; 30. H(ONE)YS*; 31. TEEN'S-Y; 32. S-ENTRY; 33. REGARD, "re-guard"; 34. GRAYED, "grade"; 35. B-ANGER; 36. . . .O . . .-RANGE; 37. MAR(QU)E; 38. BAR(o)QUE; 39. A . . .-PER-CU; 40. CU(t/RIA/l)E; 41. . . . N . . .-EARLY; 42. LA(W-Y)ER, rev. of lead; 43. CLOTH (rev.); 44. COTE*(S); 45. [illegible]; 46. [illegible]; 47. FILE . . . pun; 48. [illegible].

SOLUTION TO NOVEMBER DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 131): SCIENTISTS COMPETE TRIVIALIZE THE AMERICAN Research [illegible] has burgeoned until today [illegible] every major city's directories list from a dozen to half a hundred research companies, and no important industry, science, or university is without a formidable research arm, with the military the biggest spender of them all.

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 132, *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Entries must be received by December 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. The solution will be printed in the January issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 130 are Susan Till, St. Louis, Missouri; Rosemary Horne, Gordon, Massachusetts; and Elizabeth Zaya, Holyoke, Massachusetts.

Nancy K. Austin. Leadership [illegible] then trickled down (or up) [illegible] universities and the public sect[illegible] Eisenhower program heralds [illegible] rival. As leadership scholars sm[illegible] the new public teat, a new [illegible] and special interest are born.

I learned during Eisenhow[illegible] reading week that the leadersh[illegible] quasi official language is a ble[illegible] only of Tom Peters and John N[illegible] but of Thomas Kuhn, Zen [illegible] tagonese, and traditional psyc[illegible] ble as well. Keywords and p[illegible] include "megaskill," "capstone [illegible] rience," "futures-creative," "p[illegible] design matrices," and "diversity [illegible] ing." Key proverbs and sayings a[illegible] tentiously gnomic. ("Your self [illegible] paradigm." "Your paradigm is th[illegible] of you which your enemy wa[illegible] know.") Literary tastes within th[illegible] ership alliance are erratic—the [illegible] of Ayn Rand are canonical and [illegible] full; Tolstoy is read in snippets.

Further new knowledge: Th[illegible] Military Academy has a Depar[illegible] of Behavioral Studies and Lead[illegible] One of the nation's first sch[illegible] leadership studies is at the Un[illegible] ty of Richmond, in Virginia, [illegible] appears to be heavily endowe[illegible] nancially. The school's basic c[illegible] taught by a Dr. J. Thomas Wre[illegible] entitled Foundations of Lead[illegible] Studies, includes as required r[illegible] Aristotle, Plato, Machiavelli, T[illegible] and Marshall Sashkin, author [illegible] sionary Leadership: The Persp[illegible] from Education." (Five pages [illegible] *and Peace*, eleven pages of *Th[illegible] public*, seven pages of Aristotl[illegible] pages of Machiavelli, a quant[illegible] Marshall Sashkin.)

Yet more learning: tenure[illegible] demicians belonging to the lead[illegible] cult have delivered papers at "a[illegible] istrative leadership" conferen[illegible] the following topics:

"Robert Browning's "My [illegible] Duchess": A Contrast in Manag[illegible] Styles."

"Lessons for Leadership in [illegible] Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral*."

"Group Dynamics and Crisis [illegible] agement in *For Whom the Bell* [illegible]

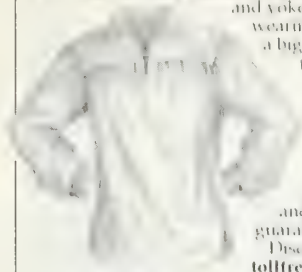
"Christopher Marlowe an[illegible] Crash of 1987: Literary Lesson[illegible] the Contemporary 'Overreache[illegible]

The Eisenhower applica[illegible]

n length from fifty to one hun-
es, and the level of discourse
o means uniform. A few pro-
ere ambitious and displayed
oretical sophistication my
e desiderated. (The most am-
from the Wharton School,
d "a cross-cultural study of
ip to be conducted in ap-
tely forty nations.") But de-
stitutional differences in
and presumed academic dis-
, sameness ruled overall.
and again applicants recited
s of Max DePree, former CEO
erman Miller furniture com-
d author of *Leadership Is an*
9), concerning leadership and
. ("We have placed a restric-
the use of our bicycles [in the
turing plant]. No supervisor
one.... You can't have a con-
n or ask a question from a bi-
) Endlessly the grantsfolk
in italics that "the definition
rship skills cannot be static,
t incorporate traditional, cur-
evolving knowledge of *what*
ip is."
same allegedly seminal lead-
heorists (John Gardner and
lacGregor Burns) were quot-
e applicant after another; one
other the proposals cited the
legedly revelatory business-
icles. A 1988 *Fortune* piece,
Makes for Magic Leadership?"
rded reverence befitting Paul's
letter to the Corinthians.
mar sucked ("There is a ma-
rence in today's world than in
ld of yesterday's great leaders":
). Spelling was relaxed ("De-
and Miterand [*sic*] are exam-
e Wharton School).
ollowing is a sampling of the
es proposed:
e University of Richmond
o publish a humanities skim-
g anthology of snippets of Tol-
ato, Sashkin, and others on
ip. ("Only such a reader—
y organized and annotated—
vide the student with this kind
h and texture in the study of
ip.")
est Texas A & M will bring
ndred "at-risk fifth graders to
for a leadership workshop,"
esent 16 'Rap and Eat' pro-

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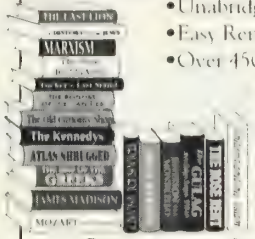
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1) Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales:	29,917	29,534
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C) Total paid circulation:	212,778	216,319
D) Free distribution by mail, carrier or other means (samples, complimentary and other free copies):	2,542	2,583
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grams to campus and 4 progr... public schools" (the group to l... is called Chillin' Time), and w... duct "peer education" in fiel... as "You Booze You Lose."

• The University of Arizon... to spend tax money redesign... existing course called The S... Inquiry into a new course call... Spirit of Leadership. The old... was a variety show meeting... week on topics ranging fr... traterrestrial intelligence to M... folklore to "It Ain't Over 'Til ... Lady Sings"—a discussion, so t... Verdi's *Don Carlo*. ("The intri... royal triangle is played out agai... fiery background of the Inqu... and Spain's lust for conquest.... new course will keep the spark... azine format.

• Wayne State bets on "lea... development seminars" to devel... habits in "a cadre of young le... (The new habits are those "pr... [*sic*] by Stephen Covey in hi... book *The Seven Habits of Highl... tive People*. . . . [The young leade... focus on Covey's 'Paradigm of ...

Tax dollars will also under... "Washington International ... bout"—six days of visits "to th... Department, Congress, the I... ment of Education, and the Sm... nian Institute [*sic*]. (At each sit... students will be asked to think... and respond to the following... tions: 1) What do you think th... cy does? 2) What is the agenc... in foreign policy? 3) Where d... agency get its operating mone...

• Clemson plans its own fe... financed Walkabout, but Cl... walkers will spend twice as l... South Carolina (ten days) as in ... ington, and "will gain actually ... experiences as well as enric... through interaction with leade... have overcome physical disabi... The university will broadcast i... ership vision. ("A five-meter F... satellite uplink-downlink m... atop the Communications Cen... cility . . . a separate C/KU do... and portable C-bandlink are ... able," etc.)

On the face of things, a gap ... between West Texas A & M ... Booze You Lose") and the W...

Continued on ...

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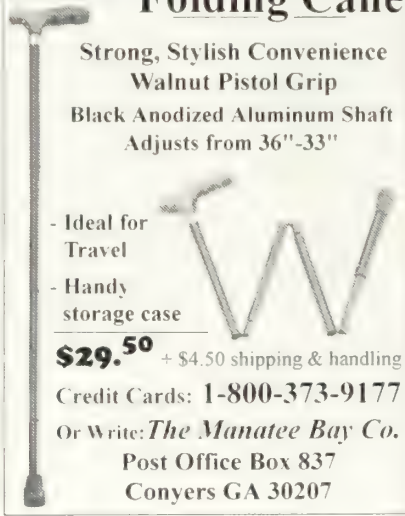
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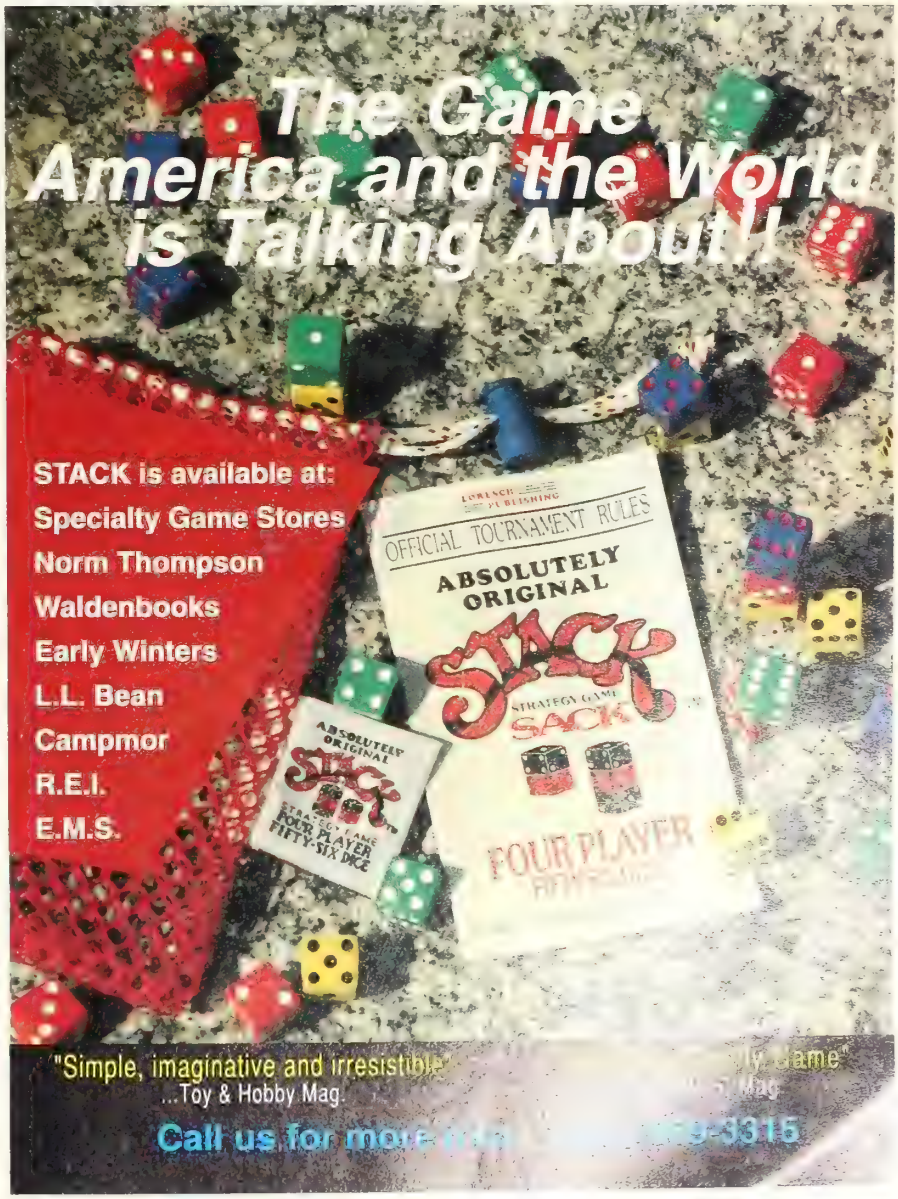
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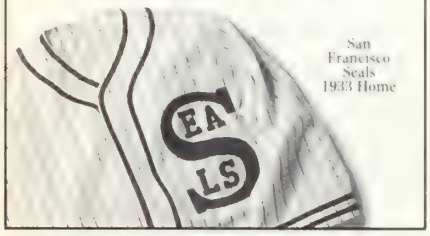


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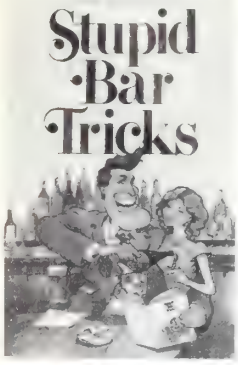
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Continued from page 68

School ("cross-cultural study" of forty nations); the class factor was everywhere evident in bids for leadership money. But much of the poignancy of the leadership cult—and much of its power to disturb—arises from the truth that it appears to have succeeded in binding its socially varied sectors into a unity. Leadership-cult top dogs have managed, in short, to convince bottom dogs as well as themselves that the country's problems stem not from evaded issues of injustice or inequality but from technically faulty administration.

A query: Whatever prompted elected officialdom to guide this beast to the public trough? Signs indicate that the Pennsylvania Republican sponsors—Specter and Goodling—had in mind nothing more than diverting a tiny rivulet of the mighty federal cash cascade to an upright local institution by the name of Gettysburg College. On the Senate floor, as he "put in" the Eisenhower program, Senator Specter quoted Ike telling a Gettysburg College convocation that "the future of our country depends upon enlightened leadership"; he also commended Gettysburg College for "helping ensure that Eisenhower's legacy of leadership will continue to exercise a beneficial influence on the nation he loved."

There was, of course, no House or Senate debate on the program; like hundreds of other "minor" bits of federal largesse in the past, the thing was simply folded into a quiet corner of a major bill by prior arrangement with the bill's managers. According to an Education Department worker I talked to, Gettysburg administrators assumed that most of the money appropriated would go directly to Gettysburg College because the school was an Eisenhower neighbor and a leadership-cult leader. (Gettysburg has a Department of Management led by a "Professor of Eisenhower Leadership Studies.") But that dog didn't hunt: the department's bureaucracy insisted on a competition.

George Bush signed the 1992 education amendments, including the Eisenhower program, at a Virginia community college jollyup, and he waxed inspirational at the close of his remarks. "We are toiling upv[illegible] the night," he declared, "an[illegible] we climb a little bit higher. An[illegible] we've reached our plateau, [illegible] look out upon a new genera[illegible] American schools and a strong[illegible] dation for our nation."

Most of what Bush said—[illegible] amusement of all—dealt with t[illegible] lihood that the contents of th[illegible] lation he was signing were unk[illegible] "After this is over, we're going [illegible] these [amendments] out to eve[illegible] and then tonight we will have [illegible] [*laughter*] on the ingredients th[illegible]

But although the grand unify[illegible] sumptions of the leadership [illegible] surfaced nowhere in the pape[illegible] they were fully visible in the [illegible] hower applications themselve[illegible] grantswriters' first assumptio[illegible] quently repeated, was that s[illegible] leaders is a major destabilizing f[illegible] American society, and that "[illegible] ship training" can solve this pr[illegible] The grantswriters' second assu[illegible] also often repeated, was th[illegible] American people are as one i[illegible] desire for change (referred to [illegible] ably as "positive change," speci[illegible] defined) but are frustrated b[illegible] they are unschooled in the a[illegible] skills of effecting change.

Old ghosts walk in both a[illegible] tions. One ghost is terror of [illegible] aware, politicized proletaria[illegible] age-old mugwumpish fear th[illegible] mob may organize to destroy t[illegible] fragile vestiges of civilized life. [illegible] scientese natter about paradig[illegible] fers in tone and level of literac[illegible] yesteryear's self-pity as voiced b[illegible] ry Adams, William Graham S[illegible] or the Charles Eliot Norton w[illegible] it down that "*The Nation* & H[illegible] & Yale College" stand alone a[illegible] riers against the invasion of n[illegible] barbarism and vulgarity." Its [illegible] seems distant, too, from t[illegible] Richard Hofstadter in a more [illegible] celebration of leadership—*Ant[illegible] lectualism in American Life* (196[illegible] the importance of these tonal [illegible] ences can be exaggerated; fear [illegible] mob lies deep in the American [illegible] and the leadership culture refl[illegible] continuing pervasiveness.

The other ghost in leadersh[illegible] is that of America as the land [illegible]

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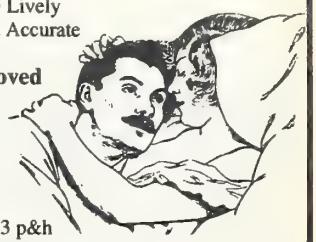
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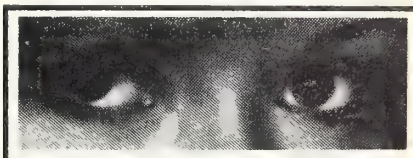
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Continued from page 72

py consensus. Beamish jingoes in the history trade have long worked at instilling belief that seemingly profound and fiercely articulated social conflicts in this country actually are figments, that all good Americans share a feeling for the Universal Unwritten Understanding in the Sky, and that if people of intelligence will but consent to work together, no so-called serious political or cultural issue need ever be joined.

One reason for this vision's current vitality is the arrival of neoliberalism—the Clintonian gospel slyly proclaiming that Harvard/Rhodes slickness can negotiate *any* domestic- or foreign-policy issue into nothingness. (Labor Secretary Robert Reich edited a leadership tome in 1990; it contained, among other pieces, an essay called "Political Leadership: Managing the Public's Problem Solving," by the director of Harvard's Leadership Education Project.) The two operative political fantasies here, which are shared by "enlightened" corporate types, hold that: (1) there are no major differences of interest in American society demanding fair settlement; (2) ways of evading the responsibilities and entailments of a democratic political system can always be found. The new key to successful evasion lies in teaching upcoming generations, from fifth grade onward, how to pretend—as more than one Eisenhower application pretended—that the key explanation for urban disasters such as Camden, New Jersey, is that the residents were never properly trained in conflict management and team building.

Leadership non-believers among the readers—we took to calling ourselves antis—didn't go quietly. We pressed for low scores, wrote hundreds of critical words on evaluation sheets explaining why this or that project shouldn't fly, and pushed unsuccessfully (not enough time, said the bureaucrats) for a plenary session at which general reservations could be aired. At lunch and dinner and in the bar we told one another that "this leadership racket" was only the latest stage in the depressing struggle for the American soul waged by elitism and populism, twin killers of democratic hope—only another sign of Establishment enthusiasm for replacing politics with social science, open argument with manipulated consent.

Ceaselessly we harped on the themes of governmental, academic, and corporate waste and corruption. Bitterness mounted on getaway eve when final reports about grades—proof of the nonexistence of a standard by which to judge a leadership project—began circulating. It emerged that one team gave more than twice as many A grades as were given by the eight other teams *combined*. No problem, our Ed Department handlers told us: computers would "normalize" the scores and the appropriated funds would be spent.

At this news our table of antis fell silent. Later, over coffee, someone said in a taking-it-in voice, "I don't believe this. I mean, I find it disgusting." The Californian who had asked a question about philosophy at our first briefing nodded gravely; the table went on to another subject.

Our resistance to leadership cant originated, doubtless, in a vestigial memory of husbandry—some notion of carefulness and frugality as values in themselves. Implicit in the dutiful, wordy critiques we broke our wrists writing was the conviction that good and bad—norms and structures—exist and that only the foolish pretend otherwise. Wasters of tax revenues (from Star Warriors to mohair subsidizers) and even their self-proclaimed enemies (Clinton-Gore government reinventors) have moved some distance, to be sure, from what are now called "values issues." Questions about moral impact—how waste works, the processes of corruption and enervation it sets in train—aren't asked. Might a Washington Walkabout introducing sophomores to the craft of junketry inspire cynicism, not leadership? Who knows or cares? Obviously someone should know and care.

But in the story of the leadership cult, as in many others resembling it, the [illegible] wind[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

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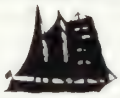
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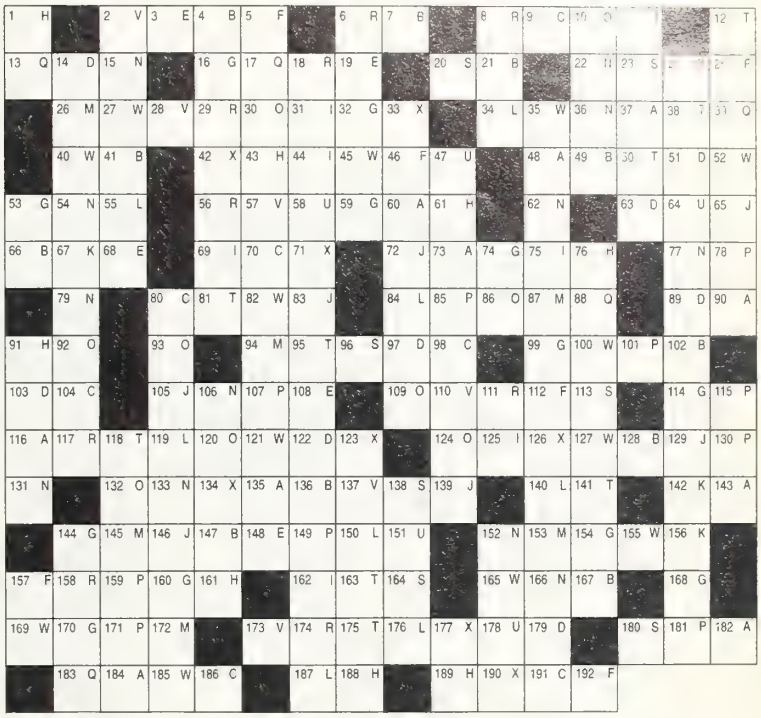
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DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 132

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will con- n a quotation from a published work. ıe numbered squares in the diagram cor- pond to the numbered blanks under the ORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the st letter of each spells the name of the thor and the title of the work from which e quotation is taken. The letter in the per right-hand corner of each square dicates the WORD containing the letter to entered in that square. Contest rules and e solution to last month's puzzle appear page 66.



UES WORDS

Ramshackle, shoddy, slipshod (hyph.) 135 182 73 90 143 / 37 184 116 60 / 48

Remote (hyph.) 21 136 66 7 41 128 49 4 / 167 147 102

Rosh Hashanah, e.g. (2 wds.) 191 186 80 98 9 70 104

Banner, pennant 179 14 51 89 122 63 103 97

Effectively concise 148 108 68 3 19

Considered, marked 157 112 192 46 25 5

Idiosyncrasy 59 114 144 154 32 170 160 53 / 99 168 16 74

Eng. writers Nancy and Jessica, as well as William, and Mary Russell 189 1 161 61 91 43 76 188

Reproach severely, censure 44 11 162 125 75 31 69

Ornamented with rivets, nailheads, or the like 105 65 129 139 72 146 83

West German spa on the Lahn River 67 142 156

Twisting forcibly 176 119 187 150 55 140 84 34

Aromatic herb of the mint family, having small blue flowers 145 172 26 94 153 87

N. "Clippity-clop," "choo-choo," and "buzzer," e.g. 133 54 106 15 79 22 166 152 / 77 131 36 62

O. Wacko, screwy, nutty, flaky 132 109 124 30 10 86 93 92 / 120 24

P. Disturbance in the heartbeat 171 130 78 115 85 101 181 107 / 149 159

Q. "My beloved is to me a bag of ___" (Song of Solomon 1:13) 183 39 17 13 88

R. Swiss cheese 158 117 56 18 174 6 111 29 / 8

S. Harness racer 180 113 96 164 20 23

T. Impertinent; unconventional (3 wds.) 175 163 95 81 12 118

U. Hitches, hindrances 58

V. Flop, bomb, washout

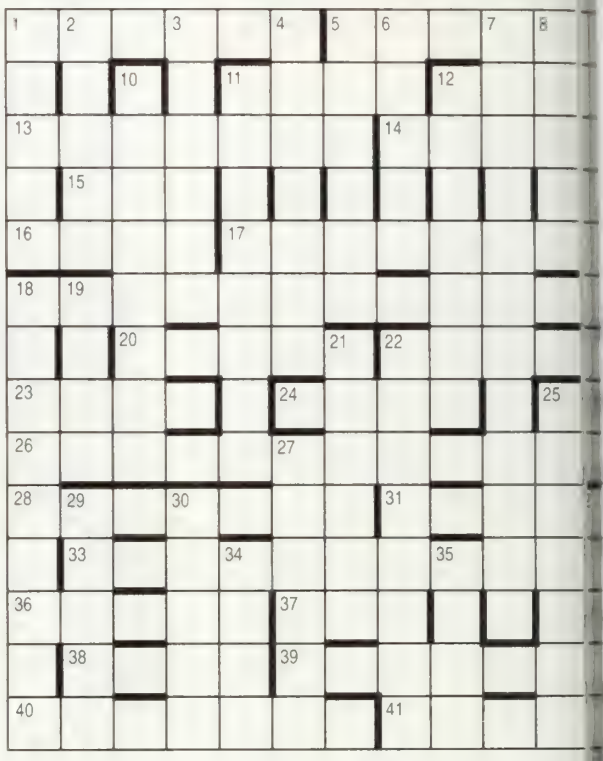
W. "He pottered with his keys at a great rate,/And sweated through his ___" (2 wds.; Byron, "Vision of Judgment") 127

X. Giving up

Is There a Doctor in the House?

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

Six unclued Across lights are 18A for six unclued Down lights. One of these Across lights is an abbreviation. Clue answers include eight capitalized words, some of them less than common (22A, 29A, 12D). The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 66.



ACROSS

1. *See 7D (6)*
5. Some of Cy Coleman heard in "Crazy for You"? (6)
11. Hits lightly over minor disagreement (4)
12. *See 18D (3)*
13. One's about to leave after onset of bass drums (7)
14. Old Greek dialect, half theatrical (5)
15. *See 6D (3)*
16. Tramp, heading off, left old coin (4)
17. French sexpot takes dress in to please German (8)
18. *See instructions (12, two words)*
20. Necessarily dense when disturbed (5)
22. Old French king violated pact involving English (5)
23. Inca converts, first to kill? (4)
24. You can put several decks in this schooner, oddly (4)
26. *See 10D (12, two words)*
28. Like an underworld figure? No, sir, I answer in part (7)
31. Mist knocked first hint of oak leaves out (5)
33. *See 34D (11, two words)*
36. Art foundation partially changes song . . . (5)
37. . . . before tune is heard (3)
38. Carol returns half the French pastry (4)
39. Obscure L.E.D. chip blown (7)
40. Celebrity turns trendy, darn it! (7)
41. *See 21D (6)*

DOWN

1. Picasso's work recalled, including *A Blue Lady* (5)
2. Leader of Hindu mantra getting into R&B? This could be square (5)
3. Chop head off fish (for eel or carp) (6)
4. Took Lance to Red Sea when traveling around Palestine initially (7)
5. Latin mass quietly taken up here and there (6)
6. (5)
7. (12)
8. It's a treat for him, I assumed, to provide a lift (5)
9. Horsecart woven with reeds, etc. (9)
10. (8)
11. It's worn in Mexico and more so, possibly, around Britain (8)
12. Family of sheep—about six—wrecked abode (7)
18. (9)
19. Bony fish with a pointed back shows it (4)
21. (6)
22. Some officers, isolated, left holding companies? Just the opposite! (8)
25. Dressed up and neat, I flower (7)
27. Doctor OK'd me, circumventing Oakland ballplayer, to manage (6, *two words*)
29. Sniff this following a hike . . . (5)
30. . . . concerning gentleman going up half a step? (5)
32. Small measure of capacity . . . very small amount (5)
34. (4)
35. Common group—it's seen crossing the church? Not half! (4)

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "Is There a Doctor in the House?" *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, NY 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. Winners' names will be printed in the February issue. Winners of the October puzzle, "Lights Fantastic," are Franklin S. Graham Jr., Durham, North Carolina; Peter Christensen, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada; and Ann Donaldson, New York, New York.

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